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THE
JERUSALEM DELIVERED

OF
TORQUATO TASSO,

TRANSLATED IN THE METRE OF THE ORIGINAL,

BY THE
REV. CHARLES LESINGHAM SMITH, M.A.,

RECTOR OF LITTLE CANFIELD, ESSEX, AND FORMERLY FELLOW
AND MATHEMATICAL LECTURER OF CHRIST'S
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.



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TO
LADY SMITH,
of Lowestoft,

AS A TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HER LITERARY
ACCOMPLISHMENTS,
OF VENERATION FOR HER YEARS
NOW EXCEEDING A HUNDRED AND THREE,
AND OF GRATITUDE
FOR HER DELIGHTFUL CORRESPONDENCE
STILL CONTINUED WITH UNABATED GENIUS,

This Work is inscribed

BY
HER LADYSHIP'S CONSTANT AND AFFECTIONATE
FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

TORQUATO TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

That Sion may receive in her sad plight
Fit aid at last, and 'scape from grievous thrall,
An angel from the skies bends down his flight,
And rouses Godfrey to the battle's call :
Whence he assembles every gallant knight
Into one host, and rules there Chief o'er all :
The camp is therefore seen with steel to shine,
And hastes with him to achieve the grand design.

I.

THE pious arms, and Captain who restored
To freedom the grand Tomb of Christ, I sing ;
Much wrought he both by counsel and by sword,
Much suffered ere the glorious triumphing :
Hell vainly crossed him, vainly Asia's horde,
Mingled with Afric's; armed them ; for the King
Of Heav'n approved him, and reduced in fine
His wand'ring feres beneath the holy sign.

II.

O Muse, who twin'st not for thy brows a tire
Of fading laurels on Parnassus' mound,
But up in Heav'n, among the blessed quire,
With everlasting stars of gold art crowned,
Breathe thou into my losom heavenly fire ;
Tune thou my verse ; and if the truth be found
With ornament inwoven, if my song
Have *other charms than thine*, forgive the wrong.

III.

Thou know'st ~~that~~ thither hie the thoughtless train
 Where rills of Helicon most sweetly roll,
 And that the truth seasoned with tender strain
 Allures the most impatient of control.
 Thus, ere 'tis given to the sick child, we stain
 With grateful juice the margin of the bowl ;
 Mistaken then he quaffs the bitter dew,
 And wins from the mistake his life anew.

IV.

Thou, great Alphonso, who from fortune's spite
 Withdraw'st and guidest into haven fair
 Me, tossed among the rocks, a wand'ring wight,
 And 'mong the waves, and sunk nigh in despair,
 Deign to receive these pages with delight,
 Which as a votive offering I bear :
 One day, perchance, may my presaging pen
 Dare write of thee what now it hints to men.

V.

'Tis reason quite that the good Christian race,
 If e'er from other quarrel it be free,
 And seek with ships and steeds from savage Thrace
 To take back the grand prize held wrongfully,
 Should upon land enthrone thee, or else place
 Under thy high dominion ev'ry sea.
 Meanwhile attend to our melodious charms,
 Rival of Godfrey, and prepare for arms.

VI.

Now rolled the sixth year since to the East had crossed
 The Christian camp upon the high emprise,
 And had won Nice by storm, and the strong post
 Of Antioch already in artful guise ;
 And afterwards had held it 'gainst a host
 Innumerable of Persian enemies ;
*And had besieged Tortosa, and withdrawn
 From winter's rage to wait the new year's dawn.*

VII.

And now the time when wintry storms retire,
Which had so long made arms to cease, was near ;
When from His lofty throne, the Eternal Sire,
Who dwells where Heav'n is most serenely clear,
And far as o'er deep Hell the stars aspire,
So far in height exceeds the starry sphere,
Bent down His eyes, and in one point, one gaze,
Beheld whate'er the united world displays.

VIII.

All things beheld He, and where Syria lay,
Dwelt on the princes of the Christian band :
And with that vision, by whose piercing ray
The most recluse of human thoughts are scanned,
Sees Godfrey that he longs to chase away
The impious Pagans from the Holy Land,
That, full of faith and zeal, he disregards
Wealth, glory, power, and all such frail rewards.

IX.

But Baldwin sees He hotly aspire to gain
The grandeurs which from human things redound :
Tancred He sees hold life in high disdain,
So great of his fond love the smarting wound :
And Boemond lay foundations for his reign,
Commenced o'er Antioch, with a skill profound,
And laws impose, and customs introduce,
And arts, and true religion's sacred use ;

X.

And of such thoughts he so becomes the slave,
That small respect for other task he shows.
Rinaldo marks He with a soul all brave,
And spirits impatient ever of repose ;
For gold or empire never does he crave,
But restlessly for honor thirsts and glows,
He marks him hang upon Guelph's lips, intent
To *catch bright patterns* from each old event.

XI.

When these and other hearts the Almighty ken
Had searched, and marked each passion's inward trace,
He summons from the angelic splendours then
Gabriel, who 'mong the first held second place:
"Twixt God is he and souls of purer men
Interpreter and messenger of grace;
Down hither the decrees of Heav'n he bears,
And back to Heav'n our human zeal and pray'rs.

XII.

To him God said: "Find Godfrey; in my name
Say to him—Why thus let the moments flee?
Why not at once relume the battle's flame,
To set Jerusalem, now captive, free?
Call he the chiefs to council; move the tame
To the high task; its Captain he shall be.
I choose him here, and so shall those on earth
His comrades erst, his ministers henceforth."

XIII.

Thus spake He, and with ardour unrestrained
To execute the mandate Gabriel flew.
His form, which else invisible had remained,
He girt with air, subjecting it to view:
A human face and human limbs he feigned,
But o'er them heav'nly majesty he threw:
Betwixt the youth and child he assumed his days,
And he adorned his flaxen hair with rays.

XIV.

Wings of pure white with tips of gold he wore,
Nimble and swift, untired throughout all time;
With these he cleaves the winds and clouds, and o'er
The land and o'er the ocean goes sublime.
Thus clothed, the Heav'nly messenger then bore
His flight down to the world's profoundest clime.
*First o'er Mount Lebanon he slacked his course,
And poised himself on wings of equal force.*

XV.

d Tortosa's plains adown the air
 ate his rapid flight he drave.
 sun, rising from his Eastern lair,
 rt above, but hidd'n more in the wave,
 rey up to Heav'n his morning pray'r
 'ring, ever as devout as brave,
 pled with the sun, but still more bright,
 from the East attracts his sight ;

XVI.

to him : " Lo, Godfrey, now at hand
 son in which war again may rise ;
 inglorious here and loit'ring stand,
 salem is oppressed with slavish ties ?
 of the chiefs do thou demand,
 ou the slow to finish this emprise :
 tain God hath chosen thee, and they
 ntary yield them to thy sway.

XVII.

assenger am I, for Him reveal
 d to thee. Then O what hope to bear
 ry's palm becomes thee ! O, what zeal
 he hosts committed to thy care !"

and vanishing began to wheel
 where Heav'n is most sublime and fair.
 mains heart-smitten at the sound,
 d at the splendour thrown around.

XVIII.

he rouses him, and, self-possessed,
 who came, who sent, and what he had heard,
 wished, he burns now without rest,
 the war, being its Chief averred.
 mbition's gale inflates his breast
 in Heav'n o'er all he is preferred ;
 sire *grows bright in the desire*
Lord, like spark in flame of fire.

XIX.

His warlike comrades, such as he can find,
Not far dispersed, he then invites to meet ;
Letters he sends, and messengers behind,
Nor fails whene'er he counsels to entreat.
All which allures and stings a generous mind,
All which wakes valour from its drowsy seat,
His genius prompts him, and adorns so well
As to delight at once and to compel.

XX.

The leaders came, and then the whole array,
Boemond alone not answering the call.
A portion stayed without, a portion lay
Among the homes within Tortosa's wall.
The magnates of the host on solemn day
(A glorious senate !) were assembled all.
The pious Godfrey here addressed the crowd,
His mien august, his voice resounding loud :

XXI.

“ Warriors of God, whom the great King of Heaven
Hath chos'n His faith's sad losses to restore,
And while by arms assailed, or tempest driven,
Hath guided and upheld on sea and shore,
So that so many rebel states we have driven
To obey Him, though but few the years passed o'er,
And 'mong the nations vanquished and made tame
Have spread His conqu'ring banners and His name ;

XXII.

“ Our sweetest pledges and our native nest
We left not erst, if rightly I suppose,
Nor to the treacherous wave exposed our breast,
And to a distant warfare's perilous blows,
To win the vulgar shout so soon repressed,
And wring a barbarous region from our foes ;
*Which purposed, poor and small would be our meed,
And to our soul's great loss our limbs would bleed :*

XXIII.

“ But ’twas the purport of our thoughts in fine
To storm the walls of Sion’s famed retreat,
And draw the Christians from the yoke indign
Of slavery so cruel and unmeet,
By founding a new reign in Palestine,
Where piety might have a sheltered seat,
And none forbid the pilgrim saint to bow
Before the grand Tomb, and fulfil his vow.

XXIV.

“ Much to our risk then’s all we yet have wrought,
More to our labour, little to our fame,
Nought to our purpose, if we stay for aught,
Or turn ’gainst other place our warlike aim.
What will’t avail from Europe to have brought
So great force, and in Asia raised a flame,
When end these mighty movements after all,
Not in the birth of kingdoms, but their fall? .

XXV.

“ He rears no edifice who would proceed
To build up empires on mere worldly ground,
Where few of his own land, and many a creed
Unknown, mid countless pagan hordes are found :
Where hopes from Greece are frail as is the reed,
And Western aid is but a distant sound ;
But moves a whelming ruin, and his doom
Is to have framed for his own self a tomb.

XXVI.

“ The Persians, Turks, and Antioch (a name given
To place and things magnificent and rare),
These were no works of ours, but gifts from Heaven,
And marvellous indeed the vict’ries were.
But if they now distorted be, and driven
Against that end which was the Giver’s care,
I fear lest *He resume them*, and our fame,
Re-echoing now, become an empty name.

XXVII.

“ May none, O Heav’n ! such gracious gifts degrade
 And forfeit by such uses as offend !
 Let to the grand beginnings which are laid
 Respond the work’s whole tissue and its end !
 Now that our steps are free, and are unstayed,
 Now that the changing season will befriend,
 Why speed not to the city, object still
 Of all our vict’ries ? What more thwarts our will ?

XXVIII.

“ Princes, I vow to you, and this my vow
 Present and future worlds shall hear, the pure
 Celestial spirits above us hear it now,
 The time for the emprise is now mature ;
 The more we loiter, less will it allow,
 And most uncertain will be what’s secure.
 I well foresee, be but our course delayed,
 That Palestine will have Egyptian aid.”

XXIX.

He spake ; there followed a brief murmuring noise :
 Then Peter rose, the monk of private station,
 Who sat among the chiefs, for counsel wise,
 Primary author of the grand migration :
 “ What Godfrey thus exhorts, and I advise,
 Nor, if plain truth be its own demonstration,
 Can doubt perplex you, he has largely shown,
 Ye have approved, and I add this alone.

XXX.

“ If all your feuds pursued without remorse,
 Your emulous affronts, I well survey,
 Your thwarting schemes, your actions without force,
 Begun too late, and broken off midway,
 I trace to one original deep source
 The cause of every let and every fray ;
To that authority, so poised and even,
To so many discordant judgments given.

XXXI.

re rules not one alone who shall proclaim
 ards and punishments for great and small,
 all assign each task, and point each aim,
 e must the government needs err, and fall.
 in these friendly members in one frame ;
 oint one head to guide and bridle all ;
 ie hand the power and sceptre bring,
 t one only seem, and be, a king."

XXXII.

eased the sage. Pure Spirit ! divine Fire !
 t thoughts are ever shut from thee ? what breast ?
 rmit's eloquence thou dost inspire,
 leave it on the warriors' hearts impressed ;
 quenchest each acquired, nay innate desire
 ower, of fame, of freedom in the rest,
 elph and William, the most lofty, call
 ost for Godfrey to be Chief o'er all.

XXXIII.

hers approved. The part he must fulfil
 deliberate, and to rule their bands,
 upon the vanquished laws at will,
 e war both when he elects, and on what lands.
 equal once, henceforth obedient still,
 t be the ministers of his commands.
 one, the rumour of it flies, and, sprung
 it size, expands from tongue to tongue.

XXXIV.

ws him to the troops ; and as they gaze
 deem him worthy of his post of pride.
 rien composed and placid he repays
 r military cheers from every side ;
 hen to their submissive fond displays
 oyalty and love he had replied,
 s that *in an ample field* next day
it be shown to him in full array.

XXXV.

The sun, arising from the East again,
Returned serene beyond his wont and bright,
When, with the new day's beams, in marshalled train
Went forth beneath his banner every knight,
And showed him as he wheeled around the plain,
To Godfrey, decked as richly as he might ;
He fixed remained, and saw both foot and horse
Distinctly pass before him in their course.

XXXVI.

Mind, foe of years and of oblivion's aim,
Dispensing things and keeping them secure,
Avail me of that army to re-name
Each chief and squadron through thy reas'ning sure ;
Re-echo and relume their ancient fame,
By years long rendered silent and obscure ;
Ta'en from thy treasures, may my tongue adorn
What every age may list to, none may scorn.

XXXVII.

First of the long array the Franks advance,
Whom Hugo, the king's brother, led of old ;
These were selected from the Isle of France,
Fair ample realm which rivers four infold.
When Hugo died, the haughty troop with lance
Followed their usual banner, lilies gold,
Under Clothaire, a captain of renown,
To whom if aught were lacking, 'twas a crown.

XXXVIII.

A thousand armed most heavily were there.
The knights who followed were as many more,
Not diff'ring from the first in nature, air,
And discipline, and in the arms they wore ;
All Normans, of whom Robert had the care,
The native prince who led these nations o'er.
*Two pastors next, William and Ademar,
Unfurled before their people flags of war.*

XXXIX.

Both these, who ministered the solemn mass
And holy sacerdotal duties erst,
Now press their long hairs with the helm of brass,
And in the cruel use of arms are versed.
From Orange and the confines near there pass
Four hundred chosen warriors with the first ;
The other guides from Poggia's town afar
A number equal, nor less skilled in war.

XL.

With his own Bolognese then Baldwin leads
In gallant show those of his brother's band,
For these to him that loving brother cedes,
Since o'er commanders he now holds command.
In order next the Count Carnuti speeds,
In counsel pow'rful, daring too of hand ;
Four hundred he conducts, and twice that sum
Of mounted men-at-arms with Baldwin come.

XLI.

Ranked near to these Guelph occupied the plain,
One with whose lofty birth his merit contended :
He through his Latin father from a chain,
Prolonged and clear, of Estian sires descended.
But German both in name and in domain,
Into the mighty Guelphic house was blended ;
He ruled Carinthia, and where Danube rolled,
And Rhine, where Rhætians dwelt, and Sueves of old.

XLII.

To this his own maternal heritage,
Accessions had he won renowned and grand.
Thence drew he a race who deemed it sport to wage
War e'en with death, where such was his command,
Used in warm halls to temper winter's rage,
And celebrate the feast with commerce bland.
Five thousand they set out ; and there remain
Now scarce a third by Persian foes slain.

XLIII.

Then followed the fair flaxen tribes who line
 The shore and touch the German and the Frank,
 Where the Moselle inundates, and the Rhine,
 A land for grain and herds of noblest rank :
 Their islesmen also, who fence out the brine
 Of the devouring ocean with tall bank ;
 The ocean which not only gulps and whelms
 Ships with their riches, but whole towns and realms.

XLIV.

These are a thousand each, and the command
 Is held by another Robert o'er the whole.
 More numerous somewhat is the British band
 'Neath William the king's younger son's control.
 The English all are archers, and expand
 Their ranks with people nearer to the Pole :
 These rough from her deep woods doth Ireland send,
 Last realm of all, disjoined from the world's end.

XLV.

Then Tancred came, and 'mid such numbers there
 No greater warrior, save Rinaldo, shined,
 Nor one in acts and looks more debonair,
 Nor of more lofty and intrepid mind.
 If any fault can with a shade impair
 His mighty vaunts, 'tis but love's folly blind ;
 Love, born from sudden glance in battle's hour,
 Which feeds itself on griefs, and gathers pow'r.

XLVI.

Upon that glorious day, the rumour goes,
 In which the Franks broke down the Persian pride,
 When Tancred, now victorious o'er his foes,
 Was tired of the pursuit at hot noontide,
 He sought at length refreshment and repose .
 For his parched lips and over-wearied side,
And came where, girt with many a verdant seat,
A pure fount lured him to a cool retreat.

XLVII.

Here suddenly appeared to him a maid,
All armed save that her forehead lacked its tire ;
A Pagan, she had sought within the glade
Refreshment, just as had been his desire.
He gazed at her, admired the form arrayed
In beauty, was enchanted, and took fire.
O marvel ! Love, though scarcely born, takes wing
Already vast, and armed is triumphing !

XLVIII.

She braced upon her head the glittering crest,
And had not others come, had charged the knight.
The haughty lady left her thrall at rest,
Driv'n by necessity alone to flight.
But her fair warlike image in his breast
Was treasured as it first had caught his sight ;
And aye the spot and mode in which she came
Dwell in his thoughts, food ever to the flame.

XLIX.

And in his mien shrewd people well may read,
This person loves, and loves too in despair ;
So full of sighs he comes, so mutely plead
His downward glances, and his mournful air.
Eight hundred he escorts, each on his steed,
From gay Campania, realm for ever fair,
Where nature in her grander pomp is seen,
And rich soft hills are wooed by the Tyrrhene.

L.

Two hundred born in Greece are next descried ;
Loaded with little steel they pace the ground ;
Curved sabres are suspended from one side ;
And bows and quivers at their backs resound ;
Their steeds are lean, with scanty fare supplied,
Untamed by toil, and in the race renowned :
To assail and to retreat they're prompt alike,
And *straying and dispersed* in flight they strike.

LI.

Tatinus ruled the troop, sole Greek who came
 To swell the numbers of the Latin band.
 O shame! O crime! Hast thou not now the flame,
 O Greece, of battle raging near thy land?
 Yet idly sitt'st thou, a spectator tame,
 Waiting the end of acts which are so grand.
 Vile slave if thou art now, thy slav'ry long
 (Lament no more) is justice, and not wrong.

LII.

Lo, next there comes a troop, the last in post,
 But in renown, skill, valor, foremost far;
 The Adventurous heroes these, a matchless host,
 Terror of Asia, thunderbolts of war.
 Let Argo boast no Minyæ, Arthur boast
 No knights, whose histories mere dreamings are;
 For paragoned with these old memories die.
 Who leads them now, and merits rank so high?

LIII.

Dudon of Consa. And, since 'twixt the brave
 And highborn to decide, hard had it been,
 The rest concordant had resolved to waive
 Their claims for him who most had done and seen.
 He, of a manhood now mature and grave,
 Shows his full hoary locks in vigor green;
 And shows, as if 'twere honor's worthy trace,
 The print of blows which do not leave disgrace.

LIV.

Eustace is next, to whom his own deeds bring,
 Still more his brother Godfrey brings, renown.
 There is Gernando, son of Norway's king,
 Who vaunts of many a sceptre, title, and crown.
 Roger of Barneville, 'mid the names that ring,
 And Engerlan, old fame has handed down;
And, 'mong the bravest deemed, Gentonio see,
One Rambald, and two Gerards, brave as he.

LV.

Ubold and Rosmond, too, are praised—the last
To Lancaster's great dukedom would succeed.
Be not the Tuscan knight Obizzo cast
Where mem'ries are engulfed with jaws of greed;
Nor the three Lombard brothers be o'erpast,
Achilles, Sforza, and young Palamede;
Nor Otho, on whose hard-won shield one saw
The naked child emerge from serpent's maw.

LVI.

Nor Ralph, nor Guasco do I leave behind,
Nor the one Guy nor the other, both renowned;
Neither shall Everard nor Gernier find
Their prowess in ungrateful silence drowned.
Gildippe and Edward, ye two hearts combined,
Whither compel me weary with the sound
Of numb'ring? Consorts e'en in battle dread,
Ye shall not be disjoined, nay not when dead.

LVII.

What does not Love teach? In his school she gained
A martial courage theretofore unknown;
Ever by his dear side has she remained,
And both lives hang upon one fate alone.
No stroke which hurts but one is e'er sustained,
But of each wound unshared is all the moan;
And oft the one is struck and the other pines,
And he his soul, if she her blood resigns.

LVIII.

But over these, o'er all who in that hour
Were led forth in array, thou mightest view
The childe Rinaldo's regal forehead tow'r,
And tow'rd him only all men's glances drew.
He outran age and hope, and when the flow'r
Seemed quickly born, lo! the fruit followed too.
In armour see him *thundering* o'er the field,
You deem him Mars; Love, with his face revealed.

LIX.

Him on the Adige bank Sophia bore
To Bertold : she for sweetest beauty admired,
He for his puissance ; and almost before
The child was weaned, Matilda had desired
To rear him, and she taught him kingly lore,
And every noble art. With her retired
He ever dwelt, until was his young breast
Enamoured of the trumpet heard from the East.

LX.

Then (nor three lustres had he counted o'er)
Alone he fled, through paths where perils lay,
Crossed the Egæan, passed the Grecian shore,
And joined the camp in regions far away.
Most noble flight, meet to be held before
His sons for pattern in some future day !
Three years he now had warred, and scarce appeared
Upon his chin the soft untimely beard.

LXI.

The cavalry passed by, lo next the train
Of infantry, and Raymond leads the van.
He ruled Toulouse, and gathered 'twixt the main,
The Pyrenees, and where the Garonne ran,
Four thousand foot, accustomed to sustain
The brunt of war, a veteran hardy clan :
Well armed are these ; no leader more renowned
For daring courage, and for skill profound.

LXII.

Stephen of Amboise next conducts a band
From Blois and Tours, five thousand for the fight,
A feeble race, unable to withstand
Long toil, though glittering all in armour bright.
Soft, joyous, full of all delight, their land
Yields habitants resembling its own plight.
*At first they rush impetuous to the fray,
But lightly languish then, and fall away.*

LXIII.

Alcasto came the third with threat'ning face,
Like Capaneus approaching Thebes of old :
Six thousand Swiss, a brave and savage race,
Had he collected from their Alpine hold,
Who turned the steel which had been wont to trace
The furrow, to new use and nobler mould ;
And with the hand which guarded herd and flock
Seemed to defy the kings to mortal shock.

LXIV.

Behold near these the lofty banner spread
With Peter's diadem and keys in view.
Seven thousand here the good Camillus led,
On foot in heavy arms of lucent hue.
Glad that Heav'n chose him for a task so dread,
Where his ancestral fame he might renew ;
Or make at least the Latin valour known
To lack for nought, or discipline alone.

LXV.

But all the troops already had passed by
In fair array, and this had closed the train,
When Godfrey bids the greater chiefs draw nigh,
And thus to them his mind doth he explain :
" Soon as to-morrow's dawn relumes the sky,
The army's swift departure I ordain,
So that it reach yon sacred walls in the East
As much as possible foreseen the least.

LXVI.

" Prepare yourselves, then, for the march," he cries,
" And for the battle, and the vict'ry too."
A speech so daring from a man so wise
Wakes and invigorates each heart anew.
All, prompt to move whene'er the sun shall rise,
Impatient wait for morning's rosy hue :
Yet cautious Godfrey *is not* undistressed
By fears, *although he hide them in his breast.*

LXVII.

For he by sure intelligence had learned
 That Egypt's king already was on the way
 Tow'rd Gaza, whence his force might best be turned
 On Syria's realm, so fair that strong fort lay :
 Nor could he deem that one who ever yearned
 For fierce emprise would now inactive stay ;
 But soon in him expecting a sharp foe,
 Bespake his faithful envoy Henry so :

LXVIII.

" I will that on a bark of lighter kind
 Thou make the transit to the Grecian shore ;
 Where should arrive ('tis written thus I find
 By one whose news have never erred of yore)
 A royal youth of an undaunted mind,
 Who to take part with us in war comes o'er.
 Prince of the Danes he is, and brings a grand
 Amount of troops e'en from the polar land.

LXIX.

" But since the Grecian emperor will have plied
 Perchance already his accustomed arts,
 To cause him to return, or twist aside
 His venturous course from us to distant parts,
 Do thou, my nunciate, thou, my adviser tried,
 Dispose him in my name to what imparts
 Vantage to us and him ; and bid him speed ;
 Since each delay against his fame will plead.

LXX.

" Return not thou with him ; but still remain
 Near to the Grecian emperor, with intent
 To gain those succours, promised oft in vain,
 Which now by right of treaty should be sent."
 Thus taught, the envoy had but to obtain
 Letters of credence and of compliment ;
*Then, taking leave, he stayed no more for aught,
 And Godfrey for awhile gave truce to thought.*

LXXI.

When next the sun in his diurnal round
Passed the bright portals of the East again,
There rose of trumpets and of drums a sound,
At which each warrior leapt upon the plain.
So grateful ne'er to the o'er-heated ground
Thunder, that cheers the world with hopes of rain,
As to that gallant nation was the clang
Of martial music, which so proudly rang.

LXXII.

Each stimulated soon by grand desire
Inwraps his limbs in arms well proved of old ;
And soon comes forth in armature entire,
Soon all beneath their leaders are inrolled ;
All into one well-ordered host conspire,
And all their banners to the winds unfold ;
And see the grand imperial standard rise,
On which the cross triumphant woos the skies !

LXXIII.

Meanwhile the sun, which o'er the heavenly field
Ever advances, and gains greater height,
Strikes down upon their arms, and makes them yield
Bright tremulous flashes which distress the sight ;
The air seems full of sparks, ever revealed,
And like a conflagration glows with light ;
And with the haughty neighs accords the sound
Of rattling steel, and stuns the plains around.

LXXIV.

The Captain, who from hostile ambush nigh,
Was anxious to secure his long array,
Sent forward many light-armed horse to espy
The country round where foe might lurk or stray ;
And had advanced his pioneers to ply
Their busy task in leveling the way ;
To fill the hollow, *smooth* the rugged hill,
And ope the barriered passes by their skill.

LXXV.

No Pagan nation all in arms arrayed,
No wall with fosse profound, no mountain crest,
No torrent grand, no forest drear in shade,
Avails at all to stop them from their quest.
Thus oft, when swoll'n beyond his wonted grade,
That river which is monarch o'er the rest
O'ertops his banks with desolating force,
Nor is there ought which dares oppose his course.

LXXVI.

Perchance the King of Tripoli, who had thrown
Men, arms, and treasure into guarded wall,
Might have delayed the Franks, and he alone,
Yet dared he not provoke their martial gall.
Appeasing them with words of gentle tone,
And gifts, he gave free passage to them all,
And took for terms of peace precisely those
It pleased the pious Godfrey to impose.

LXXVII.

Here from Mount Seir, which, lofty and supreme,
Verges upon the city's Eastern bound,
Crowds of the Faithful came, a mingled stream
Of every age and sex, to the low ground ;
Bore to the victor gifts, marks of esteem,
Eyed and conversed with him, and gazed around
At the strange arms with wonder, and supplied
The leader with a kind and faithful guide.

LXXVIII.

Ever near ocean's flood he leads the host,
By straightest paths through which it can defile,
Well knowing that the friendly fleet would coast
Along the never distant shores the while ;
By which arrangement all the camp would boast
Abundant stores ; and every Grecian isle
*For him alone would all its grain resign,
And Crete and rocky Scio strip the vine.*

LXXIX.

Beneath the load of tall ships and a store
Of lighter pines now groans the neighb'ring sea,
So that the Mediterranean waves no more
Ope to the Saracens a passage free ;
For besides those from the Venetian shore,
And Genoan, armed by George and Mark's decree,
England and France send some, and Holland too,
And some to fertile Sicily are due.

LXXX.

And these which were in perfect union blended,
Knit to one will by the most solid band,
Well freighted from their several shores attended
With all things needful for the troops on land ;
Who having found the frontiers undefended
By enemies and the passes all unmanned,
Thither by the most rapid marches hie,
Where Christ endured the mortal agony.

LXXXI.

But fame runs on before and bears along
All rumours true and false, a mingled maze ;
That now the victor camp unites its throng,
That now it moves, nor longer now delays ;
Repeats how great the troops are, and how strong,
And of the bravest tells the name, and praise,
And prowess ; and with dreadful front appeals
The usurping foe possessed of Sion's walls.

LXXXII.

Expected ill, too, is perchance worse ill
Than will the ill be when it shall appear.
On each uncertain breath of rumour still
Hangs every mind suspense, and every ear ;
And confused murmurs hurrying onward fill
Within, without, the fields and city drear.
But that old king, while gath'ring peril gleams,
Revolves in doubtful heart atrocious schemes.

LXXXIII.

Hight Aladin, his cares had constant food,
 For he was newly Seigneur of this land ;
 A man once cruel, but his savage mood
 Was made by ripe age subject to command.
 He, when he heard that the walled city stood
 In peril of onset from the Latin band,
 Joins to his ancient fear suspicions new
 And dreads his enemies and subjects too ;

LXXXIV.

Because a mingled people who received
 Opposing creeds dwelt here in mutual hate ;
 The weak and lesser part in Christ believed,
 In Mahomet the stronger and the great :
 But when the king had Sion's realm achieved,
 And sought to establish there his throne and state,
 He eased the burdens which his Pagans bore,
 And made the wretched Christians groan with more.

LXXXV.

This thought suffices to arouse with pain
 His native fierceness, put to sleep before
 And chilled by years, and makes it live again,
 So that it more than ever thirsts for gore.
 Thus virulent returns in summer's train
 The snake which seemed so mild in winter frore ;
 Thus the tame lion, stung by some offence,
 Resumes at once its natural truculence.

LXXXVI.

" I can perceive," he cried, " the symptoms grow
 Of fresh delight among this faithless crowd ;
 They only revel in the general woe,
 And 'mid the common wailing laugh aloud.
 Perchance e'en now they plot some treach'rous blow,
 How they may best consign me to the shroud,
*Or how in secret ope the gate to those
 Who comrades are to them, to me are foes*

LXXXVII.

"But this they shall not do. I will forestall
Their impious plots, nor keep my rage repressed.
I will destroy them—cruelly shall they fall—
Will stab their babes upon the mother's breast ;
Burn down their dwellings and their temples all :
These are the pyres on which their dead should rest :
And I will offer on that Tomb of theirs
As victims first the priests amid their pray'rs."

LXXXVIII.

Thus with bad heart he reasoned : but the thought,
So ill conceived, unacted still remained ;
Yet cowardice 'twas that for the innocent wrought
The pardon pity never would have gained :
For if one fear to his resentment brought
A spur, another stronger dread restrained ;
To stop the paths of peace, and dare too far
The wrath of foes unconquered yet in war.

LXXXIX.

The wretch then keeps his maniac rage in bound,
Or rather seeks to vent it where he may ;
Levels the rural dwellings to the ground,
And gives the harvest to the flames a prey.
No spot whatever leaves he whole or sound,
Where Frank may feed or lodge him on his way ;
Disturbs each fount and stream, and the pure wave
Pollutes with poison deadly as the grave.

XC.

Cruelly is he cautious, and takes care
To reinforce Jerusalem meanwhile.
Three sides already had a strength most rare ;
Northward alone 'twas fenced in weaker style.
But on the first surmise which rumour bare,
He strengthened this side with a lofty pile ;
And gathered there in haste a numerous band
Of *hireling troops and those of his own land.*

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

O'er the chaste image of the Queen of Heaven
 Ismene now murmurs forth his spell profane ;
 But from their purpose his dark arts are driven,
 Whence Aladin is frenzied with disdain.
 And whilst he bids each Christian life be riven,
 There come to die, and quench his rage insane,
 A maid and youth, whom then Clorinda saves :
 Argante challenges, exclaims, and raves.

I.

ISMENE one day before the savage king
 While bent on arms presents himself alone :
 Ismene, who can compel the corpse to spring
 From marble vault, and make it feel and groan ;
 Ismene, whose muttered curses even ring
 Through hell, and startle Pluto on his throne :
 Who sends his demons forth on errands ill
 As slaves, and binds and looses them at will.

II.

Once Christian, now to Mahomet he prays,
 But oft in uses impious and profane,
 Unable to relinquish earlier ways,
 He blends both laws, to him known both in vain.
 He from the cave in which he spends his days
 O'er unknown arts, far from the vulgar train,
Comes to his lord, thus menaced by the war,
To impious king more impious counsellor.

.III.

He said, "The dreaded army comes, O Sire,
Victorious, and will be no more delayed ;
But do we that which duty shall require,
Heav'n, the whole world, will give the valiant aid.
Thy zeal as king and leader I admire,
Far hast thou seen, and large provision made ;
If all shall thus fulfil the tasks they owe,
This land will soon entomb thine every foe.

IV.

"I, for my part, am come as thine ally,
In danger and in toil companion true ;
All which old age's counsel can supply
I promise, all which magic art can do.
The angels exiled from their homes on high
I will constrain to share the labour too.
But where I would commence the mystic train,
And in what mode, I will at once explain.

V.

"Within the Christians' temple lies a shrine
Hid underground ; and here the figure is shown
Of her whom that low people deem divine,
Mother o' the born and buried God they own.
Always a lighted torch is made to shine
On the image ; over it a veil is thrown ;
Hung round it in long line the vows one sees
Brought thither by the credulous devotees.

VI.

"Now this their effigy, snatched thence by force,
I wish thee to transport with thine own hand,
And lay within thy mosque. Then my resource
Of magic shall frame spells of pow'r so grand,
That while it shall stand safe there, thro' time's course
These gates in fatal safety too shall stand ;
Thine empire shall remain secure from harm,
Mid walls impregnable through this new charm."

VII.

So spake he, and persuaded him. The king
Impatient hurried to the House of God,
And forced the priests, and impious dared to wring
The sacred image from its chaste abode.
And bear it to that fane where vain rites bring
Down on the adorers oft the heav'nly rod.
In place profane, then, o'er the holy prize
Muttered the sorcerer his blasphemies.

VIII.

But when the opening dawn in Heav'n appeared,
He who was guardian of the unclean place
Saw not the image where it had been reared,
And, searching elsewhere, found of it no trace.
Soon he informed the king; who, having heard
Such news, displays hot anger in his face,
And well concludes some Faithful one has done
That outrage, though discovered yet by none.

IX.

Whether 'twere furtive work of Faithful hand,
Or Heav'n itself resolved to interpose,
Scorning that the image of its Queen should stand
Within a spot polluted by its foes;
Whether the work by human art were planned,
Or miracle, still fame uncertain goes:
But piety demands that man recede,
And Heaven be deemed the author of the deed.

X.

The king caused every house to be espied
With importuning search, and every fane;
And whosoe'er should show the fact, or hide,
Him promised he reward, or threatened pain.
And to find out the truth the mage applied
His every art, but every art was vain:
Whether the work to Heav'n or man be given,
Spite of his charms 'twas veiled from him by Heaven.

XI.

But when the fierce king sees the crime hidd'n still
Which he imputes to the Faithful, higher and higher
With hate to these his heart begins to fill,
And burn with an immoderate boundless ire.
He scorns all laws, and have revenge he will,
Follow what may, and vent his bosom's fire.
"My rage," he said, "shall not be vain; 'mid all
His slaughtered sect the unknown thief shall fall.

XII.

"So that the guilty 'scape not, let the just
And guiltless perish. Guiltless, do I say?
Each one is culpable; nor could we trust
E'en one man ever mid their whole array.
If soul sincere be there, suffice it must
That present pain wash ancient fault away.
Up! up! my faithful ones, to do my will!
Away! take flame and iron! Burn and kill!"

XIII.

Thus spake he to the crowd; and fame soon bare
To all the Faithful tidings of their plight,
Who remained paralysed in their despair,
Surprised by fear of death now instant quite.
And none of them essayed excuse or pray'r,
Nor one adventured on defence or flight;
But whence the nation, wav'ring and dismayed,
Expected least, they found redeeming aid.

XIV.

Among them was a virgin now mature,
Of lofty beauty, and of regal mind:
But thought of beauty seems she to abjure,
Save how with honor it may be combined.
Her worth is greater, for that worth so pure
Within a home so narrow is confined;
And from admiring glance, from flattering tone,
She *steals away, neglected and alone.*

And yet
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Growth

Alone
Nor
Her eye

With much nature, and noble, too, she goes.
If care, or want of care, 'twere hard to say,
If chance or art that lovely face compose;
With her neglect is artifice, but given
By love, by nature, by approving Heaven.

XIX.

Passed on the lofty maid, observed by all,
 Observing none, until the king was nigh her ;
 Nor shrank, although she marked his rising gall,
 But fearless braved his savage glance. " O Sire,
 I come," she said, " meanwhile do thou recall,
 I pray, thy people, and suspend thine ire ;
 I come to announce and yield the culprit ta'en,
 Whom so offending thee, thou sought'st in vain."

XX.

The king, half daunted by her courage rare,
 Half won by charms which, holy thus and proud,
 Flashed on him sudden as the lightning's glare,
 Reined in his ire, and cleared away its cloud.
 Had there been less of sternness in her air,
 Or in his soul, to love had he been bowed ;
 But wilful beauty has no power to move
 The wilful heart : smiles are the bait of love.

XXI.

Amazement 'twas, and pleasure, and delight,
 If 'twere not love, that moved his villain soul.
 " Tell me, then, all," he cries ; " my faith I plight
 Thy Christian people shall not suffer dole."
 And she : " The culprit, Sire, is in thy sight ;
 It was this hand of mine that wrought the whole.
 I took away the image ; I am she
 Thou seekest, and thou ought'st to punish me."

XXII.

Thus did she freely offer her proud head
 To public doom, and wooed it all alone :
 Magnanimous falsehood ! when can in thy stead
 A truth more beautiful than thou be shown ?
 Held in suspense awhile the tyrant dread
 Beyond his wont refrained from angry tone.
 He then demanded : " Tell me—and take heed—
Who gave thee counsel, and who shared the deed ?"

XXIII.

"I would not of my glory yield," she cried,
"One jot to others, were it e'er so small;
Only in mine own self did I confide,
Sole doer, sole contriver of it all."
"On thee alone, then," swiftly he replied,
"The weight of mine avenging wrath shall fall."
She said: "'Tis just; for if alone I gain
The glory, mine alone should be the pain."

XXIV.

The tyrant here began to swell with ire;
"Where hast thou hidden the image?" he demands.
"I hid not, but consumed it in the fire;
'Twas good to place it on the burning brands,
For thus at least no profanation dire
Can wait it more at misbelievers' hands.
Sire, if the thief thou ask for, look on me:
If the thing stolen, that thou'lt never see."

XXV.

"And yet nor theft was mine, nor thief am I;
'Tis justice to retake what's wrongly ta'en."
This heard, the tyrant foamed out threat'ningly,
And loosened all his passion from the rein.
Let modest heart, rare beauty, courage high,
To meet with pardon never hope again;
And vainly Love would from her charms create
A shield for her against that cruel hate.

XXVI.

The lady's seized: the king to fury stung,
Dooms her to death by fire; at once they tear
Her veil and modest vest off, and have strung
Rough cords around the arms which are so fair.
She spake not, and though some emotion sprung
In that brave bosom, it felt no despair;
*And her sweet features faded to a hue
Which was not pale, but dazzling to the view.*

XXVII.

Hither, the sad case being bruited round,
The people had moved ; Olindo with the throng.
Doubtful the person, sure the doom he found ;
The thought 'twas his own lady, rose ere long.
When he perceived the lovely person bound
Like one condemned, but guilty of no wrong,
And guards at their inhuman task descried,
Precipitate he thrusts the crowd aside.

XXVIII.

"Not she, not she, O king !" he loudly cries,
"Is guilty ; let not her mad boast avail :
She could not do, nor dare, nor e'en devise
So great a deed, a maiden lone and frail.
How cheat the guards ? How steal the holy prize ?
If she did this, let her tell all the tale.
Sire, it was I by whom it was removed."
The unloving loved one, ah ! so much he loved !

XXIX.

He then subjoined : "I thither clomb by night
Whence thy tall mosque receives the air and day :
And introduced me through a fissure slight,
Attempting an impracticable way.
The honor and the death are both my right,
Let not her steal my punishments away :
These chains are mine, for me is lit the fire :
For me has been prepared the funeral pyre."

XXX.

Sophronia raised her face, and o'er him bent
Eyes that were bright with soft compassion's tear :
"Why comest thou, O wretched innocent ?
What counsel guides, what fury drags thee here,
Can I not then, unless thine aid be lent,
Bear what man's wrath can do, howe'er severe ?
I also have a breast, which for one fate
Deems 'tis enough itself, and asks no mate."

XXXI.

So spake she to the youth, nor him could e'er
 Cause to retract, nor turn his aim aside.
 Grand scene ! where thus at strife a love so rare,
 And virtue so magnanimous are descried !
 Where death must be the victor's meed, and where
 Deliverance to the vanquished will betide !
 But the king more was angered as the two
 More constant in their self-impeachment grew.

XXXII.

He thinks that he is recked of little indeed,
 And that in scorn of him they scorn the pains.
 " Believe them both," he cries, " let both succeed !
 To yield their due reward it now remains."
 Then nods he to the sergeants, who with speed
 Advance to bind the young man with their chains ;
 Both are then tied to the same stake, and stay
 Back turned to back, and face from face away.

XXXIII.

And now the funeral pile is laid around,
 And soon the flames by blasting are excited,
 When burst the young man into a dolorous sound,
 And said to her with whom he was united :
 " Are these the ties, then, in which closely bound
 I hoped to pass with thee through life delighted ?
 Is this the fire which I believed would raise
 Within the hearts of each an equal blaze ?

XXXIV.

" Love promised other flames and other ties ;
 Our evil fate brings others in their stead.
 Too long alas ! our union it denies,
 But sternly joins us now that we are dead.
 Since die thou must in this inhuman guise,
 'Tis sweet to share thy pyre, if not thy bed :
Since by thy side I perish, I repine
Not at my portion, but alone at thine.

XXXV.

“And O ! my death, how welcome were the guest,
My pains, what objects of my fond desire,
If but to thee united, breast to breast,
My soul upon thy lips I might expire ;
If, as we sink together down to rest,
Thy latest sighs o’er me thou would’st respire !”
Thus spake he wailing ; sweetly she replied,
And in these words softly began to chide :

XXXVI.

“Far other thoughts and other griefs, my friend,
For a far loftier cause the time demands.
Why not review thy faults ? Why not attend
To the large prize the good win at God’s hands ?
Suffer in His name, and thy pains will end ;
Aspire to sit among the heavenly bands.
Behold how fair is Heaven ! Yon sunny sphere
Seems to invite us to it, and to cheer.”

XXXVII.

A wail here from the Pagans loudly pealed,
And wailed in undertones the Faithful too ;
Something of pity ne’er before revealed,
E’en from the king’s hard breast emerged to view.
He felt it, and disdained it ; nor would yield,
And turned his eyes aside, and thus withdrew.
By thee no part o’ the common woe is borne,
Sophronia ; mourned by all, thou dost not mourn.

XXXVIII.

While such their risk, a warrior (so she seems)
Noble in mien appears upon the ground ;
And from her arms and foreign dress one deems
That she has travelled from far distant bound.
The tiger crest, which on her helmet gleams,
Draws tow’rd it every eye, device renowned,
Used by Clorinda when in war ; from this
They think that it is she, nor think aniss.

XXXIX.

She had been wont from childhood to despise
The habits of her sex as idle chains;
Needle and distaff never once she plies,
Arachne's toils her haughty hand disdains.
Each soft pursuit and sheltered spot she flies,
Since honor is preserved in the open plains;
She arms her face with pride, and fain would learn
To sternly look, yet pleases e'en though stern.

XL.

While tender yet, she with her little hand
Restrained and loosed the bit of a proud steed;
Held spear and sword, and on the level sand
Enured her limbs to toil, and taught them speed;
Then tracked the savage bear and lion grand
O'er mountain paths, or where the woods recede.
She followed wars; and seemed in these pursuits
Savage to men, a man to savage brutes.

XLI.

Hither she now has come from Persia's bound
To oppose the Christian host with all her might;
Though oft she had strewn their limbs upon the ground,
And with the wave had made their blood unite.
On her arrival now from thence she found
The pomp of death presented to her sight;
Curious to see and learn why thus decreed
A doom so dreadful, she urged on her steed.

XLII.

The crowds give way: she stops, and nearer eyes
The pair thus tied together mid the throng;
She sees the one mute while the other sighs,
And more of vigor in the sex less strong.
She marks his tears as if in pity rise,
Pity, not grief, or grief for other's wrong;
While she, in silence, gazing at the sky,
Seems severed from the earth, e'en ere she die.

XLIII.

da's heart was melted, and the twain
 shed all her pity and some tears;
 gains the most for the one who does not plain;
 none to her more sad than plaint appears.
 At delay she turned her to a swain
 who stood beside her and was grey with years:
 "Thee, who are these? and tell me, friend,
 Fate or fault leads them to this sad end?"

XLIV.

us entreated him, and he replied
 he demand in ample words, though few.
 With the tale, at once did she decide
 ; equally were innocent the two;
 as resolved her weapons shall be tried,
 ray's avail not, ere their death ensue.
 shes to the flame, now all prepared,
 them withdraw it, and bespeaks the guard:

XLV.

ere not one among you who shall dare
 follow up this cruel task, but stay
 address the king; be it my care
 he accuse you not for the delay."
 yal semblance and majestic air
 lue the sergeants, and they all obey.
 moved she to the king; and met him speeding
 the way which to herself was leading.

XLVI.

Clorinda; haply not unknown
 name, O king!" thus did her accents flow;
 ie to join thee and defend thy throne
 ; with our common faith against the foe.
 am I for each adventure shown;
 high I fear not, nor disdain the low.
 er my task in open field thou choose,
beleaguered walls, I none refuse."

XLVII.

She ceased; the king replied: "What region lies
 So far from Asia or the path o' the sun,
 Thou glorious maid, that thither never flies
 The fame and honor which thy deeds have won?
 Since thy good sword to me its aid supplies,
 I am consoled, and fears I now have none:
 Not were a grand host gathered to ensure
 My rescue, could my hope be more secure.

XLVIII.

"To me far, far too long does Godfrey seem
 To arrest his coming. Now for thy demand
 To be employed, I worthy thee esteem
 Only adventures difficult and grand.
 Over our warriors in thy hand shall gleam
 The sceptre, and be law thy least command."
 Thus spake he. Courteous thanks for praise so high
 She gave, and thence continued her reply:

XLIX.

"Certes, to make the guerdon to precede
 The service must seem strange; and yet thy rare
 Indulgence cheers me, and for future meed
 Bestow on me, I pray, the culprits there.
 A gift I ask them; yet severe indeed
 Their doom if aught of doubt perplex the affair:
 But this I press not; neither do I press
 The signs which prove to me their guiltlessness.

L.

"I shall but say that all of you surmise
 The Christians took the image, but I draw
 Conclusion different from yours, nor poise
 My judgment but on reasons full of awe.
 What the magician ventured to advise
 Was an irreverence tow'rd our holy law;
*For 'tis not meet our temples should possess
 Idols at all, and others' idols less.*

LI.

"Up to Mohammed then I joy to trace
The miracle; he wrought it with a view
To show that 'tis not lawful to debase
His temples with religion which is new.
Yes, let Ismene, who wields the charm in place
Of weapon, attempt all which art can do:
But with the sword the warriors might be shown:
This is our art, our hope be this alone."

LII.

Here ceased she, and the king, although the spur
Of pity scarce could turn his wrath aside,
Wished to display his deference for her:
Reason persuades him, and her pray'rs decide.
He answered: "Life and freedom I confer:
To such a pleader nought can be denied.
Justice or pardon let it be, this pair
Guiltless absolve I, and if guilty, spare."

LIII.

Thus were they loosed. Olindo's fortune proved
Most truly blest, whose love could thus inspire
Like love in a warm heart at last; who moved
Away to nuptials from the funeral pyre;
Nor only from mere lover became loved,
But changed for Hymen's torch the penal fire.
He would have died with her; she'll not deny
That he shall live with her, who'd with her die.

LIV.

But still did the suspicious king opine
That to have such virtue near him would bring bale.
Whence both of them went forth from Palestine
As he decreed, banished beyond its pale.
Then drave he, following up his fell design,
More Christians forth, and some he mewed in jail.
Ah! with what mournful heart did they retire
From the sweet bed, dear babes, and ancient sire!

LV.

Hard parting! For he only chased away
The fierce in spirit and the strong in frame;
But gentle sex and tender years must stay
As hostages to answer in their name.
Some of them wandered far, some turned to bay,
And fear was mastered by revenge's claim.
These joined the Franks, encountering their force
Just as it reached Emmaus in its course.

LVI.

Emmaus is a town from which the measure
Of distance to Jerusalem is small,
And one who parts at morn and moves at leisure
Will reach it ere the stroke of nine shall fall.
O! when the Franks hear this, how great their pleasure!
O! what desire hastens and spurs them all!
But as the sun now stoops in his career,
Their leader makes them stretch the canvas here.

LVII.

E'en now the tents were pitched, and in the West
The sun's benignant light was near the main,
When two great barons in outlandish vest,
And of strange mien, are seen upon the plain.
'Tis clear they seek the Chief on friendly hest,
For peaceful is each gesture of the twain.
Envoys are these from Egypt's mighty king,
And round them many a squire and page they bring.

LVIII.

Alethes one was hight, who from the horde
Of the base populace by birth had sprung;
But to the realm's chief honors thence had soared
By a wary eloquent, and flatt'ring tongue,
By pliant manners, and wit richly stored,
Prompt to invent, and for deception strung;
Grand forger he of lies adorned in ways
Unheard of, that accuse and seem to praise.

LIX.

The other is named Argante, the Circassian,
One who to Egypt's court had come unknown,
But now is made a satrap of the nation,
And to the highest rank of war has grown ;
Reckless, inexorable, slave to passion,
Untired in arms, and never overthrown,
He spurns each God, and on his falchion's blows
His reason and his law alike repose.

LX.

These asked an audience, and were led to greet
In personal presence Godfrey the renowned :
In simple dress and on a lowly seat
Him sitting with his warrior chiefs they found :
But genuine worth, though in neglect unmeet,
Will still shine forth, and with itself be crowned.
Small token of respect Argante paid,
Like a great man whose thoughts elsewhere had strayed.

LXI.

But on his breast Alethes placed his hand,
Inclined his head, and down his glance he threw,
And honored him in full in every bland
And courteous method which his country knew :
Then he begins ; and from his mouth expand
Rivers of eloquence more clear than dew :
And as the Franks had learned the Syrian tongue,
Well understood was every word that rung.

LXII.

" O thou, sole worthy whom a band so dread
Of famous heroes now should deign to obey,
Since from the past they know they have been led
To palms and realms by thee through wisdom's way ;
E'en among us thy name, which has been spread
Beyond Alcides' mark, resounds this day,
And fame in Egypt's every part tells forth
Re-echoing tidings of thy valorous worth.

LXIII.

“ To these list all men, be they great or small,
As if to marvels of surpassing height :
But on my royal master's ear they fall
Not with amazement only but delight ;
And oft he joys each passage to recall,
Loving in thee what others fear and spite :
Valor he loves, and willingly would draw
Betwixt you ties of love, if not of Law.

LXIV.

“ Urged onward by a motive, then, so fair,
Friendship and peace he asks of thee to-day ;
And trusts that if your diff'ring faiths may ne'er
Effect an union, yet your virtue may.
But since he has been told thou dost prepare
To chase his near friend from his seat away,
Through us he'd fain, ere other ill ensue
From this design, unfold to thee his view.

LXV.

“ His view is this : if thou content remain
With so much as thou hast made thine by might,
Nor shalt molest Judæa, but refrain
From all parts covered by his sov'reign right,
He promises 'gainst all men to sustain
Thy yet weak state : and if ye two unite,
When will the Turks and Persians hope to raise
Their pow'r to what it was in other days ?

LXVI.

“ Great things in little time, Sire, hast thou done,
Which ages will not blot from memory's lore ;
Armies have been defeated, cities won,
Fatigues endured, unknown paths trodden o'er,
So that the very tales dismay or stun
Each province round, and each remoter shore :
*And though thou may'st acquire new realms indeed,
To acquire new glory thou wilt vainly speed.*

LXVII.

"Thy glory is at its height ; and to retire
From doubtful wars henceforth becomes thee most :
For if thou win, thy state alone is higher,
Nor canst thou thence a greater glory boast ;
But if the event be cross to thy desire,
Honor and empire won before are lost.
Bold fools are they who stake, as fortune's lure,
For little and doubtful what is much and sure.

LXVIII.

"But their advice with whom p'rhaps it has weighed
That others keep their conquests in the main ;
And long success in all which ye've essayed,
And that most natural wish that fires the brain
And hottest is in spirits of loftier grade,
To make the world one tributary train,
Perchance will cause thee to fly off as far
From thoughts of peace as others do from war.

LXIX.

"These things will urge thee to pursue the course
Which has been largely oped to thee by fate,
And not lay down this famous sword whose force
Makes every victory both sure and great,
Till Mahomet's creed be crushed without remorse,
And Asia be reduced to a desert state :
Sweet things to hear, but sweet deceptions too,
Whence oft extreme discomfitures ensue.

LXX.

"But if high passion do not hood thy sight,
Nor quench in thee the ray of reason clear,
Thou wilt perceive, where thou resum'st the fight,
Thou hast no cause to hope, but rather fear :
For Fortune varies here by turns our plight,
Sending us now mishap, and now good cheer ;
And after flights too sudden, and too high,
Precipitous falls are generally nigh.

LXXI.

“ Tell me ; if Egypt to thy bane begun
To move, so strong in counsel, arms, and gold,
If Turk and Persian and Cassano’s son
Renewed the war, what force hast thou inrolled
To meet so great a rage, or whither run
To shelter thee from from risk so manifold ?
Perhaps on the bad Greek king thou would’st rely,
United to thee now by solemn tie.

LXXII.

“ Greek faith ! What that is no one need explore.
From one sole treason learn thou the others too ;
Nay, from a thousand : for that sum and more
Of treacherous snares yon race has laid for you.
Is he, then, who opposed your pass before,
Prompt to risk life for you ? Can this be true ?
Will he who has denied what all allow,
A pathway, give you his own life-blood now ?

LXXIII.

“ But for thine every hope perchance thou cleavest
To these thy troops who now engird thy seat.
Whom scattered ye have routed, thou believest
To rout united is an easy feat.
And yet thy ranks, as thou thyself perceivest,
Are greatly thinned by wars, and toil, and heat ;
And yet new foes demand increased exertion,
The Egyptian blending with the Turk and Persian.

LXXIV.

“ Now even when thou reckon’st that the steel
Attacking thee is doomed by fate to fail,
We grant thee this, and grant that Heav’n will deal
Throughout e’en as thyself hast told the tale :
Hunger will vanquish thee ; ah ! whither steal
For refuge thence ? what shelter will avail ?
*Against it shake the spear, the falchion draw,
And feign that vict’ry too obeys thy law.*

LXXV.

"The habitants have with a provident hand
Burnt up and ravaged all the plain around,
And laid the fruit, ere thou hadst reached the land,
Safe within lofty tow'r and wallèd mound.
Thou who hast come thus far with courage grand,
Think how will food for horse and men be found !
Thou'lt say the fleet at sea shall aid thee there :
Depends thy living, then, on blasts of air ?

LXXVI.

"Perchance thy fortune rules the inconstant airs,
And chains them up, and looses them at will ;
But will the sea, deaf to all sighs and pray'rs,
List to thee only, and thy hest fulfill ?
Have not our tribes, when leagued in such affairs
With Turks and Persians, means enough and skill
To furnish fleets, which, when they shall combine,
Will cope securely with these ships of thine ?

LXXVII.

"A double vict'ry, Sire, thou needs must claim
If thou'rt to win renown from thine emprise.
One loss alone may cause thee deepest shame,
And damage greater still may thence arise ;
For if our navy rout thine in the game
Of battle, then this camp of hunger dies ;
And if thou art defeated, then in vain
Thy ships will be victorious on the main.

LXXVIII.

"Now if in such a plight thou still refuse
Both peace and truce with Egypt's mighty king,
This thy resolve (let truth her license use)
With all thine other virtues will not ring.
But O ! may Heav'n avail to change thy views
If bent on war, and diff'rent counsels bring,
That Asia may respire from strifes, and thou
Enjoy the fruits of all thy vict'ries now.

LXXIX.

“And ye who in distress and danger grave,
And also in glory, still are at his side,
Be not deceived by Fortune’s smile to brave
New wars, to which she would provoke your pride:
But like the pilot o’er the treacherous wave,
Whose ships into the wished-for haven glide,
Ye now should furl your scattered sails at ease,
Nor trust you further to the cruel seas.”

LXXX.

Here ceased Alethes: a low murmuring sound
From all the heroes followed speech so bland;
And how distasteful that advice was found
Might well in their disdainful looks be scanned.
The Leader turned his searching eyes around
Three or four times, and gazed on his own band;
Then fixed them on the face of him who stayed
Expecting his reply; and thus ’twas made:

LXXXI.

“O legate, sweetly for us dost thou blend
Now courtesies to lure, now threats to affright.
If thy king love me and my deeds commend,
I thank him, and his love with love requite.
Next to that part wherein thou dost portend
That Pagan arms against us will unite,
I will respond, as ever is my wont,
With liberal thoughts and words of open front.

LXXXII.

“Know that till now so much we have endured
By sea and land, in bright and gloomy skies,
Solely that thence access may be procured
To where yon venerable walls arise,
That having freed them, we with hope assured
May win us grace and merit in God’s eyes:
*Nor shall we e’er be loth for end so grand
To risk our earthly fame, and life, and land;*

LXXXIII.

e no aspiring avaricious aim
rred us to this emprise, and led the way :
dod in Heaven from our hearts reclaim
oad a pest, if e'en in one it stay,
ffer it to sprinkle and inflame
h poisoning sweets, which, while they pamper, slay!
his right hand which enters hearts of steel
y, and softens them, and makes them feel,

LXXXIV.


; moved us forth at first, this since has led,
l drawn us from each danger and each ill,
mountains plain, and dried the river's bed,
en heat from summer, from the ice its chill ;
nakes the billow smooth its crested head,
s reins the winds, and loosens them at will ;
e 'tis that lofty walls are burnt and burst,
e battled ranks are slaughtered and dispersed ;

LXXXV.

ice doth our courage, hence our hope proceed,
t from our forces wearied out and frail,
rom the fleet, nor all the tribes that feed
Greece's plain, nor Frankish coats of mail.
e that shall ne'er desert us in our need,
tle should we regard what else may fail :
who know how it saves and smites, demand
her aid when danger is at hand.

LXXXVI.

; when it takes from us its aid away
rough our misdeeds, or doom revealed to none,
h of our number will regret to lay
s limbs where once lay those of God the Son ?
we shall die, nor envy those who stay ;
all die, but not die with revenge unwon ;
hall our fate fill Asia's realms with cheer,
shall we mourn our death, however near.



LXXXVII.

“And yet believe not that from peace we fly
 As others fly from war and dread the steel;
 For we are pleased at thy king’s amity,
 And no dislike to join him do we feel:
 But whether in his rule Judæa lie,
 Thou know’st; why shows he for it, then, such zeal?
 Let him not warn us from another’s throne,
 And then in peace and joy long keep his own.”

LXXXVIII.

Thus did he answer, and with sharpest ire
 The answer pierced Argante’s heart of pride,
 Nor did he veil it, but with lips of fire
 Before the Leader flung himself, and cried:
 “War let him have who doth not peace desire;
 For never yet were quarrels ill-supplied:
 And peace thou evidently seem’st to shun,
 If by our first advance thou art not won.”

LXXXIX.

His robe then took he by its edge, and made
 A hollow in’t, and holding forth its fold,
 His reas’ning in these words he re-essay’d,
 Malignant more than erst, and less controlled.
 “Scorner of risks, howe’er with doubts o’erlaid,
 Both war and peace within this robe I hold:
 Thine be the choice; no time hast thou to lose;
 Advise thee now, and take whiche’er thou choose.”

XC.

Stirred by the savage action and request,
 All shouted War! with one concordant cry,
 Not waiting, ere their choice was thus expressed,
 Till their magnanimous Leader should reply.
 That fierce one smoothed the fold, and shook the vest,
 And said, “To mortal war I you defy,”
*With such an impious mien that the barred door
 Of Janus seemed to ope to close no more.*

XCI.

ned from that fold, when opening, to arise
 ierce hate, and fury with insensate aim,
 l that there glistened in his horrid eyes
 Aleto's and Megæra's torch of flame.
 ch was that great one, p'rhaps, who 'gainst the skies
 Whilome built up the lofty tower of shame,
 nd in like posture Babel watched him rear
 is mighty front, and threat the starry sphere.

XCII.

Then Godfrey added : " To your king now bear
 Our message, that he come, nor time beguile ;
 For we accept the war which ye declare,
 And if he come not, soon shall reach the Nile."
 Then he dismissed them with a gentle air,
 And honored them with gifts of choicest style.
 He gave Alethes a rich casque, the prey
 Mid other which from Nice he bare away.

XCIII.

Argante had a sword with hilt embost
 And pommel all inlaid with gems and gold
 So featly that the rich material lost
 Its worth compared with what the labour told.
 Soon as its temper, ornaments, and cost
 He carefully had lingered to behold,
 He said to Godfrey : " Thou shalt quickly see
 How shall thy gift be put to use by me."

XCIV.

Then soon as he had made his parting bow,
 His comrade he addressed : " Hence on our ways,
 I tow'rd Jerusalem, tow'rd Egypt thou ;
 Thou with next sun, I with the stellar rays.
 My pen, or presence, will be useless now
 Whither thou go'st, and win but little praise.
 Take thou the answer : I will not be found
Receding from the spot where arms resound."

XCV.

The ambassador is thus become the foe,
Whether his haste have weighty cause, or slight;
He recks not whether he offend, or no,
The mode of nations and the ancient rite.
No answer stayed for, he prepared to go
To the tall ramparts in the friendly night,
Impatient of delay: nor does he find
His stay less irksome who remains behind.

XCVI.

'Twas night, when winds and waves have deep repose,
And the world seems to be without a sound;
Tired tribes, and those whom billowy seas, and those
Whom liquid lakes, lodge in their depth profound,
And those whom dens conceal, or folds enclose,
And painted birds, in sweet oblivion bound,
Under the silence which the shade imparts
Forget their sorrows, and refresh their hearts.

XCVII.

But neither Frankish Chief nor Faithful band
Disrobe for sleep, nor rest in quiet station,
So strong their wish to see the dawn expand,
Long object of delight and expectation,
Which shall conduct them to the city grand,
Goal of the multitudinous migration:
And many a time they gaze if ray of light
Forth issue and illumine the obscure of night.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The Frank treads on the soil where Jesus died
 With bosom frank, bare feet, and humble tone :
 He assaults : Clorinda meets him : hard to hide
 Erminia's wound from Tancred next is shown.
 Argante then transfixes Dudon's side,
 Who, mounting heav'nward, leaves his friends to moan.
 Bouillon provides a tomb, and then uptears
 A tall wood, and machines of war prepares.

I.

READY the preluding breeze had stirred
 To announce that soon Aurora would be there ;
 Anwhile she adorned her, and began to gird
 Roses from Eden round her golden hair ;
 Then from the camp which ever gladly heard
 The call to arms, a deep sound murmured ere
 The trumpets yet had rung ; and these then smote
 The ear with shriller and more joyous note.

II.

With sweet restraint the prudent Captain guides
 And seconds their desires and strong devotion ;
 Much easier 'twere to turn the rolling tides
 Near to Charybdis from their ownward motion,
 To hold back Boreas when he shakes the sides
 Of Apennine, and sinks the ships in ocean.
 The marshals, *moves them*, and adjusts their pace,
Swift one, and yet swift with order's trace.

III.

Wings to the heart have all, wings to the feet,
Nor thence perceive how rapidly they fly ;
But when the sun strikes with increasing heat
Upon the thirsty lands, and mounts on high,
Lo, with their eyes Jerusalem they greet !
Lo, they point out Jerusalem, how nigh !
Lo, from the myriad voices of the crowd
Conjoined, ' Jerusalem ' is hailed aloud !

IV.

Thus oft of mariners a hardy band,
Who to search out a foreign shore set sail,
On doubtful seas and under pole unscanned,
Exposed to treach'rous wave and faithless gale,
If they at last espy the wished-for land,
Salute it from afar with joyous hail,
And one to the other shows it, and meanwhile
Forgets his journey's perils and its toil.

V.

To the intense delight which that first gaze
Had breathed so sweetly into every breast,
Succeeded deep contrition, with displays
Of love and reverence timidly expressed.
Their eyes they scarcely now presumed to raise
Tow'rd yonder wall, Christ's chosen place of rest,
Where He had died, where He had been entombed,
Where afterwards His flesh had been resumed.

VI.

Submissive accents, words that are subdued,
And broken sobs with lamentable sighs,
From hosts with joy and grief at once imbued,
Send rolling through the air a murmuring noise,
Such as is wont to sound in clustering wood,
If haply through the leaves a strong wind hies ;
Or as when under rocks, or near the shore,
The beaten sea sends forth a hoarser roar.

VII.

hat paces o'er the path is bare,
 fs' example moving all the rest :
 his head removes the bauble there
 or gold, the plume or lofty crest.
 too from his heart its haughty wear,
 is warm pious tears down on his breast ;
 s if his plaint had found no vent,
 ing, is on self-accusal bent :

VIII.

hou, then, gracious Lord, hast left the ground
 dled o'er with many a sanguine rill,
 ;, in a memory so profound,
 two living founts of plaint distill ?
 ough these eyes, O heart of mine, ice-bound,
 hou not, turned to tears and dropping still ?
 n'st not, and break'st, O heart of stone ?
 is now, thou should'st for ever moan !”

IX.

, the city warder, who espies
 ins and mountains from a lofty tower,
 meath him there the dust arise
 a vast cloud seems in the air to lower :
 l appears to flash upon his eyes,
 with flames and with electric power :
 of brilliant metals marks he then,
 stinguishes the steeds and men.

X.

l he, “ What a cloud I see suspense
 air ! O how its splendour doth appall ?
 citizens ! for the defence
 ickly arm himself, and mount the wall.
 y is on us : ” and intense
 ce resumed, “ Take arms and hasten, all !
 e foe is here ! the dust there mark,
 ups the heaven in cloud so drear and dark !”

XI.

The simple children, and the helpless old,
And crowd of women smitten with despair,
Who know not how to smite, or shield to hold,
Suppliant and sorrowing to the mosques they bear :
The rest, of firmer limb, and spirit more bold,
Have snatched up arms already, and repair
Some to the gates, and others to the wall :
The king goes round, and sees, and cares for all.

XII.

He issued his commands, and then retired
Where from between two gates arose a tower,
So that he might be near when need required,
And thence the plains and mountains be seen lower.
Erminia's presence here he had desired,
Fair one, who in his court had found a bower
When Antioch by the Christian host was ta'en,
And in the siege her father had been slain.

XIII.

Meanwhile Clorinda's gone against the Franks
With many, and she is foremost of the band ;
But elsewhere at a secret postern's flanks,
Prompt for the rescue, doth Argante stand.
The generous heroine instigates her ranks
With words and semblance dauntless as 'tis grand.
She said, "'Tis fit we should with prelude high
Found hope to-day for Asia's destiny."

XIV.

While thus she reasoned, not far off she spied
A Frankish troop conducting rural prey,
Who having, as is wont, for booty plied,
To the camp with flocks and herds were on their way.
She against them, 'gainst her their leader hied,
When he perceived her course toward him lay.
*Gardo that leader's named, a pow'ful knight,
But yet not able to resist her might.*

XV.

He in that fierce encounter to the ground
Is thrust before the Franks' and Pagans' eyes,
Which last all shouted, deeming they had found
Glad omen of that war, a vain surmise.
She springs upon the others at a bound ;
And with a hundred hands her right hand vies :
Her warriors follow her through that pathway made
By hurtling level, open by the blade.

XVI.

Soon from the spoiler is redeemed the spoil,
And step by step the Frankish troops retire,
Until they rally them on rising soil,
Whose site supplies the aid their arms require.
Then, as a whirlwind doth itself uncoil,
And from the cloud descends aerial fire,
The valiant Tancred moved at Godfrey's hest
His squadron forth, and laid the spear in rest.

XVII.

So firmly grasped he his great lance, with air
So fierce the youth came forth, and so elate,
That looking from on high the king was 'ware
This was a warrior great among the great.
He asks of her seated beside him there,
Who feels her breast already palpitate :
" From thy long commerce thou canst hardly fail
To know each Christian, though enclosed in mail :

XVIII.

" Who then is he who mid the battle clang
In lofty bearing seems without a peer ?"
To this instead of a reply there sprang
Unto her lips the sigh, her eyes the tear :
The breath is hushed indeed ; the tear-drops hang
Restrained, and yet not all concealed, though near :
A purple ring still tinged each loaded eye
Softly, and half gushed forth the murm'ring sigh.

XIX.

Then spake she feigningly, and kept hidden still

Under the mask of hate a softer pain :

“ Ah ! well I know him, and may well have skill

Mid thousands to detect that form again :

For oft I’ve seen him the deep trenches fill

With my dear people’s blood and drench the plain.

How cruelly he smites ! ah ! wounds when made

By him nor herb, nor magic art can aid. *

XX.

“ Prince Tancred he : O that he were one day

My prisoner, and I would not wish him dead,

But living, that sweet vengeance might allay

My fierce desires, which crave so to be fed.”

Thus spake she, and the sense a different way

By him who heard it’s covered truth was read :

And with her latest words a sigh was blent,

And issued forth, refusing to be pent.

XXI.

Meanwhile did for assault Clorinda ride

’Gainst Tancred, and she laid her lance in rest.

Each struck the visor : up the splinters hied ;

And she has lost some of her iron vest :

For, wondrous blow ! the helm with clasps untied

Leapt from the head on which it had been pressed,

And as her golden hairs waved in the wind,

In the mid field a youthful lady shined.

XXII.

Her eyes flash lightning, from them thunder brays,

In wrath still sweet ; what then, if smile arise ?

What dost thou think on, Tancred ? On what gaze ?

That long-loved face dost thou not recognize !

Lo the fair form which set thee in a blaze !

So speaks thy heart on which its image lies :

Lo she whom thou beheldest like a dream

Bathing her forehead in the lonely stream !

XXIII.

He who at first had heeded not her crest
And painted shield, now shuddered at the view :
She covered her fair head as could she best,
And re-assaulted him ; and he withdrew.
Wielding his cruel sword, he charged the rest,
But peace with her would none the more ensue,
Who followed threat'ningly, and, " Turn," she cried,
And him with one word to two deaths defied.

XXIV.

The knight, though smitten, smites not in return,
Nor cares so much to guard him from the blow,
As those fair eyes and features to discern,
Whence Love bends his inevitable bow.
He said within himself, " The stroke I spurn
Whene'er descends her mailed hand as a foe :
But blow from that fair face on which I gaze
Ne'er falls in vain, but strikes my heart always."

XXV.

Though hoping for no pity, in the end
Resolves he not to die with love concealed ;
She shall be told her strokes on one descend
Already trembling, suppliant, and unsteeled.
" O thou who seem'st," exclaims he, " to expend
Thy rage on me alone in all the field,
Retreat we from this melée, and aside
I shall by thee, and thou by me be tried.

XXVI.

" My valor thus more clearly will be read
If thine it equal." She the call obeyed ;
And as she cared not for a helmless head,
Went dauntless forth ; he followed all dismayed.
Already had the heroine fixed her tread
For combat firmly, and had wheeled her blade,
When, " Hold !" he cried ; and be the terms agreed
On which we fight, before the fight proceed."

XXVII.

She stopped ; and him did desperate love supply
With courage, which made every fear depart.
“ The terms,” he said, “ be, since thou dost deny
All peace to me, that thou pluck out my heart :
My heart, no longer mine, will gladly die,
If at its living on displeased thou art :
Long time ’tis thine ; and time ’tis that to day
Thou pluck it out, nor this do I gainsay.

XXVIII.

“ Behold these arms I lower, and present
My breast unguarded ; strike it then, nor spare !
Would’st have the task made light ? I am content
To doff my mail if thou wilt have it bare.”
Perchance the wretched Tancred would have spent
More words detailing all his amorous care,
But here the tramp of Pagans interfered,
And that of his own troops, who now appeared.

XXIX.

The Syrians driven by the Christian band
Retreated, whether it were fear or art.
One of the chasers saw her locks expand
Before the breeze, and, wretch without a heart,
Behind her back in passing raised his hand
To strike her on her unprotected part ;
But Tancred who perceived it loudly cried,
And caught that great stroke on his sabre’s side.

XXX.

And yet not so but that it partly told,
And near her fair neck smote her lovely head ;
Light was the wound, and some few drops there rolled,
Tinting her yellow hair with rosy red,
As brightly sparkling rubies tint the gold
O’er which by cunning hand they have been spread.
*But then the prince, unable to command
His rage, rushed on that churl, and shook his brand.*

XXXI.

One fled ; the other hurried to pursue
Enraged ; they passed like arrow from the bow :
She stayed, suspense, and kept them both in view
Far off, and cared not after them to go ;
But with her fugitives at length withdrew ;
Then showed her front, and re-assailed the foe ;
Turned, and returned ; now fled, now chased away ;
If chase or flight were her's 'twere hard to say.

XXXII.

Thus the huge bull in palisadoed field
Turns with his horn on the pursuing hounds ;
They stop, and if for flight he shall have wheeled,
Each with fresh courage to the charge rebounds.
Clorinda while she flies uprears her shield
High from behind, and guards her head from wounds ;
So sheltered go they in the Moorish game
When flying from the ball's impetuous aim.

XXXIII.

Already they had neared the lofty wall,
Pursuers and pursued, a surging tide,
When shouted horribly the Pagans all,
And backward with a sudden turn they plied,
And made an ample circuit, so as to fall,
Returning, on the enemy's rear and side :
Meanwhile Argante moved down from the mount
His squadron to encounter them in front.

XXXIV.

That fierce knight issued from his armed crew,
To be the first in striking ever fain,
And whomsoe'er he struck he overthrew :
And his steed rolled o'er on a heap of slain.
And ere his great lance into splinters flew
Many with that good steed had pressed the plain.
He draws his sword, and when full falls the blow,
Ever he slays, beats down, or wounds a foe.

XXXV.

By fair Clorinda's emulous falchion died
One of ripe years e'en then, Ardelio,
But of untamed old age, and fortified

By two tall sons ; and not secure e'en so :
Alcander the elder from his father's side

Was thrust away by a tremendous blow,
And Polifernes, who throughout the strife
Stayed near him, scarce could rescue his own life.

XXXVI.

But Tancred, after he had chased in vain

That villain who possessed a swifter steed,
Looked back and saw his brave troop on the plain
Too far advanced without sufficient heed.

He saw them hemmed in, and with altered rein

He spurred his courser thither with all speed.

Nor were they succoured by himself alone,
But by that band which meets all dangers known.

XXXVII.

'Twas that of Dudon, hight the Adventurous Band,
Flow'r of the heroes, nerve and strength of the war.

Rinaldo, handsome more than all, and grand

In soul, precedes them swift as falling star.

Soon in an azure field Erminia scanned

The argent bird, and knew his mien from far,

And to the king who gazed on him exclaimed :

" Lo one by whom each brave one will be tamed !

XXXVIII.

" Sword such as his but few or none can boast,

Yet still almost in childhood he remains.

Were six such others in the enemy's host

All Syria had been won and wrapt in chains,

And the most Southern realms and all the coast

Next to the East had now obeyed the reins :

*And haply in vain the Nile had hidd'n its head,
Unknown and distant from a yoke so dread.*

XXXIX.

“He’s named Rinaldo, and his fierce right hand
Alarms the walls far more than huge machine.
Now turn thine eyes to where yon figures stand,
And mark him who is armed in gold and green ;
Dudon is he, and by him is that band
Led on which is for all adventure keen ;
A warrior of high blood and furnished mind,
Riper in years, in merit not behind.

XL.

“Behold that grand one covered all in dun ;
Gernando he, brother of Norway’s king :
No man more proud than he beholds the sun,
Sole blot which o’er his deeds a shade can fling.
And yonder two who go so joined in one,
And have white robes, white all their garnishing,
Are Edward and Gildippe, wedded pair,
Renowned for loyalty and valour rare.”

XLI.

Thus spake she, and already do they view
The carnage thicken more and more below,
Since Tancred and Rinaldo have burst through
The line, though dense with men and arms it show :
And thither next the band of Dudon flew,
And fearfully from these, too, came the blow.
Struck by Rinaldo down, Argante lies,
Argante’s self, and hardly can he rise.

XLII.

Nor had he ris’n, but at that instant rolled
The steed of Bertold’s son upon the plain,
And as his foot is tangled by its hold,
To drag it forth he must awhile remain.
The Pagan troop meantime in uncontrolled
Disorder to the city flies again ;
Argante only and *Clorinda* stood
As mound and bank to stem the raging flood.

XLIII.

Ever in rear they stopped the impetuous tide
That followed them, and made it e'en recede,
So that with less of damage they now plied
Their flight who first had fled with all their speed.
Dudon pursued them with victorious pride,
And bore down with a thrust of his good steed
The fierce Tigranes, and with trenchant wound
Caused him to tumble headless to the ground.

XLIV.

Algazzar's hauberk stood him in no stead,
Though fine-wrought, nor Corbano's iron head-vest,
For on the nape and back he struck them dead,
His weapon cleaving to the face and breast,
And by his hand, too, from its sweet home fled
Amurath's soul, and fierce Almansor pressed
The earth, and Mahomet, nor could the great
Circassian move secure from the same fate.

XLV.

Argante foams within him ; and yet stays
At times, and turns, yet then recedes again :
At last so suddenly he wheels and lays
A blow upon his side with force so main,
That mid the vital parts the iron plays,
And the Frank leader by that stroke is slain :
He falls, and stern repose and iron sleep
Oppress those eyes which scarce can open keep.

XLVI.

Thrice did he raise them longing to behold
The heav'n's sweet rays ; and on one arm he rose ;
And thrice fell back, and a dark veil was rolled
Before his eyes which, tired at last, would close.
His limbs dissolve, and, sprinkled o'er with cold
And ghastly deathdrops, stiffen to repose.
*The fierce Argante does not deign to stay
O'er lifeless corpse, but hurries on his way.*

XLVII.

And yet though his retreat was never slacked,
He faced the Franks, and, "Cavaliers," he cried,
"This very sword, now stained with blood and hacked,
Is that which yesterday your lord supplied :
Inform him, who will gladly learn the fact,
To what good end it has to-day been plied ;
For that so good a test as this should tell
The worth of his fair gift must please him well.

XLVIII.

"Tell him that he may now expect to see
In his own bowels proof of it more sound ;
And since he hurries not to cope with me,
I come unlooked for where he may be found."
Stung by his words, put forth with savage glee,
Eagerly tow'rd him all the Christians bound ;
But with the rest he has already flown
To where kind ramparts lift the sheltering stone.

XLIX.

Down from the heights now the defenders sent,
Thick as a hail-storm, many a stony ball,
And quivers that could scarce be numbered lent
So many arrows to the bows that, all
Perforce, the Franks were stopped in their ascent,
And every Saracen drew within the wall.
But having dragged his foot from his fall'n steed,
Rinaldo hither had now come with speed.

L.

He came a signal vengeance to demand
For Dudon slain by barbarous homicide,
And, having joined his own, "Why loit'ring stand ?
And what detains you here ?" he fiercely cried :
Why haste not onward with avenging hand,
Since that brave lord is dead who was our guide ?
Shall *on so grave occasion* for our wrath,
A fragile wall, then, stop us from our path ?

LI.

“ Not if of double steel, or adamant,
This masonry impenetrable arose,
Within there should the fierce Argante plant
Himself secure from your tremendous blows.
On to the assault ! ” Then, knightly militant,
Utt’ring no more, before the rest he goes ;
For nothing his secure head ever fears
From cloud, or tempest, or of stones, or spears.

LII.

He, shaking his grand head, lifts up his face
Full of such dreadful daring as to chill
The hearts of those e’en in that wallèd space
With terrors never felt in former ill.
While some he threatens, and some with words of grace
Encourages, one comes to thwart his will,
For Godfrey sends to them the good Sigier,
Of all his hests the messenger severe.

LIII.

He blames in his name their excessive fire,
And orders that at once they shall retreat ;
“ Return,” he said to them, “ since for your ire
Nor is the place, nor is the season meet.
Godfrey commands you thus.” At such desire
Rinaldo stayed, who had fanned the others’ heat,
Although he fretted inly, and revealed
More than one sign of anger ill-concealed.

LIV.

The troops return ; and not a foe descends
To trouble their return, though slow and late.
And on the corpse of Dudon there attends
Unstinted the last funeral pomp and state.
Upon the pious arms of faithful friends
They bear him forth, a dear and honored weight.
*Meanwhile the Bouillon from a lofty part
Examines the strong city’s site and art.*

LV.

Jerusalem placed upon two hills is seen
Of height unequal; and turned face to face;
A valley interposing sinks between,
And severs one from the other by its trace.
Three sides, without, present a lofty screen;
The other has an almost level base;
But at the flatter part, which Northward lies,
For more defence the loftiest walls arise.

LVI.

Within the city, reservoirs for rain
Abound, and lakes and living fountains gleam;
Without, the eye looks round for herb in vain,
And barren is the land of fount and stream:
Nor is it seen there proudly to sustain
Tall flourishing trees to ward the heat supreme,
Save that, two leagues beyond, a forest towers
Horrid and dark with baleful shades and bowers.

LVII.

Bounding it on the side where dawn is traced,
The happy Jordan's noble waves are rolled;
And by its Westward coast, a sandy waste,
The Mediterranean billows are controlled;
Samaria's Northward, and Beth-el which placed
An altar to the idol calf of gold:
And whence the South wind brings the rain-cloud forth,
Lies Bethlehem, cradle of the mighty Birth.

LVIII.

While Godfrey thus inspects the mural line,
The site of the grand city, and the plain,
And ponders where to encamp, and whence design
Assault on the hostile wall with most of gain,
Erminia sees him, and to Aladine
She points him out, and thus resumes her strain:
"See Godfrey in the purple mantle there,
Him with so kingly and august an air.

LIX.

“For empire truly born, well doth he know
Both how to reign, and how to hold command;
Nor worse as knight than leader is, I trow;
But in both parts of valor is he grand:
Nor ’mid the crowd thus ample could I show
A man more wise of head, or prow of hand:
In counsel Raymond only, and in fight
Rinaldo and Prince Tancred, reach his height.”

LX.

Responds the Pagan king: “I know his fame
And saw him at the mighty court of France,
When thither Egypt’s messenger I came,
And saw him in the tourney wield the lance:
And though his downless cheeks might then proclaim
His tender years had made but small advance,
Yet still his words, his actions, and his air,
Gave presage ever of a hope most rare.

LXI.

“Presage, alas ! too true !” He here inclined
His troubled brows, then lifted them, and cried :
“Say who is he whose upper vest is lined
With scarlet yonder there at Godfrey’s side ?
O what resemblance in his mien I find,
Though somewhat less in stature be his pride !”
“’Tis Baldwin,” said she ; “in his face one reads
The brother, more so in his noble deeds.

LXII.

“Upon his other flank one seems to be
In the act of counsel ; thither bend thy sight ;
’Tis Raymond to whose prudence I decree
Such lofty praise, his hairs already white :
None, Frank or Latin, better knows than he
To weave the military fraud aright.
*But yonder further off, with helm of gold,
William, good son of Britain’s king, behold.*

LXIII.

"With him is Guelph, one emulous to dare
The noblest deeds, of lofty blood and state ;
Well do I know him by his shoulder square,
And by his chest so rounded and elate.
But still can I discern not anywhere,
Although I search for him, the foe I hate,
I speak of Boemond, him who is the base
And fell destroyer of my kingly race."

LXIV.

So parleyed these. The Chief who had gazed around
Descended to his own ; and since in vain
He deems would all assault be where the ground
Ascends the most abruptly, he is fain
To erect the tents against the Northern bound
And gateway, on the broad contiguous plain :
And thence proceeding plants the rest as far
As underneath the tow'r called Angular.

LXV.

By this extent of camp there is contained
A third part of the town, or less indeed :
Since all around it could not thus be chained,
So far does the vast range of wall proceed.
But every road by which it could have gained
Assistance Godfrey tries at least to impede,
And seizes every opportune defile
By which one nears or quits the mural pile.

LXVI.

He orders that the tents be fortified
With palisadoes, and with fosse profound,
To check the citizens' sallies from inside,
And on the outside onsets from around.
But when these needful works had been supplied,
He wished to see the corpse of the renowned
And gallant Dudon : thither hence he sped
Where sad and tearful groups begirt the dead.

LXVII.

His faithful friends adorned the mighty bier
With noble pomp where loftily 'twas hung.
When Godfrey entered, a lament more drear
And clamorous from the crowd of mourners rung.
But still with features nor disturbed, nor clear,
The pious Bouillon reined his grief and tongue :
And having gazed awhile in thoughtful guise
O'er the departed knight, at length he cries :

LXVIII.

“To thee no tears are due, no voice of wail,
For thou, though dead to us, re-liv'st in Heaven,
And here where thou putt'st off thy mortal veil,
Deep impress of thy glory hast thou driven.
Thou liv'dst a Christian knight, and did'st not fail
To die such : now thou joyest, and 'tis given,
Blest soul, to thee to feed on God thine eyes,
And have of thy good deeds the crown and prize.

LXIX.

“Yes, thou art blest ! our own misfortunes claim,
And not thy fate, the tears which we may pour,
Since at thy flight, so worthy of thy fame,
A part of us along with thee passed o'er.
But if this death, to use the vulgar name,
Bids us expect an earthly help no more,
Celestial help for us thou canst obtain,
Since Heav'n receives thee in its chosen train.

LXX.

“And as we've seen thee battling in our plea
With mortal arms, subject to mortal hour,
Thee, spirit divine, no less we hope to see
Wield for us weapons of celestial pow'r.
Learn to receive the vows we address to thee,
And succour us whene'er misfortunes low'r :
*Thence bode I vict'ry ; and triumphant so,
We'll pay thee at yon shrine the vows we owe.”*

LXXI.

So spake he, and already the dark night
Had all exhausted each diurnal ray,
And with the oblivion of all care and spite
Made tears and lamentations pass away.
But Godfrey deeming that to assail the might
Of walls without machines were vain essay,
Thought whence he should have beams, and how devise
His instruments: and scarce he closed his eyes.

LXXII.

Up with the sun, himself in person chose
To follow the long pomp with funeral pace.
Of odoriferous cypress they compose
A tomb for Dudon at a mountain's base,
Near to the palisades; a palm tree throws
Its tall and spreading branches o'er the place:
Here was he laid: meanwhile a priestly train
Sang requiem to his soul with mournful strain.

LXXIII.

The branches on all sides were with the array
Of divers flags and captured armour hung,
Which erst upon some more auspicious day
From Syrian tribes and Persians he had wrung:
To the huge trunk of the tall palm midway
His breastplate and his other mail was strung;
Then there these words were writ: "DUDON LIES HERE:
HIM LOFTIEST CHAMPION OF THE CROSS REVERE."

LXXIV.

But when the tender Bouillon had gone through
The pious labour mixed with so much pain,
He sent forth to the forest the whole crew
Of sappers guarded by a pow'rful train.
'Twas hidd'n in valleys, and the Christians drew
Their knowledge of it from a Syrian swain.
They go to cut *mechanic* engines thence
'Gainst which the city should have no defence.

LXXV.

Each exhorts each to fell the timber tall,
And in the woods unwonted waste is made.
Dissevered by the trenchant steel, there fall
The sacred palm, the ash in sylvan glade,
The cherry, larch, and cypress funeral,
High pine, dense holm, and beech with sombre shade,
And married elm, on which the vine relies
And mounts with twisted foot up to the skies.

LXXVI.

One smites the yews, another smites the oaks
Which had a thousand times their locks renewed,
And had as oft unmoved withstood the strokes
Of winds, and stopped them in their angry mood:
And others piled upon the groaning spokes
Wild ash and cedar with sweet scent imbued.
Scared by the sound of arms, and cries of men,
The bird forsook its nest, the beast its den.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

By blast of horrid trump Hell's king requires
 The presence round him of the infernal swarm,
 And 'gainst the arms which God loves and inspires
 Arms and unchains them all in varied form.
 He next employs to 'effect what he desires
 Armida's arts, and beauty's luring charm :
 She tempts the chiefs, and Godfrey, but in vain ;
 His heart is sound and owns no lust insane.

I.

WHILE these wrought many a warlike instrument
 For such they needs must put to use ere long,
 The grand foe of the human nations bent
 His livid eyes against the Christian throng ;
 And seeing them on prosperous works intent,
 Bit both his lips, impelled by fury strong ;
 And like a wounded bull then sought relief
 By pouring forth in roars and sighs his grief.

II.

Thenceforward having turned his every thought
 To scourge the Christians with the last of woes,
 He bids his people be together brought
 (Fell senate !) where his kingly palace rose ;
 As if, ah fool, 'twere enterprise unfraught
 With danger to resist what God's will chose !
 Fool, who would equal Heav'n, nor understand
 How thunders roll from God's indignant hand !

III.

The hoarse sound of the hellish trumpet calls
The tenants of the eternal shades around ;
The dark caves tremble through their spacious halls ;
And at that roar doth the blind air rebound :
Never with crash so great the thunder falls
From Heav'n's supernal regions to the ground ;
With shock so dread the earth is never rent,
When vapours in her labouring womb are pent.

IV.

Soon do Hell's gods in many a varied band
To the tall gates from all around repair.
O what strange forms, and horrible, expand !
How do their eyes with death and terror glare !
Some with the track of beasts imprint the sand,
And human brows have twisted snakes for hair ;
Each plies a tail behind him, vast and long,
Which coils itself, and uncoils, like a thong.

V.

Here thousands of foul Harpies may you mark,
Thousands of Centaurs, Sphynxes, Gorgons pale ;
Innumerable voracious Scyllas bark,
And Hydras hiss, and Pythons whistling wail,
Chimæras vomit forth their ashes dark ;
And Polyphemes and Geryons dread prevail :
And in new monsters, now nor seen, nor heard,
Are divers forms in one confused and blurred.

VI.

Some to the right hand went to sit before
The cruel king, some to the left in state ;
Mid them sat Pluto, and his right hand bore
The sceptre rugged and of awful weight.
Nor ocean rock, nor Alpine summit hoar,
Nor Calpe mounts so far, nor the Atlas great,
As not to seem mere hills when he was nigh,
So raised he his huge front and horns on high.

VII.

id majesty made still more dread
savage aspect, and enhanced his pride ;
es were bloodshot and with venom spread,
r gleam was that of stars which ill betide ;
d inwrapt his chin, and, downward shed
his rough breast, grew bristling, dense, and wide :
ke the unfathomed whirlpool in the flood,
his huge mouth befouled with purple blood.

VIII.

h the fumes of sulphur, and of fire,
n Mongibello, the foul air, the crash ;
n his savage mouth dark blasts expire,
he stench issues, and the sparkles flash.
he was speaking, Cerberus' bark of ire
eased ; the Hydra became mute ; the plash
n Cocytus while its depths were stirred ;
these accents the dread peal was heard :

IX.

es of Hell, more worthy to remain
ve yon sun whence ye derive your birth,
grand mischance with me from happier reign
n to this horrible den has hurtled forth,
Other's ancient fears and fell disdain
known too well, and our emprise of worth :
ules He at His will the starry poles,
e are sentenced as rebellious souls.

X.

in the place of day serene and pure,
of the golden sun, and starry quire,
mured us here in this abyss obscure,
wills that to our primal rank we aspire :
men (how hard the thought is to endure !
is what adds more torment to the fire !)
nmoned *man to the fair seats of day,*
le and born on earth of the vile clay.

XI.

“Nor this sufficed Him; but to make our state
 Still worse, He gave His Son to be death's prey;
 Who came and burst through the Tartarean gate,
 And dared to tread the realm where we have sway,
 And thence draw souls which were our due by fate,
 And carry the rich prize to Heav'n away,
 Triumphant conqueror, and His scorn to tell,
 Unrolled the banners there of vanquished Hell.

XII.

“But why in words my griefs again unfold?
 By whom are not our wrongs already heard?
 And in what part, and when, was it e'er told
 That His accustomed projects were deferred?
 We should no more go pondering on the old,
 But by our present wrongs we should be stirred.
 Do ye not yet perceive how He essays
 To make all ranks Him only serve and praise?

XIII.

“Shall we drag on in sloth the day, the hour,
 Nor let some worthy care our hearts inflame?
 And suffer that His faithful people's pow'r
 In Asia spread with ever widening aim,
 And yoke Judæa! that His fame shall tow'r
 Still higher, and be further stretched His name,
 Resound in other tongues, in other tones
 Be sung, and carved upon new bronze and stones?

XIV.

“That down to the earth our idols shall be thrown?
 Our altars by the world to Him be turned?
 That vows, forsooth, be made to Him alone,
 To Him be gold and myrrh brought, incense burne
 That where no fane that shut us out was known,
 No opening for our arts be now discerned?
 That there shall fail of souls our wonted share,
 And Pluto dwell in realms left wholly bare?

XV.

"Ah! let it not be true; for still the same
Our valor shines with unextinguished ray,
As when, begirt with steel and lofty flame,
We warred long since against the heav'nly sway.
True, in that strife no vict'ry could we claim;
Yet failed we not our virtue to display;
Success attended on the happier pow'rs,
The glory of courage unsubdued was ours.

XVI.

"But why detain you more? O comrades true,
Speed forth, O pow'r, and pillars of my reign:
Speed quickly forth, and those accursed subdue,
Before they shall recruit their strength again;
Quench this increasing flame ere it can strew
Throughout the Hebrew realm its deadly bane:
Enter among them, and have now recourse
To treach'ry for their damage, now to force.

XVII.

"Let what I will be fate: be some dispersed
Far wand'ring; others perish on that soil;
Others, in love's lascivious cares immersed,
Make idols of a sweet look and a smile:
The leader by his rebel troops be pierced,
And them let factions and disputes embroil:
Perish the camp, and sunk in ruinous waste,
Each trace of it be with itself effaced."

XVIII.

The spirits who war on God delay not e'en
Until these words are guided to the end;
But flying forth to view the starry sheen
Once more, already from deep night they wend,
Like turbid storms which whistling shrill and keen
Come forth out of their native caves to blend
The skies in darkness, and to carry war
O'er the wide realms of earth and seas afar.

XIX.

Unfolding soon their vans on various ways
These through the world dispersing swiftly glide;
And fabrics of deceit begin to raise
Diverse and new; and all their arts are plied.
But thou, O Muse, tell in their first essays
What ill they wrought the Christians, from what side:
Thou know'st; but hardly of that work of crime
Fame's feeble breath has reached our distant time.

XX.

The famous Idraote, a noble mage,
Ruled o'er Damascus and the cities round:
Who read the dark arts from his earliest age,
And more and more delight in them had found.
But what the gain if he could ne'er presage
Of that uncertain war the final bound,
Nor phase of stars, or fixed or wand'ring, tell
The truth beforehand, nor response of hell?

XXI.

He judged (ah, human mind, how blind art thou!
How vain are all thy judgments, and how cross!)
That for the unconquered Western army now
Heav'n was preparing ruinous deadly loss:
Whence deeming Egypt would adorn its brow
With vict'ry's noblest laurels, and engross
Large conquests, he desired his state should claim
A portion of the spoil and of the fame.

XXII.

But since the Frankish valor stands confessed,
The dread of bloody victory loads his mind,
And schemes he how the Christian pow'r may best
Be first in part diminished or disjoined,
And thus with greater ease may be oppressed
By his and the Egyptian host combined.
*The Fiend arrives while he is pondering o'er
This thought, and stimulates and pricks him more.*

XXIII.

He counsels him, and ministers each mode
Which can facilitate the dark emprise;
He has a niece on whom the East bestowed
For beauty quite unrivaled the first prize:
To her are known all frauds with tangled node
By witch or woman used, all flattering lies;
This lady calls he to him, and lets her share
His counsels, and requests here all her care.

XXIV.

“O loved one,” cried he, “who beneath thy braid
Of flaxen hair, and looks of gentle glee,
Hast hoary sense and manly heart inlaid,
And e’en in mine own arts surpassest me,
Grand projects I revolve, and if thou aid,
The effect responsive to the hope will be:
Weave thou the web of which I show the plan,
The daring agent of a wise old man.

XXV.

“Go to the hostile camp, and there expend
All feminine arts which can attract regard:
Be bathed with tears, and sweet entreaties blend;
Thy words with sighs be broken off and marred:
Let beauty, weeping and dejected bend
To thy desire all hearts however hard:
A veil of shame fling o’er thy courage high,
And make the robe of truth conceal the lie.

XXVI.

“If possible, catch Godfrey with the bait
Of sweetest looks and winning words that burn,
So that as one enamoured he may hate
The war begun, and to prevent it yearn.
Lure, if not him, such others as are great,
And lead them whence they never may return.
Distract *their counsels then.*” At last he saith,
“*All’s lawful for one’s country and one’s faith.*”

XXVII.

Armida, proud of her enchanting grace,
And of the gifts her sex and age can boast,
Obeys him; and with evening's primal trace
Sets out by paths which are retired the most:
And hopes to conquer in her curls and lace
Unconquered peoples and an armèd host.
But of her parting various tales are first
Among the vulgar artfully dispersed.

XXVIII.

After not many days the damsel fair
Arrived at where the Frankish tents were spread.
A murmur rose when charms so new and rare
Appeared, and tow'rd her every glance was sped,
E'en as to where a comet or a star,
Beheld no more by day, shines overhead.
And all draw nigh to see the lovely dame,
Ask who the stranger is, and why she came.

XXIX.

Never did Cyprus, Delos, nor did Greece,
View forms of beauty or attire so dear.
Her golden hairs now shine with sweet caprice
Through the white veil, now quite disclosed appear:
Thus oft the sun, when skies resume their peace,
Now through the light cloud beaming, looks less clear
Now from the cloud emerging, darts his ray
Undimmed around, and multiplies the day.

XXX.

The breezes make new curls in her loose hair
Which into waves by nature's self are thrown;
Her grudging glance is self-collected e'er,
And hides away love's treasures and its own.
Sweet rosy hues upon that face so fair
Amid the ivory are confused and strown;
*But in the mouth, whence amorous breathings gush,
Unblended and alone the roses blush.*

XXXI.

Her lovely bosom shows its naked snows,
 Which nourish and awaken Cupid's fire :
 Part of her young unripened breast she shows,
 Part hides beneath her envious attire :
 Envious, but if the path of sight it close,
 Yet it arrests not amorous desire,
 Which, not content with outward beauty, pries
 Within too where each hidden secret lies.

XXXII.

As 'thwart the water, or the ice, a ray
 Will traverse, and not part or cleave it through,
 So 'thwart the fastened robe thought makes its way,
 Too bold, to parts forbidden to the view :
 Here roams at large, there lingers to survey
 By turns amid such marvels what is true ;
 Tells and describes them then to the desire,
 And makes more vivid in it its own fire.

XXXIII.

And through those eager crowds Armida hied,
 Praised and admired, and well was 'ware of all,
 Yet showed it not, though in her heart she joyed,
 And thence planned high success, and prey not small.
 While pausing somewhat she requests a guide
 To lead her to the Captain's tented hall,
 Distace met with her, brother of the most
 High sov'reign prince who led the mighty host.

XXXIV.

As moth doth to the light, himself he turned
 To the full splendor of her charms divine ;
 And from a nearer spot those eyes discerned
 Which modest act made sweetly to decline,
 And caught from these a mighty flame, and burned
 As fuel does if spark too near it shine ;
 And by his youth and heat of love made bold,
 He ventured such discourse as this to hold :

XXXV.

"O lady, if I rightly name thee so,
For thou art like unto no earthly sight,
And on no child of Eve does Heav'n bestow
So large a portion of its tranquil light:
What dost thou seek? whence come? and whither go?
What hap of thine, or ours, has led thee aright?
Instruct me who thou art; give me the lore
To honour thee, and, if 'tis reason, adore."

XXXVI.

She answers him: "Thy praises mount too high;
Nor can our merit to that pitch arrive:
Not merely mortal creature, Sir, am I,
But dead to joys, to grief alone alive.
To such place my misfortune makes me hie,
A maid, a stranger, and a fugitive:
To Godfrey I resort, in him confide;
The rumors of his goodness spread so wide.

XXXVII.

"Procure that to the Chief I be conveyed,
If thou hast kind and courteous soul indeed."
And he: "One brother well may give thee aid
To find the other, and thy cause may plead.
Not vainly thou resort'st, O beauteous maid;
With him not meanly will my favour speed:
Count as thine own, whate'er the gifts implored,
All that avails his sceptre, or my sword."

XXXVIII.

He ceased, and led to where the Chief, secure
From crowds, was sitting mid the grander peers.
She reverent bowed, and then, ashamed to endure
His presence, spoke no word that reached the ears.
But here the warrior hastes to re-assure
And to console her blushes and her fears:
*So that at last her artful tale commences
In tones of sweetness that entrance the senses.*

XXXIX.

“Unconquered prince,” she said, “whose mighty name
Flies forth adorned with a renown so bright
That provinces and kings as glory claim
To have been by thee subdued and tamed in fight,
Thy valor is known throughout, and as through fame
E’en by thy foes ’tis loved and prized aright,
So also it invites and tices o’er
Thy foes to seek thee, and its aid implore.

XL.

“I who was born in so diverse a creed,
Which thou hast humbled, and would’st now oppress,
Hope that through thee I shall regain with speed
The sceptre of my sires, and fit redress.
And if from kinsmen others in their need
Ask help against the stranger’s mad excess,
I, finding pity has in them no place,
Invoke the hostile steel on mine own race.

XLI.

“Thee call I, hope in thee, for in thee lies
Alone the power to lift me from my woe.
Nor should thy right hand ever less devise
How to raise others than to lay them low :
Nor doth compassion win a meaner prize
Than that won by a triumph o’er one’s foe :
And if thou hast made the realms of others thine,
Earn equal glory by restoring mine.

XLII.

“But if our differing faith should weight the scale,
And make thee scorn, perchance, my virtuous pray
My strong faith in thy pity must prevail ;
And to delude that faith will seem unfair.
Witness that God whom all the nations hail,
That juster aid to none thou gavest e’er !
But that *thou may’st know* all, now hear me tell
Mine own mishaps, and others’ frauds as well.

XLIII.

“The daughter I of Arbilan ; who reigned
O'er fair Damascus, and was born less great,
But fair Cariclea as his bride he gained,
Who chose him heir of all her royal estate.
This lady by her death almost restrained
My birth, expiring at the self-same date
At which I left her womb : I first drew breath
On the same fatal day that brought her death.

XLIV.

“But scarce had passed one lustre from the day
On which she from her mortal veil was riven,
When my dear sire, snatched by his fate away,
Was re-united to her, perhaps, in heaven,
Me leaving and the state to a brother's sway,
To whom his love so zealously had been given,
That if in mortal mind affection dwell,
On faith in him he might have reckoned well.

XLV.

“When this man his great office comes to bear,
Such zeal for all my int'rests he displays,
That for unblemished faith, paternal care,
And vast affection, he obtains the praise :
Whether he hid ill thought within, and ware
A different garb outside ; or in those days
He still had honest views, because he had planned
That in due time his son should win my hand.

XLVI.

“I grew, and grew his son ; but style of knight
At arms, and noble arts he never learned ;
In nought of foreign did he take delight,
In nought of gentle ; from high things he turned :
A soul of meanness in a form of fright,
And in proud heart all greedy passions burned ;
*In actions rough, in manners such that none
Except himself could be his paragon.*

XLVII.

"Now my good guardian fixed that I should wed
A man thus worthy to be entertained,
And make him consort of my throne and bed;
And several times his wish was well explained.
His tongue, his art, his genius all bested
That the effect he longed for might be gained:
But never promise could he draw from me,
Who still was mute, or wilful spurned his plea.

XLVIII.

"At length he left me with mysterious mien,
Through which shone plainly forth his impious mind:
And written on his brow methought was seen
The history of the ills which came behind.
Since then my nightly rest disturbed has been
By dreams and visions of the strangest kind;
A fatal horror, stamped upon my soul,
Became the presage of my future dole.

XLIX.

"Oft loomed before me the maternal shade,
A pallid image robed in mournful weed;
How diff'rent far from that which is portrayed
Elsewhere, in which her looks of love I read!
'Fly daughter,' cried she, 'fly the snares now laid
To ensure thy cruel death; depart with speed:
I see the treach'rous tyrant's poison or steel
Prepared, which thou alone art meant to feel.'

L.

"But what, alas! availed it to presage
In my awakened heart the approaching woe,
If terror rendered my yet tender age
Irresolute to form a scheme, and slow?
In voluntary exile to engage,
And naked from my royal home to go,
So dreadful seemed, that I preferred at worst
To close mine eyes where I had oped them first.

LI.

“ Ah ! death I feared, yet had not (who that hear
Will heed me ?) courage from that death to fly ;
I even feared, too, to disclose my fear,
Lest I should speed the hour when I must die.
Thus I dragged on a life disturbed and drear,
And passed in one continual agony,
Like one who on his bare neck seems to feel
Instantly falling the remorseless steel.

LII.

“ In this my plight, whether 'twere friendly fate,
Or I to worse reserved by fortune's ire,
One of the ministers of regal state,
Who had been reared from childhood by my sire,
Told me the time prescribed for my death's date
By the dark tyrant now grew nigher and nigher ;
And he had promised that unnatural one
To give me poison ere the day was done.

LIII.

“ And after a short pause he further said
My life could only be prolonged by flight ;
And, since I could not elsewhere hope for aid,
Offered himself to help me in my plight ;
And me with comfort so courageous made,
That I was now no more reined in by fright,
But through the darkened air, I, nothing loth,
Fled with him from my country and uncle both.

LIV.

“ The night arose beyond its wont obscure,
And covered us with its befriending hue ;
Hence with two damsels I went forth secure,
Companions in misfortune choice and true :
But yet mine eyes, attracted by the lure
Of my loved home, turned backward bathed in dew,
*Nor could I fully sate them with the sight
Of that dear land where first I saw the light.*

LV.

"The thought and the eye traversed the selfsame way,
And forward went the foot against its will ;
Like ship from the loved harbor forced to stray
By whirlwind unforeseen and fiercely shrill.
That night we sped and all the following day
Where not a track was seen on plain or hill.
We reached the shelter of a tow'r at last
Placed where the confines of my realm are passed.

LVI.

"Arontes owns the tow'r, the same who drew
Me forth from peril, escorting me alone.
But when the traitor found me flown, and knew
That all his deadly schemes were overthrown,
Inflamed with furious rage against the two,
He charged us with the crimes that were his own ,
Accusing both of that excess which he
Himself intended to commit on me.

LVII.

"He stated that by briberies I had led
Arontes to mix poison in his food,
In order to have none, when he was dead,
To give me laws, or to restrain my mood ;
And that I wished to take into my bed
Lovers by scores, following my passion lewd.
Ah ! sacred Chastity, on me descend
The flame from Heav'n ere I thy laws offend !

LVIII.

"That one so cruel should hunger for my gold,
And for my innocent blood should also thirst,
Is grievous ; but far worse the wrong I hold,
That he would have my spotless fame aspersed.
With such adroitness all his lies he told,
Fearing a popular outbreak from the first,
That doubtful *of the truth*, and still suspense,
The city rose not armed in my defence.

LIX.

“ Nor though he has my throne, which was his aim,
And with the glittering diadem is crowned,
Puts he an end to my great wrongs and shame ;
So far his cruelty spurs him beyond bound :
He threats to wrap Arontes’ tow’r in flame,
Unless a willing prisoner he be found :
And ah ! to me and to my friends he saith
Not war alone shall come, but racks and death.

LX.

“ This must be done, he says, to wash the stain
Contracted by my crimes from off my face,
And to the full (what I had lost) regain,
The honor of our regal seat and race :
But the true cause is, fear to have re-ta’en
The sceptre which is mine of right and grace ;
Since only if I fall, can he upstay
Solidly with my ruin his own sway.

LXI.

“ And soon the tyrant’s impious desire
Will have the end on which he is intent ;
And in my blood will then be quenched the ire
Which yielded not to all the tears I spent,
If thou forbid not. Thee I seek, O Sire,
I, a lorn maiden, orphan, innocent ;
And may these tears, with which thy feet I flood,
Avail me that I may not shed my blood.

LXII.

“ By these thy feet, which trample on the proud
And impious ; by this hand, which aids the right ;
By thy great vict’ries, by the Temples vowed
To be restored and guarded by thy might ;
Grant my desire, thou with sole pow’r endowed ;
And let thy pity rescue at one flight
My realm and life ; but pity can avail
Nothing with thee, if right and reason fail.

LXIII.

to whom Heav'n concedes, and grants by fate,
 sh the just, and, wishing it, fulfil,
 may'st save my life, for thee the state
 re, for when 'tis mine, 'tis at thy will.
 ne from the number here, so great,
 oose ten heroes of most worth and skill ;
 ing the peers loyal, and people true,
 ill suffice to win me back my due.

LXIV.

one of lofty station to whose care
 rust a secret postern is consigned,
 to ope it, and admit us there
 ght into the palace ; let me find
 from thee, so bids he, though but spare,
 I shall thus more reassure his mind
 from elsewhere a grand army came,
 fluence has thy flag and very name."

LXV.

id, she stops, and for response attends
 gesture which though silent speaks and prays.
 r revolves o'er many a doubt ; suspends
 udgment ; and, perplexed in heart, delays.
 s the Paynim guile, and apprehends
 uth in one who none in God displays.
 en again in him that pity kind
 s, which never sleeps in noble mind.

LXVI.

assisting her would he obey
 mpulse only, and his natural bent ;
 age moves him ; since 'twere wise to sway
 ascus' realm by one who should be sent,
 lent on his pow'r, to ope the way
 render smooth the course to his intent ;
 ould supply him with men, arms, and gold
Egypt and whoe'er with her should hold.

LXVII.

While thus distracted yet with doubt he turns
 His glance to the earth, and thoughts revolve and rise
 The lady gazes fixedly, and learns
 His looks intent, his every action eyes:
 And since beyond expectance she discerns
 His answer slow, she dreads it more, and sighs.
 At last the grace demanded was refused,
 But soft and courteous were the terms he used.

LXVIII.

"If in God's service, chosen for that end
 By Him, we did not here employ the blade,
 With reason might thy hope on these depend,
 Nor look for pity only, but for aid:
 But till His people, and these walls which bend
 Beneath oppression's weight, by us be made
 Completely free, 'twere wrong to slack the course
 Of vict'ry by diminishing our force.

LXIX.

"I promise thee (and for a noble token
 Take thou my faith, and live in it secure)
 That when the unworthy yoke shall have been broken
 From off these walls which all Heav'n's love allure,
 Then to restore thee, e'en as pity has spoken,
 To thy lost throne shall be our care, be sure.
 But now not pious would my pity be,
 If first I gave not God His rightful fee."

LXX.

The lady at that speech her eyes declined,
 And stood awhile unmoved among the peers:
 Then lifting them suffused with dew, rejoined,
 Her actions corresponding with her tears:
 "Ah me, and to whom else has Heav'n assigned
 A life of such unvarying woes and fears
 That others change their nature and desire,
Ere can be changed in me a lot so dire.

LXXI.

“No further hope remains: in vain I grieve;
No more into man’s bosom pray’rs may glide.
Perchance the grief which moves not thee may achieve
To turn the tyrant’s fierce resolve aside?
And yet no charge of harshness do I weave
Against thee for this trifling aid denied;
But Heav’n I charge whence my disasters fall,
Which makes thee deaf to melting pity’s call.

LXXII.

“Not such art thou, nor such thy goodness, Sire;
But ’tis my fate which has denied me aid.
O cruel fate, O fatal fate and dire,
This odious life of mine at once invade!
Ah! to have caused my parents to expire
In flow’r of life, was wrong that little weighed,
Unless thou see me too, unthroned in life,
Go like a wretched victim to the knife.

LXXIII.

“For since the laws of chastity and zeal
Require that I make here no longer stay,
Whom shall I fly to? where myself conceal?
How keep the tyrant any more at bay?
No spot whatever under Heav’n can seal
The entrance against gold. Why then delay?
Yes, I see death, and if ’tis vain to fly it,
I’ll go to it, and with this hand defy it.”

LXXIV.

She ceased, and on her face appeared a glow
Of generous wrath that would have graced a queen;
And turning round she seemed about to go,
Disdainful and yet mournful in her mien.
Her tears without restraint began to flow,
Like those from mingled sorrow and chagrin;
And, like the purest pearl or crystal, gleam
The *nascent drops* against the solar beam.

LXXV.

Her cheeks o'er which the living moisture spread,
And fell thence to the margin of her vest,
Resembled flow'rs of mingled white and red,
If watered by a rain-cloud from the West,
What time, as morning's early rays are shed,
They ope to the glad breeze their folded breast;
And pleased Aurora, seeing them so fair,
Is charmed, and longs with them to braid her hair.

LXXVI.

But the clear humor, which with frequent spheres
Thus decorates her lovely cheeks and breast,
Works the effect of fire, and hidden veers
Through thousand hearts, and kindles at Love's hest.
O miracle! He draws out sparks from tears,
And burns with rain the heart in which he's guest!
O'er nature ever holds he sov'reign sway,
But, thanks to her, exceeds himself to-day.

LXXVII.

This feigned distress made many an eye disperse
True tears, and e'en the hardest hearts were wrung.
All grieve with her, and thus their thoughts rehearse:
"If Godfrey yield not to that pleading tongue,
A rabid tiger must have been his nurse,
And he from horrid Alpine crag be sprung,
Or from the waves that foam and lash the seas.
Cruel to vex and spoil such charms as these."

LXXVIII.

But Eustace, in whose youthful breast the flame
Of pity and of love has most of heat,
Comes forward openly, and dares exclaim,
While others only whisper and retreat:
"Brother, and lord, thou to thy primal aim
Tenacious holdest longer than is meet,
If to the gen'ral sense thou nothing yield,
And against all our hopes and pray'rs art steeled.

LXXIX.

“ I say not, that the several chiefs who stand
With subject tribes entrusted to their care,
Should from the leaguered walls withdraw their hand,
Neglecting the great offices they bear ;
But among us who are the Adventurous Band,
With no peculiar task, nor forced to share
Strict laws with others, thou may'st well decree
Some ten, defenders of the right to be.

LXXX.

“ For from God's service he has not retired
One tittle who defends an innocent maid ;
And dear enough to Heav'n are spoils acquired
From tyrant slain which others have displayed.
If then the emprise I should not have desired
For the sure good with which 'twill be repaid,
Duty demands it, for our rules express
That we should succour damsels in distress.

LXXXI.

“ By Heav'n, be never told in France the tale,
Nor elsewhere whither courteous knights repair,
That peril or fatigue could make us quail
In cause like this, so holy and so fair.
I for my part here lay down helm and mail ;
I here ungird my sword ; and let me ne'er
Henceforth use arms or steed without all right,
Nor ever more usurp the name of knight.”

LXXXII.

This said, his Order all without disguise
Concordant with him raise a boisterous sound,
And lauding this advice as good and wise,
Press tow'rd the Chief with pray'rs, and gird him round
“ I yield, and am subdued,” at last he cries,
“ By numbers so united and renowned :
Let her receive, then, if ye thus incline,
The *asked-for* boon from your advice, not mine.

LXXXIII.

“ But if respect among you e’er be paid
To Godfrey’s counsel, temper your desires.”
He said no more : their ferments are allayed,
For that seems granted them which each requires.
Now what can tears not do from lovely maid,
And the soft words which amorous tongue expires?
From her sweet lips issues a golden chain
Which catches hearts at will, and is their rein.

LXXXIV.

Eustace recalls her, and exclaims: “ Allay
Henceforth, enchanting maid, thy sorrowing tears;
For soon from us thou shalt have such array
Of succor as shall satisfy thy fears.”
Armida calms then every cloudy ray
And with such winning smiles outside appears,
That as she dries with her fair veil her eyes
Her wondrous charms enamour e’en the skies.

LXXXV.

Then gave she them in sweet and tender tone
Thanks for the grace with which she had been blessed
Declaring that it ever should be known
To all the world, and on her heart impressed:
And that which could not by the tongue be shown,
Mute eloquence in all her acts expressed;
And she so hid her thought in garb of lies
That no one could suspect the deep disguise.

LXXXVI.

Perceiving thence that fortune now had smiled
On the grand opening of her fraudulent will,
She lays the train, before her scheme be foiled,
To end a work replete with so much ill,
And more do by sweet looks and actions mild
Than Circe or Medea did by skill:
And with a Syren’s vocal charms to steep
The most awakened minds in fatal sleep.

LXXXVII.

Each trick which can within her toils enlase
Some other lover is the lady playing ;
Nor always, nor with all, keeps the same face,
But diff'rent looks and acts is aye arraying :
Her glance is guarded now with modest grace,
Now turns aside voluptuous and straying :
The rein, the whip, she still contrives to show,
Just as she sees them swift in love, or slow.

LXXXVIII.

If she perceive a lover who retires,
And would through diffidence his passion screen,
She opes the kindly smile which he requires,
And turns to him her eyes glad and serene ;
Thus spurring on the faint and slow desires,
And making his late blunted hopes grow keen ;
And by inflaming every amorous thought
She melts away the ice which fear had brought.

LXXXIX.

To other who o'erleaps the mark, too daring,
By blind and rashly venturous guide misled,
Of gentle words and sweet looks is she sparing,
Inducing in him reverence and dread :
But mid the scorn her lofty brows are bearing
A ray of pity may be plainly read ;
So, though he fear, he need not all despair,
And loves the more, the haughtier seems her air.

XC.

Sometimes withdrawing a small space aside,
Each look and motion she adjusts and feigns,
As though in grief ; then makes the teardrop glide
Oft o'er her cheek, and then again restrains :
And forces by these arts, all undescried,
A thousand simple souls to share her pains ;
And in the fire of *pity* wields the dart
Of *love wherewith to slay the gentle heart.*

XCI.

As though then from that thought she had stol'n away,
And felt new hope awakened in its stead,
On tow'rd the wooers her words and feet would stray,
And o'er her face adorning joy be spread;
And caused she like a double orb of day
The brilliant glance and heav'nly smile to shed
Their flashes on the grief-clouds dense and drear,
Which first had gathered round each bosom here.

XCII.

But while her sweet speech and sweet smile are plied,
And with a double sweetness charm the sense,
She seems their souls and bodies to divide,
Souls never used to these delights immense.
Ah! cruel Love! how closely are allied
The gall and honey which thou dost dispense;
Both slay; and, equally destructive still,
Proceed from thee the medicine and the ill.

XCIII.

Amid such varied moods, in ice and heat,
In smiles and tears, mid fears and hopes repressed,
Each doubts of his own state, and the fair cheat
Comes hither to make all of them a jest.
And if one dares to tell with indiscreet
And trembling voice the tortures of his breast,
She feigns, as if a rustic artless maid,
Not to perceive the soul in words displayed.

XCIV.

Or making else her shame-struck eyes decline,
She adorns and tints herself with modest grace;
So that she comes to hide the drops of brine
Beneath the roses of her lovely face;
As oft we see in hour most matutine
Aurora when she shows her earliest trace:
*And aye the blush of scorn comes forth attended
By that of shame, and both are fused and blended.*

XCV.

but if she first from all his bearing spies
 One who attempts his warm wish to unfold,
 How she withdraws, and flies him, now supplies
 The means of speech, and yet will these withhold :
 Thus all day long he treads a path of lies ;
 Tired and deluded, then, his hopes grow cold :
 Like to the hunter who at close of day
 Has lost at length all traces of his prey.

XCVI.

These were the arts by which she could compel
 Thousands of heedless souls to own her reign ;
 Tea rather were the arms by which they fell,
 And were by her made servants in Love's train.
 Why marvel if with Love, as histories tell,
 Achilles, Theseus, Hercules strove in vain,
 When here into his net the traitor draws
 Then him who girds the sword in Jesu's cause?

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

The Norseman, mad to see Rinaldo gain
 The post of Chieftain o'er the Adventurous knights,
 Affronts him; and the brave youth in disdain
 With swift avenging hand the shame requites.
 He quits; Armida quits too with a train
 Whose breasts burn less for fame, than love's delights.
 From the Ligurian Admiral sad news
 Of peril sad make Godfrey deeply muse.

I.

WHILST thus Armida's treacherous arts are plied
 To lure the knights to love as best she may,
 Nor hopes she ten alone now not denied,
 But trusts by stealth to lead still more astray;
 Godfrey revolves to whom he shall confide
 The doubtful quest to which she leads the way,
 Since the Adventurer's number, clamoring voice,
 And the high merit of each, distract his choice.

II.

At last he wisely so disposed the case
 That they should choose one of themselves to fill,
 Whomsoe'er they would, the noble Dudon's place,
 And make that other choice at his own will:
 For thus would he be able best to chase
 All charges from himself of wrong or ill;
And show too, far as reason might demand,
How highly he esteemed the egregious band.

III.

then, he called to him, and thus addressed :
 ready have ye heard my counsel true,
 was, not to deny the maid's request,
 grant her ripe aid when it shall be due.
 offer it ; perchance the best
 it may seem in your own judgments too ;
 a world so changeable and blind,
 sometimes constancy to change the mind.

IV.

if ye still conceive that to refrain
 a dangerous quest would ill become your grade ;
 your generous courage should disdain
 a grace which seems too cautiously conveyed ;
 I not your unwilling swords retain,
 now retract the offer which I made ;
 or let the reins of my command
 be you, as they should be, light and bland.

V.

say then, or to go, I am content
 as your own selves shall be agreed ;
 let me make to the chief whose days are spent
 a successor to care for all your need,
 let him choose the ten who shall be sent ;
 that fixed number let him not exceed :
 ere the imperial pow'r I do not waive ;
 not its will in other points a slave."

VI.

Godfrey reasons ; then at the desire
 of the rest, his brother thus replies :
 Foreign Chief, as men in thee admire
 thy tardy valor which afar espies,
 in us, thou know'st, the heart of fire
 and hand of vigor they demand and prize :
 a mature delay which may appear
 in thee, in us were shameful fear.

VII.

“And since the risk is of a loss so light,
When poised against the good to be repaid,
On quest so noble, if thou grant the right,
The chosen ten shall set forth with the maid.”
Thus ended he, and with so fair a sleight
Essayed to veil the mind which had been swayed
By different zeal; the others too would prove
Their wish for glory, wishing but for love.

VIII.

But now the younger Bouillon, who long while
Had marked with jealous eye Sophia's son,
Whose valor he admired, though it moved his bile,
Since in a frame so fair all hearts it won,
Disliked such comrade; and the web of guile
Within his heart by jealousy was spun:
Whence, having drawn the rival youth apart,
He thus addresses him with flatt'ring art:

IX.

“O grander offspring of a parent grand,
For highest worth in arms already known,
Now whom shall we of this distinguished band,
Of which we are a part, as leader own?
I, who could yield to Dudon's late command
Hardly, and through respect for age alone,
To whom shall I, brother of Godfrey, bow
Henceforward? None be leader, if not thou.

X.

“In nobleness of birth thou equal'st all,
And glory and merit lift thee above me;
Nor e'en would the elder Bouillon scorn to call
Himself inferior as a knight to thee.
Thee then I wish for chief, if so it fall
Thou care not champion of this maid to be;
*Nor wilt thou prize that honor, I am sure,
Which comes from deed nocturnal and obscure.*

XI.

“Nor here will want occasion where with fame
More brilliant still thy worth will be displayed.
I will procure, if this thou not disclaim,
That the others yield to thee the loftiest grade.
But since I scarcely know my heart’s own aim
So halting is it and by doubt so swayed,
I now entreat thee that, as I decree,
I may attend the maid or stay with thee.”

XII.

Here ceased he ; nor without a blush were brought
These latest accents forth. And the other guessed
Without an effort the too-burning thought
So ill-concealed there, nor a smile repressed.
But since the lighter strokes of love had wrought
No wound beyond the bark upon his breast,
Nor much impatient he of rivals there,
Nor to pursue the lady does he care ;

XIII.

Deeply on his tenacious mind is traced
The bitter death of Dudon lately slain,
And he conceives himself will be disgraced
If bold Argante long alive remain :
And partly is he pleased to hear so graced
With words the honor which his sword may gain,
And his young heart cannot but much rejoice
At the sweet sound of praise’s truthful voice.

XIV.

He therefore thus replies : “I more delight
To merit the first station, than to acquire ;
Nor ought I e’er to crave the sceptre’s height,
As long as my own virtue lifts me higher :
But if thou deem this honor is my right,
And call me to’t, I thwart not thy desire ;
And well may I be proud that ye show forth
So fair a *reckoning* of my valor’s worth.

XV.

“Nor ask I, nor refuse it; and if I
Be leader, ’mong the ten have thou thy part.”
Then Eustace leaves him, and goes forth to ply
His comrades, and to win them by each art.
But Prince Gernando asks that station high:
And though indeed he feel Armida’s dart,
Yet in proud heart has lady-love less might
Than lust of honor, which absorbs him quite.

XVI.

Gernando sprang from great Norwegian kings
Whose empire stretched o’er many a province wide;
And all his sceptres and head-crowning rings
From sire and ancestor had swelled his pride.
The other was proud of his own meritings
More than of deeds performed in the olden tide,
Although his sires five centuries and more
Had been admired in peace, renowned in war.

XVII.

But the rude lord who cares but in his whim
How wide the realms, the hoards of gold how dear,
Who deems all virtue by itself is dim
If regal title do not make it clear,
Can scarce endure there should contend with him
In what he affects a worthy cavalier,
And is so wroth that he’s beyond the reign
Of reason swept by anger and disdain.

XVIII.

So that from hell the dark malignant sprite
Who sees in him so broad a path dispart,
Into his bosom creeps, withdrawn from light,
And sits to steer his thoughts with flattering art;
And evermore provokes there inward spite
And rage, and stimulates and rends his heart;
*And makes these accents every moment roll
Re-echoing in the chamber of his soul:*

XIX.

With thee Rinaldo vies: is there such weight
In the ancient heroes whom he sums in vain?
Let him who would become thy peer narrate
His subject realms and tributary train;
Produce his sceptres, and in regal state
Compare his dead with thine who alive remain.
Presumption of a mean lord, O how grand,
Lord born in Italy, a servile land!

XX.

Conquer or fail he now, when he became
Thy rival, he obtained the conqueror's end;
For all will say (and this be counted fame)
'Once with Gernando this man dared contend.'
The noble grade first filled by Dudon's name
A splendor and renown to thee may lend;
But yet not less thy worth to it supplies:
When this man asked it he bedimmed the prize.

XXI.

And if, since none beside him speak or rise,
He anything perceive of our affairs,
How think ye good old Dudon in the skies
Will show the noble anger which he bears,
While on this haughty one he turns his eyes,
And then considers what he rashly dares,
Who copes with him, despising age and merit,
Though still a child, and of an untried spirit.

XXII.

And yet he dares it, tries it, seems to gain,
Instead of chastisement, renown and laud;
There are who advise him, urge him, and (O stain
Of shame to all!) there are who e'en applaud.
But still if Godfrey see it, and be fain
To rob thee of thy clearest right by fraud,
Endure it not; act not so mean a part;
But *show what thou canst do, and what thou art.*

XXIII.

At words like these his scorn now unrepressed
Grew more intense as does a shaken flame ;
And bursting from his swoll'n and pregnant breast
Forth from his eyes and daring tongue it came.
That which he deemed Rinaldo had e'er possessed
Of fault or wrong he speaks of to his shame ;
Feigns him both proud and vain, nor fails to call
His valor rage and phrenzied rashness all.

XXIV.

And whatsoe'er magnanimous and proud,
High and illustrious in the childe appears,
Cov'ring the truth with a despiteful shroud,
As if 'twere merely vice, he blames and jeers ;
And so he reasons that his accents loud
Are heard by all and reach his rival's ears :
Nor vents he yet his rage, nor can abate
That blind impulse which brings him to his fate.

XXV.

For that accursèd fiend who moves his tongue
Instead of breath, and shapes what he repeats,
Makes him renew still his outrageous wrong,
Adding fresh food to his internal heats.
Within the camp a spot lies, ample and long,
On which a chos'n assemblage always meets,
And here in tournaments and athletic strife
Render their limbs more skilled and full of life.

XXVI.

Now here, just when the thickest crowds appear,
He accused Rinaldo, e'en as 'twas his fate ;
And turned against him like a sharpened spear
His tongue infused with Hell's envenomed hate.
Rinaldo now was nigh, and lent his ear ;
And could no more shut in a wrath so great ;
*But rushed upon him, and, "Thou liest," he roared,
And in his right hand grasped the naked sword.*

XXVII.

seemed thunder, and the sword a light
 g to tell of bolts about to fall.
 r trembled, nor perceived or flight
 e from present death without recall :
 he the air of courage and of might,
 up there being witnesses of all :
 drawn sword awaits his mighty foe,
 y stands in act to ward the blow.

XXVIII.

is point a thousand falchions, rent
 cabbards, were observed to flash around ;
 as crowds of reckless people went
 ng and pressing forward o'er the ground.
 uncertain, and of accents blent
 olled and raged along the air a sound,
 heard beside the ocean shore
 rmy winds and waves confuse their roar.

XXIX.

he voices of them all can stay
 ended warrior's impetus or ire :
 the cries, the lets, and all the array
 thwarts him, and for vengeance doth aspire :
 ough the men and arms he breaks his way,
 heels his falchion in a circle of fire,
 e clears a pathway, and alone
 Gernando, all defence o'erthrown.

XXX.

a hand skilled e'en in anger's height,
 as a myriad blows which wheel and dart ;
 he breast, now head, now on the right
 s to wound him, now on the left part ;
 npetuous is his hand to smite,
 pid, that the eyes are foiled by art,
 its end unlooked for it achieves
 ems no room for fear, and stabs and cleaves.

XXXI.

Nor ceased he until once, and twice, he had pierced
His enemy's breast with the remorseless blade.
The wretch fell at the wound, outpouring first
His breath and life through the two pathways made.
The victor then replaced his arms aspersed
E'en yet with blood, nor over him delayed ;
But turned elsewhither, and at once resigned
His wrathful will and his revengeful mind.

XXXII.

Godfrey meanwhile, drawn by the tumult nigh,
Beholds a sad and unexpected scene ;
Gernando's fall'n, and drenched in warm blood lie
His locks and robes ; and full of death his mien :
He hears the moaning and the plaintive cry
Of those who o'er the slaughtered warrior lean.
Stunned he demands : " Now here, where least 'twas fit,
Who dared so much, and has accomplished it ? "

XXXIII.

Arnald, a dear friend of the warrior slain,
Tells, and in telling aggravates the affair,
How that Rinaldo slew him, driv'n by vain
And foolish cause of onset light as air ;
And thus had turned that sword which should maintain
The cause of Christ, against His champions there,
And set at nought his pow'r, and the decree
Made long before, which could no secret be ;

XXXIV.

And that his life was forfeit, and his fate
Should be decided as the edict had run ;
Because the crime itself was of such weight,
Because, too, in such place it had been done :
If pardon were received for fault so great,
All would pursue the example set by one ;
*And the affronted then would make their own
That vengeance which was due to law alone.*

XXXV.

use like this the camp would be infested
 discords which would bud on every side.
 ed the slain one's merits, and suggested
 ich awakens pity or angry pride.
 red here confronting him, attested
 he accused one's act was justified.
 heard all, and in his rigid mien
 son far for fear than hope was seen.

XXXVI.

subjoined then : " Let thy mind recall,
 ord, both what Rinaldo is, and who ;
 nors through himself upon him fall,
 ough his race renowned and regal too,
 ough his uncle Guelph. For not to all,
 im who reigns, is the same penance due ;
 ie according to the station veers ;
 is only just with peers."

XXXVII.

s the Captain : " Let the humbler grow
 ssive, taught by those of loftier state.
 hou counsel, Tancred, little know,
 i would'st have me thus indulge the great.
 ay rule worth if but o'er vile and low,
 er of mere rabble, I have weight ?
 e impotent, and shameful reign :
 me thus, I hold it in disdain.

XXXVIII.

was given me venerable and free,
 all its pow'r by any one be marred :
 l I know both when, and on what plea,
 o impose the penance and reward,
 ided by equality's decree,
 ver high from low in my regard."
 ke he ; nor did Tancred answer aught,
by the deep awe those words had wrought.

XXXIX.

Raymond, an imitator of the plain

Severe antiquity, the speech commends.

“With arts like these,” he cries, “who well doth reign,

Him veneration from his people attends.

For discipline is there unsound and vain

Where men hope pardon and not just amends.

All pow’r must fall, all clemency, ’tis clear,

Is ruinous, without the base of fear.”

XL.

He spake ; and Tancred, who had not been slow

To catch the words, retreated from their view ;

And toward Rinaldo made his courser go

So swiftly that as if ’twere winged it flew.

Rinaldo having wrung from his fierce foe

Both pride and life, into his tent withdrew.

Here Tancred found him, and the sum conveyed

Of the words uttered, and the answers made.

XLI.

He then subjoined : “Although the outward mien

Be doubtful proof of what our hearts devise,

Since in a part too dark and deep, I ween,

The thought of men lies hidden from our eyes,

I dare affirm from that which I have seen

In Godfrey, and indeed he scarce denies,

That he would have thee obey the rules applied

To all offenders, and his doom abide.”

XLII.

Then smiled Rinaldo, and exclaimed, his eye

Amid its laughter flashing forth disdain :

“Let him defend his cause imploringly

Who is in chains, or who deserves the chain :

Free was I born, have lived free, and will die

Ere hand or foot unworthy bond sustain :

This right hand oft has borne the sword, and borne

The palm, and base knot it will ever scorn.

XLIII.

With this reward the Chief would grace
 His, and would fain my limbs impale,
 If I were but of the vulgar base,
 Links to drag me to a common gaol,
 Or send, my foot I firmly place ;
 Hence and arms decide which shall prevail.
 Tragedy he means to show
 Disport to every neighb'ring foe."

XLIV.

He called for arms ; and head and bust
 Of finest temper he arrayed ;
 On ample shield his arm he thrust,
 Lying upon his side the fatal blade :
 His agnanimous semblance and august,
 In things wont, he shone in arms displayed.
 O Mars, look he when from Heav'n's fifth round
 App'rst engirt with steel, and horror-crowned.

XLV.

Meanwhile endeavours to appease
 The art of pride, and spirit of rage unwise :
 " Ouered youth," he said, " I know with ease
 How valor can make smooth each rough emprise ;
 My lofty virtue ever sees
 In arms, and calm where terrors rise ;
 'Tis not consent that it should to-day
 Show itself to our dismay.

XLVI.

But at what then does thy purpose aim ?
 Hast thou in civil blood thine hands imbrue,
 And with wounds, that shame the Christian's name,
 Murdered, of whom they all are members true ?
 For respects of transitory fame,
 Like the wave, comes and withdraws from view
 More with thee than faith, and zeal to rise
 For everlasting glory in the skies ?

XLVII.

“ Ah no, by Heav’n ! Sudue thyself, and chase
This fierce and haughty spirit of thine away ;
Yield : it will not be fear, but saintly grace ;
A glorious palm thy yielding will repay :
And if my youthful age unripe may trace
A path for other with no vain display,
I also was provoked, and did not still
Clash with the Faithful, and restrained my will.

XLVIII.

“ For having made Cilicia’s kingdom mine,
And there unfurled the banner of our Lord,
Baldwin arrived, and in a mode indign
Seized on it, and enjoyed a wrong reward :
For as he showed me friendship’s every sign,
Against his grasping aims I could not guard :
And yet I strove not to regain my right
With arms ; and haply not for lack of might.

XLIX.

“ And even if thou dost refuse the gaol,
And shun the bonds as an ignoble load,
And wilt pursue the opinions which prevail,
And act as the world bids by honor’s code,
Leave me with Godfrey to make out thy tale ;
Hie thou to Antioch, Boemond’s new abode :
Since to expose thee, in his first hot zeal,
For instant doom is hardly safe, I feel.

L.

“ Soon if there come against us the supreme
Egyptian pow’r, or other Pagan band,
Much clearer will appear thy worth extreme,
While thou art absent in a distant land ;
And crippled without thee the camp will seem,
As ’twere a body shorn of arm or hand.”
*Here Guelph arrives, approves of the discourse,
And wishes him at once to take to horse.*

LI.

ful mind of the brave stripling bends
 elds to the advice which they convey,
 these his faithful ones he lends
 to quit that host without delay.
 le a numerous concourse of his friends
 ce and beg to escort him on his way :
 s them all, and bids two squires proceed
 th him, and then he mounts his steed.

LII.

and bears with him unquenched desire
 y, in noble minds a ceaseless flame ;
 grand adventures, these inspire
 il with thoughts beyond the accustomed aim ;
 he foe ; cypress or palm acquire
 e pure faith whose champion he became ;
 r-run, and reach those furthest ends
 om its hidden fount the Nile descends.

LIII.

the daring youth in courteous guise
 dd'n adieu, and hurried from the ground,
 tays no longer there, but quickly hies
 he imagines Godfrey may be found :
 tter, when he sees him, loudly cries :
 ph, I this instant seek thee all around ;
 a several different ways have sent
 alds to recall thee to our tent."

LIV.

he rest retire, and in low tone
 with him again a grave discourse :
 phew, Guelph, in very truth has flown
 ward far, spurred on by anger's force ;
 ly, I believe, can aught be shown
 ify so violent a resource.
 ou could'st *make me* alter this belief :
 ey is to all an equal Chief ;

LV.

"And will be the defender of the right,
And guardian of the laws in every case,
Keeping his heart for judgment stainless quite
From every passion which is harsh or base.
Now if Rinaldo in his own despite
Were forced to break the edict and holy grace
Of discipline, as some say, let him bow
To our tribunal, and his proofs avow.

LVI.

"And let him come at large, free as the air :
All possible on his merits I bestow.
But if he stay perverse and scornful there,
(That spirit indomitable of his I know)
Strive thou to lead him hither, and take care
That he compel not one so mild and slow
To vindicate the laws and pow'r supreme
Severely as shall wise and righteous seem."

LVII.

So spake he : and to him responded Guelph :
"No soul that shrinks from infamy's foul blot
Could hear loud insults vented on itself,
And not at once repel them on the spot :
And if he put to death the outrageous elf,
Who shall to righteous wrath the bounds allot ?
Who counts the blows, or measures out and weighs
The due amends while still his passions blaze ?

LVIII.

"But that which thou demand'st, that he should stand
Submissive here, and own thy sov'reign sway,
I grieve it cannot be ; since from our band
Immediately the youth sped far away.
I offer me to prove, though, with this hand
On him who falsely charges him this day,
Or others of the like malignant tongue,
That justly he avenged an unjust wrong.

LIX.

“ I say with reason stamped he down the pride
Which towered so vastly in Gernando’s mind.
His breach of the decree alone I chide;
There much to blame and nought to praise I find.”
He ceased, and, “ Let him roam now,” Godfrey cried,
“ And carrying strifes elsewhere, leave peace behind.
See that of new disputes thou spread no seed :
Heav’n grant these quarrels may be closed indeed.”

LX.

Meanwhile the Enchantress, bent on work of bale,
Ceased not to win more succor, and more prey ;
She sued all day, and whatsoe’er avail
Art, wit, and beauty, well did she array.
But when the night, extending its dark veil
Over the Western heav’n, had closed the day,
Between her pair of knights and ladies twain
She sought apart the grander tent again.

LXI.

But though so versed in all deceitful lore,
Though soft her manners, and her language wise,
Though lovely so that none by Heaven before
Nor since were so enriched with beauty’s prize,
Whence the camp’s noblest heroes are won o’er,
And caught in her tenacious powerful ties,
Yet can she not with flatt’ring words allure
To this sweet bait the Chieftain wise and pure.

LXII.

In vain she sought to charm him, and to draw
His soul with mortal sweets to amorous days :
For as a bird with fully sated maw
Cares nought for other food which one displays,
So he, tired of the world, indifferent saw
Frail joys, and clomb to heav’n by lonely ways,
And rendered ineffectual every snare
Which *treach’rous Love* laid on a face so fair.

LXIII.

From the one path which God's commandment traces
No hindrance can his holy thoughts withhold.
She tries each art, and in each shape she places
Herself before him like to Proteus old ;
And her enchanting mien and winning graces
Had wakened Love, e'en where he sleeps most cold :
But (thanks to Heav'n) here all assaults are vain,
Nor boots it to attempt them o'er again.

LXIV.

The fair one, who with one sole glance relied
On firing the most unimpassioned sense,
O how she loses now her airs and pride !
Her rage at this, and wonder, how intense !
At length she wills her forces shall be tried
Where they will meet with a less rough defence ;
As the tired general quits the land he ne'er
Can hope to win, and carries war elsewhere.

LXV.

But not less also was her triumph marred
By Tancred who preserved his heart entire ;
Because another passion now had barred
His breast, and left no room for a new fire :
Since as one poison doth from another guard,
So one desire prevents a fresh desire.
These only she subdues not ; more or less
The influence of her charms all else confess.

LXVI.

Though vexed that her design and long display
Of artifice had made no deeper trace,
Yet having captured such a noble prey
Of many heroes, she takes heart of grace,
And ere her frauds are open to the day
Schemes to conduct them to a safer place.
*Where she may bind them with another chain
Than that within whose coils they now remain.*

LXVII.

The time being come when Godfrey had averred
That succor should be given to the maid,
She came to him, and spake this reverent word :
“Sire, the fixed day begins e’en now to fade,
And had by chance the wicked tyrant heard
That I have had recourse to thy good aid,
He had prepared his forces for defence,
Nor would the emprise have been so easy thence.

LXVIII.

“Ere then divulging of the truth ensue
Through fame’s uncertain voice, or certain spy,
Among the bravest ones elect a few
In pity, and send them in my company ;
Since, unless Heav’n slight innocence, and view
The works of mortals with distorted eye,
I shall regain the crown, and then my land
In peace and war shall rest at thy command.”

LXIX.

Thus spake she, and the leader grants the boon,
Since to deny it to her were in vain,
Although as she will now depart so soon,
He sees the election thrown on him again :
But all with warmth unwonted importune
To be enrolled among the chosen train ;
And rivalry, awakened in each breast,
Renders still more impetuous their request.

LXX.

She, who perceives their every heart emerge
To open view, takes thence another ground ;
And uses guilty jealousy for a scourge
To lash their side and give the torturing wound :
Aware that if such arts no longer urge,
Love will grow old, and dull and slow be found,
E’en as the courser gallops with less speed
Unless another follow or precede.

LXXI.

And in such fashion she deals out the word,
The flatt'ring glance, the smile which is so sweet,
That envy of the rest in each is stirred,
And fear and hope in them together meet.
The foolish crowd of lovers, who are spurred
By the art of features practised in deceit,
Unbridled runs away, unchecked by shame,
And vainly does the indignant Chief exclaim.

LXXII.

He who would grant to each what all require,
And equal justice would throughout maintain,
Though heated now with shame, and now with ire,
At the knights' conduct thus become so vain,
Finding them obstinate in this desire,
To accord them all a new device has ta'en ;
"Your names be writ, and in a vase," he cried,
"Be placed together, and let chance decide."

LXXIII.

Each name at once is writ as it is told,
And all are placed in a small urn, and shaken,
And drawn by lot, and first of all, behold,
Artemidorus, Pembroke's count, is taken ;
The name of Gerard was the next unrolled ;
And that of Vincelas has then forsaken
The brasen vase, who, once so grave and sage,
Prates with grey hairs, a lover in old age.

LXXIV.

O how the face rejoiced, how teemed the eyes
With that delight which from the full heart flows,
Of these three first elect, who win the prize
Of rich success in love against their foes.
Uncertain thoughts and jealous looks arise
'Mong those whose names still in the urn repose,
*And on the lips of him hang all the crowd
Who opes the scrolls and reads the names aloud.*

LXXV.

The fourth came Guasco; after whom arose
Ralph; next to Ralph doth Olderic advance;
William Roussillon thence the herald shows,
Bavarian Everard, Henry then of France;
Rambald was last, the renegade who chose
Thereafter against Christ to lift his lance.
(Could Love so much then?) And he closed the roll
Of ten, and of the rest shut out the whole.

LXXVI.

With rage, with jealousy, with envy blind,
On wicked Fortune rail the excluded host,
Accusing thee, Love, that thou hast resigned
Thy realm, and let it be by her engrossed.
But since by instinct doth the human mind
Long most for that which is forbidden most,
Many prepared to escort the maid in spite
Of Fortune, when the sky should lose its light.

LXXVII.

Ever they'd follow her in sun and shade,
And risk their lives in battling for her right,
She hinted this, and seemed with words half-stayed,
And with soft sighs, to wish it and invite.
To this one and to that her plaint is made
That without him she must depart ere night.
Meanwhile the ten had armed themselves, and drew
Toward the chief to bid him their adieu.

LXXVIII.

That prudent one admonished each apart
How Pagan faith was but a poor and frail
And untrustworthy pledge, and with what art
A man should fly from treachery and bale.
But sound advice reaches no lover's heart,
And all his words are scattered to the gale.
At length did he dismiss them, and the maid
Set forth nor for the following dawn delayed.

LXXIX.

The conqueress goes forth, and seems to bring
 Those rivals bound in her triumphal train,
 And leaves her other lovers with the sting
 Of ills unnumbered rankling in the brain.
 But when night issues, and beneath her wing
 Brings silence and the dream so light and vain,
 Many by stealth, as Love imparts the lore,
 Follow the track Armida has passed o'er.

LXXX.

First Eustace follows and can hardly stay
 For the kind shades which night will interpose;
 Hastily through the blinded gloom away,
 Where a blind leader points the path, he goes.
 He ceased not through the calm warm night to stray;
 But when the gentle light of dawn arose,
 Armida and her troop appeared in sight
 Where in a suburb they had passed the night.

LXXXI.

Tow'rd her he speeds, and when his arms appear
 Rambald soon recognizes him and cries:
 "What seek'st thou among these? and why art here?"
 "I come to follow Armida," he replies,
 "Nor service shall she have from me less dear,
 Nor help less prompt, unless she such despise."
 Rejoined the other: "To this honor high
 Declare who called thee." "Love," was his reply.

LXXXII.

"Me Love chose, Fortune thee: which of the two
 Chos'n by the juster voice, then, gives his aid?"
 Said Rambald: "From false title can accrue
 No vantage: useless art hast thou displayed:
 Nor shalt thou be commingled with the true
 Legitimate champions of the royal maid,
Being illegitimate." "And who will dare
Prevent me?" cried the youth with threat'ning air.

LXXXIII.

I will prevent thee," quickly he replied :
 And made him ready for the combat dire ;
 And with a bosom swoll'n as much with pride
 The other moved, and with as fierce a fire.
 But here the tyrant of their souls has hied,
 With lifted hand, to step between their ire ;
 And to the one says : " Grudge not, I implore,
 Thyself a comrade, me a champion more."

LXXXIV.

If dear to thee my safety, why deprive
 Of fresh assistance my so perilous aim ?"
 To the other says she : " Grateful must arrive
 Each fresh defender of my life and fame ;
 For reason would, nor shall I while alive
 Such loved and noble company disclaim."
 Thus speaking, there arrived upon the way
 Some other champion still throughout the day.

LXXXV.

They come from every quarter, and none knows
 Of the other, and regards him with despite.
 He glad receives them, and to each one shows
 At his arrival comfort and delight.
 But when the night-dispersing dawn arose,
 Godfrey became acquainted with their flight,
 And then foreboding their mishap, his mind
 Seemed troubled at some unknown ill behind

LXXXVI.

While he reflects on this, a courier lo !
 Dusty and breathless, with afflicted mien,
 In guise of one who carries news of woe,
 And writ upon his brow shows grief and teen.
 He said : " O Sire, where yonder billows flow,
 The Egyptian ships of war will soon be seen ;
 And William, who commands the Genoan fleet,
 Has sent to thee the news which I repeat."

LXXXVII.

He added that provisions being conveyed
 Out of the vessels for the camp on land,
 The steeds and camels, loaded and o'erweighed,
 Had midway found obstruction on the strand,
 And there were their defenders slain, or made
 All prisoners, and none 'scaped the robber band,
 Which from Arabia, in a valley near,
 Had made assault upon their front and rear.

LXXXVIII.

And that the license now and spirit insane
 Of these barbarian wanderers was so great,
 As like a flood which nothing can restrain
 To spread itself around them and dilate:
 And hence he must dispatch a well-armed train,
 Who shall reduce them to a humble state,
 And guard the way which from the sandy coast
 Of Palestine comes tow'rd the encamping host.

LXXXIX.

From one to another tongue the rumour sped
 Instantly, and diffused itself around;
 And the herd of soldiers had the deepest dread
 Of famine, waiting them on neighb'ring ground.
 The prudent Chief who saw that courage fled
 For which they had been wont to be renowned,
 With joyous looks and words strives to recall
 Their former spirit, and to console them all.

XC.

“O ye, who through a thousand perils and cares
 Full many a realm with me have traversed o'er,
 Champions of God, whom He Himself declares
 Foredoomed the faith of Jesus to restore;
 Ye who the Persian arms, and Grecian snares,
 And crags, and seas, and storms, and winter frore,
And hunger, too, and thirst, attendants drear,
Have nobly conquered, do ye now, then, fear!

XCI.

“Does then the Lord, who still directs our way,
Already known in far more evil case,
Assure you not, as if elsewhere would stray
His hand of mercy, and His looks of grace?
With joy will ye recall, some future day,
Past ills, and pay your vows in holy place.
Endure magnanimous now, and, I implore,
Preserve yourselves for long success in store.”

XCII.

With words like these he cheered their minds dismayed,
With looks too in which gladness was expressed;
Yet still a thousand painful cares he laid
Unseen and deep within his anxious breast.
He ponders how he can have food conveyed
For hosts by penury and want distressed,
How meet the fleet at sea, and how restrain
And subjugate Arabia's robber train.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

While Sion hopes near succor in its need,
 Argante, issuing from the leaguered wall,
 Defies the Christians. Otho with rash speed
 Moves forth against him, and becomes his thrall.
 But Tancred jousts then with his fiery steed,
 And hard and bloody battle doth befall,
 Which night allays. Erminia finds her knight
 So loved; harsh hap removes her from his sight.

I.

BUT brighter hopes console and reassure
 Upon the other side the leaguered train,
 Who, under cover of a night obscure,
 Have brought in to their gathered store new grain,
 And made with arms and war-machines secure
 The walls which front toward the Northern plain,
 Where now increased in height, solid and large,
 They seem to fear no shock, and no discharge.

II.

And yet the king still always here and there
 Strengthens their flank, and lifts their crest on high,
 Whether the golden sun illumine the air,
 Or stars and moon make pale the dusky sky:
 And weary smiths are sweating to prepare
 New arms and instruments continually.
To him Argante came amid such moil
Intolerant, and reasoned thus the while:

III.

til when wilt thou detain us bound
in these walls in siege so vile and slow ?
Heard the anvils clang, and sound
of drum, cuirass, and shield I catch and know ;
Not to what use : and all around
robbers freely scour the plains below,
were one of us who stops their quest,
as a trumpet e'en to mar their rest.

IV.

meals are ne'er disturbed and brok'n at noon,
undoubled is their joyous eve's repast,
whether the sun glisten, or the moon,
and quietly their time is passed.
No stress and famine, if not soon,
yield yourselves up vanquished at the last,
upon this spot as cowards die,
forsooth no aid from Egypt's nigh.

V.

And not that ignoble death for me
that oblivion should enwrap my fate ;
Would I that the sun's pure light should see,
when next it dawns, me mewed within the gate.
For above may be the fixed decree
of my life, let that resolve its date,
but I not ere using this good blade
as it falls, and with revenge unpaid.

VI.

Not your wonted valor if each seed
should become in you completely dead,
the fighting crowned with honor's meed,
shall be my hope, but life and palm instead.
The foe then, and the doom decreed,
together with deliberate tread,
as it happens when greatest perils arise,
that intrepid counsels are most wise.

VII.

“ But if thou deem such daring would be vain,
Nor venturous wilt with all thy force descend,
At least then cause two champions on the plain
To bring your mighty quarrel to an end.
And that the Frankish Chief may entertain
More willingly the cartel which we send,
Let him select the arms, and let him take
The vantage, and his own conditions make.

VIII.

“ Since if the foe shall have two hands, and own
One only soul, though brave and fierce it be,
Thou should'st not fear disaster can be thrown
Upon the cause which is maintained by me.
In fate's and fortune's room this hand alone
Can give the total victory to thee;
And now extends itself a token sure
That, if thou trust in it, thy realm's secure.”

IX.

He ceased, and said the king: “ Young valorous knight,
Though thou perceiv'st what weight of years I bear,
These hands are not so listless for the fight,
Nor is this soul so vile and loth to dare,
That I would rather fall in dastard plight
Than meet a death magnanimous and fair,
Had I a fear, or but a faint surmise,
That such distress and famine would arise.

X.

“ May Heav'n avert such shame! Now what with art
I hide from others, shall to thee be told.
King Solyman of Nice, who yearns in part
To vindicate offence received of old,
Has brought the wand'ring tribes of the Arab swart
E'en from the furthest Libyan realm they hold,
And hopes to give us aid and large supply,
Charging the foe when night inwraps the sky.

XI.

Soon may he join us here. Now if meanwhile
 Our forts are seized on, and our pow'r is braved,
 are not for this, if yet our mantle royal
 And noble seat of government be saved.
 But temper somewhat these thy heats that boil
 So fiercely, and let thy gallant scheme be waived ;
 And wait until thou find a season meet
 To make thy fame and my revenge complete."

XII.

The daring Saracen gave an open sneer,
 For he had rivaled Solyman of yore ;
 Bitterly was he displeased to hear
 His royal friend on this man set such store.
 "Both peace and war," he answered, "Sire, 'tis clear
 Are thine to make ; on this I say no more.
 Solyman thou wait for, then thy throne
 Let him defend, forsooth, who lost his own."

XIII.

Some he, as if an angel from the sky,
 The liberator of the Pagan train ;
 For me, I can on mine own self rely,
 And freedom from this hand alone would gain.
 While others then repose, permit that I
 Go down to offer battle on the plain :
 Not as thy champion, but a private knight
 Till I approach the Franks for single fight."

XIV.

The king replied : "Although thy wrath and blade
 Might be reserved to better use, I know,
 Yet I refuse not, if thy mind be swayed
 By such desire, that thou defy some foe."
 He spake ; the other not an instant stayed,
 But to a herald said : "Hie thee below,
 And to the Frank Chief, where the host may hear,
 Make *this* my not unworthy challenge clear."

XV.

“ Say that a cavalier who scorns to stay
Skulking within these ramparts like a thrall,
With arms desires extremely to display
How far his might surpasses that of all ;
And for the duel fain would come this day
Into the plain between the tents and wall
For proof of valor ; and that he defies
Such Frank as most on his own worth relies :

XVI.

“ And that not only is he girt to fight
With one and two of yonder camp of foes,
But will accept the third, fourth, and fifth knight,
Whether his blood be base or gently flows ;
Free pass be giv’n, and, as the laws recite,
The vanquished serve the victor at the close.”
Thus bade he, and the herald donned his vest
Of purple cloth with golden arms impressed.

XVII.

And when the regal presence he had attained
Of princely Godfrey and the lords renowned,
He asked : “ O Sire, may license unrestrained
For liberal speech among your ranks be found ? ”
“ It may,” replied the Captain ; “ and unreined
By aught of fear, thy message here expound.”
The other then rejoined : “ Now ’twill be seen
Whether mine embassy bring joy or teen.”

XVIII.

Then went he on and spake the challenge plain
In words as haughty as he could devise.
Mutt’rings were heard from that ferocious train
At his discourse, and scorn flashed from their eyes.
And Godfrey spake without a pause again :
“ The cavalier attempts a hard emprise ;
*And soon I trust he may so far repent
That the fifth warrior hardly need be sent.*

XIX.

come he to the trial, for I invite
presence in a field secure and fair :
with him shall without advantage fight
one of these my champions : thus I swear.”
ased : the king-at-arms retraced aright
path trodd’n by him as he came, nor e’er
ined the steps by which he seemed to fly
e had told to Argante the reply.

XX.


thee,” said he, “ high signor : why be slow ?
Christians have accepted all thy scheme ;
o confront thee the least valiant show
trong desire, much more the knights supreme ;
ked a thousand threat’ning faces glow,
d weapons in a thousand right hands gleam.
hief concedes a place secure from harms.”
spake he ; and the other asks for arms ;

XXI.

girds them round him, and impatiently
hastens to descend to the champaign.
ing said to Clorinda, who was by :
ot justly can he go, and thou remain.
then a thousand men of ours, and hie
insure his safety, comrades in his train :
et him go alone to plighted fray ;
thou the troop a little space away.”

XXII.

said, he ceased ; and when they were arrayed,
ey of the rampart issued to the mead :
ate rode before them, and displayed
e usual armature upon his steed.
lay between the walls and the stoccade
spot from slopes and every roughness freed,
and capacious, and it seemed to yield,
’twere formed by art, a battle-field.



XXIII.

Thither descended fierce Argante alone :

There stayed he in the sight of all his foes ;
From his huge bulk, huge pow'r, huge courage, grown
Too proud, and seeming to threat all with woes.
Such erst Enceladus when overthrown
In Phlegra, such the vast Philistine rose
In the low vale : but many feared him nought,
The lesson of his strength being still untaught.

XXIV.

Not yet has Godfrey chosen as the best

One from the many whom his camp supplies.
Yet upon Tancred soon we're seen to rest
With an affectionate longing all their eyes ;
And clearly do their favoring looks attest
That highest mid the high his merits rise :
And murm'ring round no doubtful whisper went ;
And Godfrey with his brows expressed consent.

XXV.

The rest withdrew their claims ; and Bouillon now
No longer kept concealed his own desire :
"Go," said he to him ; "gladly I allow
Thine issuing forth ; and check that felon's ire."
He, beaming joy and courage from his brow,
In such a cause made champion, from his squire
Called for his helmet and his horse aloud,
Then left the trenches followed by a crowd :

XXVI.

Nor yet had neared the broad and level green,
On which Argante had assumed his place,
When lo ! the warrior-maid with foreign mien
Offered her to his eyes in all her grace.
Her upper robes were whiter than the sheen
Of highest Alpine snows, and from her face
*She held her visor raised, and on a height
In her full stature gleamed upon the sight.*

XXVII.

No longer Tancred gazes where his foe
Lifts up to heav'n the front which threatens ill,
But moves his steed with gentle pace and slow,
Turning his eyes tow'rd her upon the hill,
Then fixed remains, and like a stone doth show ;
All cold without, yet inly boiling still :
Bent but on gazing, all the mien he wears
Of one who little now for battle cares.

XXVIII.

Now when Argante in the field espied
No one preparing yet for the career ;
"Hither I came for love of arms," he cried ;
"Who comes to meet me then, and break a spear?"
The other, stunned as 'twere, and stupefied,
Stood there as if no sound had reached his ear.
Then Otho forward made his charger spring,
And entered first into the vacant ring.

XXIX.

One of the many who at first had glowed
With strong desire to meet the Pagan knight,
He had retired for Tancred, and then rode
With others in his train to do him right.
Now seeing his desire elsewhere bestowed,
And that he stood as restive to the fight,
The youth, by courage and impatience driven,
Greedily seized the occasion which was given :

XXX.

And swiftly as the pard or tiger young
Hies through the forest on its eager quest,
To strike the gallant Saracen he sprung,
Who on the other side laid lance in rest.
Then Tancred shook himself, and wak'ning flung
His dreamy thoughts aside, and, self-possessed,
Exclaimed : "The fight is mine ; do thou remain !" *But Otho was too far sped o'er the plain.*

XXXI.

He pauses, and with anger and despite
Is scorched within, without, as fire, is red,
Because it seems a wrong beyond requite
That other should have jousted in his stead.
Meanwhile the brave youth struck with all his might
In mid career the Saracen on the head:
He in the encounter with the sharp steel pierced
The hauberk, and had broken the shield first.

XXXII.

The Christian fell ; and well the fall avowed
How fierce the stroke which him from selle could beat.
The Pagan, with more force and nerve endowed,
Fell not, nor e'en was twisted in his seat:
These words then with despiteful gesture proud
He uttered o'er the warrior at his feet:
"Yield thyself vanquished ; henceforth be the claim
To have fought with me sufficient for thy fame."

XXXIII.

Otho responded : "No : 'tis not our use
So quickly to lay down our arms and ire.
Another for my fall shall make excuse,
I will avenge it, or else here expire."
Then the Circassian let his fury loose,
Like to Alecto, seeming to breathe fire:
"Feel then my valor," was his quick reply,
"Since thou art pleased to spurn my courtesy."

XXXIV.

He spurs his steed, and all forgets to show
What valor asks from one of knightly rank.
The Frank withdraws him, and evades the foe,
And cuts him as he passes on the flank,
And of such weight and malice is the blow,
That the steel comes from it bestained and dank.
*But what avails the wound which does not low'r
The victor's force, but makes his fury more?*

XXXV.

he reined his charger from the course,
ned it again, and came as quick as thought,
t his foe, prepared with no resource,
vares by a tremendous blow was caught.
readful shock took from his knees their force,
h stopped his breath, rendered his soul distraught,
lanced his face, and made him, weary and frail,
lown and beat the hard earth with his mail.

XXXVI.

te, by his felon anger swayed,
r caused his steed to stamp on his fall'n foe :
‘ Yes,” he cried, “ like him who now is laid
eath my feet, let every proud one go.”
untless Tancred now no more delayed,
that most cruel action wrought him woe ;
e resolved his valor should veil o’er
ult with clear amends, and shine the more.

XXXVII.

rd he moves, and “ Villain soul,” aloud
cries, “ who’rt base e’en while in victory speeding,
high and gentle praise can be allowed
uch uncourteous and abhorred proceeding?
rab robbers, or a barbarous crowd
embling these, thou must have had thy breeding :
the light ; with other brutes, of moods
as thine own, go seek the rocks and woods.”

XXXVIII.

sed ; the Pagan, little used to endure,
his dark lips, and made his fury rise :
n would speak, but forth a sound obscure
e like the noise of brute that roars and cries :
he impetuous bolt through clouds that mure
ow’r awhile, cleaves them and onward hies,
his accents thund’ring as they came,
ed to issue from a breast of flame.

XXXIX.

But when they both by venting words of wrong
Had thus provoked each other's pride and ire,
The one and the other wheeled his steed along,
And made it swiftly for the joust retire.
Now here, O Muse, make thou my voice more strong,
And me with rage to match their rage inspire,
So that my verse may grace with worthy charms
Their deeds, and echo to the sound of arms.

XL.

Both warriors put in rest the knotty spear,
And both directed their good aim on high;
Nor ever was such swiftness of career
And leap, nor e'er did pennon so rush by,
Nor fury equal that with which to near
Assault did Tancred and Argante fly.
The spears broke on the helms, and forth there flew
A thousand chips and sparks of lucid hue.

XLI.

The echo merely of the blows that crashed
Moved the fixed earth, and made the hills resound:
Yet stroke of force and fury ne'er abashed
The pride which on each lofty forehead frowned.
The steeds together had so fiercely clashed,
That they were slow to lift them from the ground.
These masters then of war their swords drew forth,
And, quitting stirrups, stayed their feet on earth.

XLII.

Each moves with skilful caution his right hand
To strike, his eye to ward, his foot to tread,
Takes various postures, on new guard doth stand,
Now wheels, advances now, now back is sped:
Now feigns to strike some place which he has scanned
And strikes at an unthreatened one instead;
Now to expose his body in some part,
Attempting thus to mock at art with art.

XLIII.

His flank ill-guarded both by shield and blade
Tancred left open to the Pagan foe,
Who sped to strike him, and meanwhile had laid
His left side bare of good defence below.
Prince Tancred with a rapid movement stayed
The foe's hard steel, and also dealt a blow:
This done, without delay he backward drew,
Gathered himself, and stood on guard anew.

XLIV.

The fierce Argante on himself espies
Of his own blood the moisture and the stain,
And with unwonted horror foams and sighs,
Disturbed and maddened by his rage and pain:
And, hurried by the passions which arise,
Uplifts both voice and weapon, and again
He turns to strike, and straight receives a wound
Just where the shoulder to the arm is bound.

XLV.

As foams with rage in Alpine wood the bear
That feels the spearhead rankling in its frame,
And nor for perils, nor for death, doth care,
But hurls itself against the weapon's aim;
Such is the indomitable Pagan there
Now wound is joined to wound, and shame to shame,
And through desire of vengeance thus intense
He spurns at danger, and forgets defence.

XLVI.

And joining to a courage rashly high
A strength extreme, and breath that cannot tire,
He makes his blade so impetuously fly
That the earth trembles and the heav'ns flash fire:
Nor has the other time one stroke to ply,
Nor to keep guard, nor hardly to respire;
Nor fence avails to screen him in that hour
From his great foe's velocity and pow'r.

XLVII.

Still self-collected, Tancred waits in vain
The passing of the tempest of great blows.
Now meets them with defence, now o'er the plain
With curves and master steps afar he goes :
But finding the Circassian still maintain
That heat, at last his anger also glows,
And yielding to it, he begins to wheel
Will all the violence which he can, the steel.

XLVIII.

Reason and skill, subdued by rage, have fled,
And strength by rage is ministered and excited :
Ever or plate or mail, when blow is sped,
Is pierced or cleft ; no stroke in vain has lighted.
The ground is spread with arms, the arms are spread
With blood, and blood too is with sweat united.
Their swords flash lightning, thunder in their sound,
And like electric bolt rush down to wound.

XLIX.

This people and that other stay suspense
At spectacle so horrible and new,
And wait the end twixt fear and hope intense,
Watching what harm or vantage may ensue ;
Nor is a sound heard from the crowd immense
Nor does the smallest motion catch the view,
But each one stands there silent, and at rest,
Save that his heart is trembling in his breast.

L.

Already both were weary, and would perchance
Have died untimely fighting ; but so fast
And dark the night arose that from the glance
Were fading all things, e'en the near and vast.
Heralds from either side were seen to advance
To part them, and they parted them at last.
One the Frank Arideus, the other Pindore
Who bare the challenge, skilful, and rich in lore,

LI.

These their pacific sceptres boldly threw
Between the swords yet whirling in the fight,
With that security which such men drew
In every nation from most ancient rite.
"Warriors," began Pindore, "to each is due
An equal honor, each has equal might.
Then cease the combat, and let not your blows
Disturb night's usages, and its repose.

LII.

"To labour while the sun endures is fair,
But in the night peace comes to man and brute :
And little does a generous bosom care
To win night-honor which is hidd'n and mute."
Argante answered : " Me for shaded air
It likes not to abandon armed dispute :
Yet for the evidence of day I yearn ;
But let him swear, then, that he will return."

LIII.

The other cried : " Do thou, too, plight thy word
To come back with thy prisoner, for indeed
Not otherwise shall ever be deferred
To later hour the strife in which we bleed."
They swear, and the heralds on whom it was conferred
To name the time when battle should proceed,
To give their honorable wounds repose,
Fixed the sixth day what time the sun arose.

LIV.

The frightful combat left within the mind
Of Saracens and Faithful ones impressed
A wonder deep, a horror undefined,
Which did not for a long time sink to rest.
Sole theme for speech in the two knights they find
And oft the daring valor of both attest ;
But as to which is worthier of the two,
The crowd still prattle with discordant view.

LV.

And in suspense awaiting how the tale
Of the ferocious strife would end they stood,
If fury over valor would prevail,
Or rashness would succumb to hardihood.
But fair Erminia felt more grief and bale
Than others who were interested could;
Since on the issue of uncertain strife
She sees depend her better part of life.

LVI.

Of her Cassano was the kingly sire,
Who once o'er Antioch held imperial sway;
His kingdom ta'en, the Christian pow'rs acquire
Her also amid other noble prey,
But Tancred was so kind that naught of dire
Had she to suffer in that evil day,
And in her country's miserable fall,
She still was honored as if queen of all.

LVII.

The egregious knight honored her, and became
Her servant, bidding her be thrall no more;
And leaving all to her, resigned his claim
To her gems, her gold, and other precious store
She, seeing in a young and graceful frame
A truly regal mind, gave herself o'er
To Love, who never knot more firmly drew
Than that which over her young heart he threw.

LVIII.

Thus if her body were again set free,
Yet evermore in bonds remained her soul.
Much did she grieve that she was forced to flee
From her dear lord and place of sweet control
But modest pride, which lady of high degree
Must evermore preserve intact and whole,
*Constrained her to go forth and seek another
More friendly country with her aged mother.*

LIX.

her to Jerusalem, and was here
 led by him who held the Hebrew throne ;
 beside her hapless mother's bier
 in weeds of mourning did she moan.
 Her grief for loss of one so dear,
 Her exile in a land unknown,
 From her heart the amorous desire,
 Kindled one spark of so immense a fire.

LX.

poor girl, and burned ; and from the first
 so little hope on which to rest,
 With mem'ry than with hope she nursed
 The which was concealed within her breast ;
 Till her fire consume her worst
 In more secluded place repressed.
 Awake her hope, extinct almost,
 Before Jerusalem joined the host.

LXI.

so many savage tribes were seen
 Whom they had expressed their fears aloud :
 Her turbid countenance serene,
 She gazed upon the squadrons proud ;
 And on searching still with glances keen
 Sought her loved one 'mong that armed crowd.
 But him oft in vain : yet would succeed
 At length, and exclaim : " 'Tis he, indeed ! "

LXII.

the regal palace doth arise
 The lofty tow'r, sufficiently near the wall,
 From its top the eye distinctly spies
 The Christian host, the plains and mountains all.
 At what hour the sun relumes the skies
 He throws o'er the world a dusky pall
 And bends her glances tow'rd the plain,
 And sighs in vain, with her thoughts,

LXIII.

Here she beheld the fight, and in her breast
Had felt her heart so strongly palpitate,
That it appeared to say: Thy dearest, best,
Is yonder one, whose risk of death is great!
With anguish and suspicion thus oppressed,
She watched the event of an uncertain fate,
And ever when the Pagan's sword arose
Felt in her soul the iron and the blows.

LXIV.

But when she found the truth, and also found
That the rough contest needs must be renewed,
Unwonted terror seized her heart, and bound
In icy chains the current of her blood.
Then secret tears, then groans with smothered sound
Were wrung from her in her distressful mood;
Wan, lifeless, and desponding in her air,
She seemed the breathing picture of despair.

LXV.

At times her thoughts disturb her and affright
With images of horror e'en by day:
And worse than death far is her sleep at night,
So strange the phantoms passing in array.
She seems to gaze on her beloved knight
All torn and bleeding, and to hear him pray
For help to her; then, startled from her sleeping,
She finds her eyes and bosom moist with weeping.

LXVI.

Nor does the fear of future ills alone
With ever anxious movement shake her soul;
But sorrow at his wounds too plainly shown
Calls forth emotion deep beyond control.
And rumor makes things distant and unknown
Wax great, and substitutes for part the whole:
*So that she learned the gallant warrior lay
At the last gasp, breathing his life away.*

LXVII.

As she by her mother had been taught
Virtue most abstruse from herbs may spring,
Herbs on wounded limbs accomplish aught
Soothing, and from pain expel the sting,
Which usage in that country sought
And down to the daughters of the king)
Her own hand she gladly would have poured
Balm upon the wounds of her dear lord.

LXVIII.

That the loved one is her heart's whole aim ;
Yet, alas ! she now must cure his foe.
As she thinks to sprinkle o'er his frame
Juice of herbs to work him mortal woe :
That her pure and virgin hands disclaim
Necromantic arts, and such intent forego.
As she herb and spell, when thus employed,
At least of every virtue void.

LXIX.

Would she fear to wander forth alone
Foes, for erst a pilgrim she had been,
Witnessed wars and heard men's dying moan,
Led a life of doubt, fatigue, and teen ;
From use her woman's mind had grown
To her nature resolute and keen,
Would be lightly moved, nor strick'n with fear
Less grave alarm which might appear.

LXX.

Yet, however, more than other cause
To every terror out of her soft breast :
She'd believe the poison and the claws
Of any brutes would never her molest.
Only if for life she will not pause,
For her good name fear and care were best.
In her heart a doubtful strife arose
Love and Honor, two redoubted foes.

LXXI.

The one pleads thus : “ O virgin, who hast graced
My laws till now, and hast preserved them all,
I ever kept thy mind and members chaste
When to the foe thou wert a ministering thrall ;
And now, restored to freedom, wilt thou waste
That honor which thou sav’dst in prisoning hall ?
Ah ! who can wake in thy soft bosom now
These thoughts ? What thinkest, ah ! what hopest thou ?

LXXII.

“ Canst thou so lightly prize thy maiden fame,
And to the worth of honor be so blind
As to go forth by night, lit by love’s flame,
To win contempt from enemies unkind ?
Whence the proud victor justly may exclaim,
‘ Thou hast lost thy realm, and lost thy regal mind ;
Thou art not worthy of me,’ and concede
Thee, vulgar, to the rest a worthless meed.”

LXXIII.

The other more treacherous counsellor, not slow,
With lies like these allures her to take flight :
“ Thou wert not born of savage bear, ah no,
Nor of a cold rough rock, O maiden bright,
That thou should’st spurn at Cupid’s torch and bow,
And ever fly from all which may delight :
Nor steel nor adamant infolds thy heart,
That thou should’st feel ashamed of love’s dear smart.

LXXIV.

“ Ah go, then, whither thy desires incline :
But why the victor so relentless feign ?
Hast thou not marked his grief arise at thine,
And how he plained at hearing thee complain ?
Cruel to move so slow to thy design,
To tend thy faithful one, and soothe his pain.
Kind Tancred faints, O ! savage and ingrate,
And thou art caring for another’s fate.

LXXV.

et Argante be restored by thee
 he may thrust thy saviour to the grave.
 thy devoir is't thus thou wilt be free?
 is the bright reward which he may crave?
 t possible that thou should'st be
 is fell office such a willing slave,
 rror and disgust suffice not quite
 e thee take from hence thy rapid flight?

LXXVI.

ow this tender duty would be crowned,
 what delight and joy wouldst thou be blessed,
 by pitying healing hand were found
 oaching gently to his valorous breast!
 y dear lord, by thee made whole and sound,
 d tinge his face, so pale now and distressed,
 his beauties now extinct too soon,
 ould'st admire in him as thine own boon.

LXXVII.

would'st thou share his praises in each place,
 his grand deeds which will be rung in song:
 he will thrill thee with a pure embrace,
 happy bridals will thy joy prolong.
 ointed at and honored wilt thou pace
 Latin dames and Latin brides among
 in fairest Italy, where reign
 ivalry and faith without a stain."

LXXVIII.

ed by hopes like these, ah foolish maid!
 dreamt of highest bliss which could befall.
 a thousand doubts she was o'erweighed
 from that spot herself to disenthral:
 rds kept watch by turns, and ever strayed
 de the palace, and upon the wall,
 ould they during risk of war so great
 t a weighty cause unbar a gate.

LXXIX.

Oft was Erminia wont, as welcome guest
 In the fair champion's neighbouring bow'r to stay;
 The sun saw them together from the West,
 Together saw them at the birth of day;
 And when the beams of light were all suppressed,
 On one sole bed they both together lay;
 Nor rose a thought, save that of love alone,
 Which one maid to the other would not own.

LXXX.

That only one Erminia kept behind,
 And if at times Clorinda heard her moan,
 To other cause the sorrow was assigned
 And she was thought to mourn her fate alone.
 Being in friendship such as this combined
 Forbidd'n admittance was to her unknown,
 And when she came the chamber had no bar,
 Whether the maid in council were, or war.

LXXXI.

One day she came there while Clorinda rode
 To other point, and pensively she stayed,
 Revolving in herself each art and mode
 By which her stol'n departure could be made.
 While she divides her mind, which ne'er abode
 In settled mood, 'mong thoughts diversely swayed,
 Hung up on high Clorinda's mail she spies,
 Her arms, and outer vestment: then she sighs,

LXXXII.

And sighing says: "Ah, happy are the days
 Of yonder maid whose courage is so rare!
 How much I envy her! yet not the praise
 I envy, nor the vaunt of being fair.
 Her chartered steps no lengthy robe delays,
 No envious cell confines her valor e'er;
She dons her arms, and if she forth would wend,
She goes, and neither fears nor shames attend.

LXXXIII.

“Ah! why have Heav’n and nature me denied
Strength in the limbs and courage in the breast,
That I too in cuirass and helm may ride
And change for these the veil and flowing vest?
For then nor heat nor cold should turn aside,
Nor hurricane, nor rain, my ardent quest,
So that I shouldn’t by sun or nightly lamp,
Companioned or alone, be armed in camp.

LXXXIV.

“Then, merciless Argante, thou should’st ne’er
Have battled foremost with my lord, I ween,
For to encounter him first had been my care,
And he, perchance, my prisoner here had been,
And from a loving foe had had to bear
A yoke of bondage gentle and serene;
And I had felt e’en now that through his chain
Mine own had been made sweet and gave less pain.

LXXXV.

“Or else, when his right hand, ah! not unkind,
Had cleft my side and all my heart revealed,
I should at least have thus been doomed to find
The wound of love by stroke of iron healed,
And now in peace my weary frame and mind
Had rested, and the victor in that field
Perchance had deigned to honor with some moans
And with a tomb mine ashes and my bones.

LXXXVI.

“Alas! for things impossible have I sighed,
And vainly are my foolish thoughts avowed.
Shall I then sad and timid here abide
As though but one of the vile female crowd?
Ah no: do thou, my heart, dare and confide.
Why not for once to me be arms allowed?
Why can I not sustain the helm and mail
A little space, though I be soft and frail?

LXXXVII.

“ Yes, yes, I can, for Love will give me might,
Who makes the weakest bosom bravely beat;
Goaded by whom, e’en harmless deer invite
The peril often, and in war compete.
Yet with these arms have I no wish to fight,
But practice with them an expert deceit,
Feign me Clorinda, and disguised like her,
Be sure of issuing forth without demur.

LXXXVIII.

“ The guards of the tall gates dare not deny
Egress to her who is so widely known,
I ponder, yet no other mode descry:
This way is open, I believe, alone.
These guiltless frauds let Love, who breathed them, eye
Propitious, and let Fortune keep unshown.
And now’s the hour when I may best take wing,
While still Clorinda tarries with the king.”

LXXXIX.

Thus she resolves, and, goaded and inspired
By Love’s whole fury, will no longer stay,
But hastes to carry off the arms acquired
To her own chamber, which adjoining lay.
And this she could, because all else retired
When she arrived, and thus made clear the way.
Night’s mantle, too, was o’er her theft suspended,
And thieves and lovers it alike befriended.

XC.

Seeing the heav’ns grow darker to the view,
And some few scattered stars already shine,
She calls a squire, nor lets delays ensue,
On whose trustworthiness she could recline,
And one, too, of her handmaids loved and true,
And opens to them partly her design;
*Unfolds her scheme of flight, and feigns with art
That other cause compels her to depart.*

XCI.

The faithful squire with expedition made
Such preparation as he thought was meet.
Aside in the meantime Erminia laid
Her pompous robe descending to the feet,
And graceful stood in simple dress arrayed,
And all her movements were incredibly fleet ;
Nor save from her who had obeyed the call
To attend her, had she other help at all.

XCII.

The galling and obdurate steel is bound
Upon her delicate neck and golden hair ;
Her tender hand has grasped the shield, and found
Its weight oppressive and too hard to bear.
Thus robed in iron she shines all around,
And schools herself to a military air.
Love, who was near and inly smiled, looked down
Rejoiced as when Alcides wore the gown.

XCIII.

O! with what toil she lifts along the floor
The unequal weight, and moves with steps how slow !
And makes her faithful handmaid walk before
To give her some support ere she can go.
But love and hope still make her spirits soar,
And strength on every weary limb bestow ;
So that they reach to where the squire is placed
In waiting, and to saddle mount in haste.

XCIV.

They go disguised, and artfully conceal
Their route through ways most hidden and untried :
Yet they encounter many, and with steel
Observe the dark air sparkling far and wide.
But none dares hinder them, where'er they wheel,
But, yielding them the path, each steps aside,
For that white mantle, and that ensign dread
E'en in the darkling shades are clearly read.

XCV.

Erminia, though in somewhat better cheer
 And less of doubt, feels not in safety quite,
 But dreads her arts will at the last be clear,
 And looks on her own rashness with affright.
 Yet having reached the gate she checks her fear,
 And cheats him who should guard its pass to-night :
 "I am Clorinda," said she, "ope the gate ;
 The king hath sent me on affairs of state."

XCVI.

The female voice, which on his ear had thrilled
 So like Clorinda's, aided the deceit.
 Who could suppose another maid, unskilled
 In feats of arms, would mount on knightly seat ?
 The porter soon obeys, with reverence filled ;
 She and the two with her pass onward, fleet.
 And for their safety, down the vales descending
 They take to paths which are prolonged and bending.

XCVII.

But when Erminia sees she is travelling fast
 In lone low spot, her speed is somewhat reined,
 For she concludes that the first risks are past,
 And dreads no more that she shall be detained.
 On what at first she lightly thought, at last
 She deeply thinks, and harder than was feigned
 By swift desire she well perceived must be
 Her entrance thither, whatsoe'er the plea.

XCVIII.

She now sees that to go mid savage foes
 In military guise is madness quite :
 Nor on the other hand would she expose
 Herself to others ere she reached her knight.
 To reach him with her honor safe she chose,
 Lover unlooked for and concealed from sight ;
Wherefore she halted and, more cautious made
By better thought, thus to her squire she said :

XCIX.

"'Tis meet that thou should'st, O my faithful squire,
Precursive hie, but be thou prompt and wise.
Go to the camp, and there a guide acquire
To introduce thee where Prince Tancred lies;
Him tell a lady comes with great desire
To bring him health, and who for peace applies,
Peace from the war of Love, whence he may gain
Health for himself, and I relief from pain.

C.

"Say that she has in him a faith so sure
That in his hands she fears nor wrong nor scorn.
Say only this; if more he would allure,
Say that thou know'st it not, and quick return.
I, since this spot appears to me secure,
Will tarry here till thy success I learn."
Thus spake the lady; and that loyal squire
Swift as if winged, flew forth at her desire;

CI.

And dealt so ably that with greeting kind
He was received within the barriered space,
And then being brought to where the knight reclined,
Caused him to hear the message with glad face:
And having left him now who in his mind
Had many doubtful thoughts upon the case,
Brought back to her a sweet response; that she
Might enter hidd'n as closely as might be.

CII.

But she meanwhile impatient, to whom seems
Too grievous and annoying all delay,
Counts to herself that other's steps, and deems
He now arrives, goes in, should come away.
Already to her sorrow she esteems
That less than wonted speed doth he display.
At last she rushes on, and mounts to a clear
High spot, from which the tents begin to appear.

CIII.

It was the night, and it unfurled its veil
 Cloudless and spangled with the starry host;
 And now the rising moon dispersed her pale
 Insilvered rays and living pearls of frost.
 The enamoured lady told the heav'n's her tale,
 Venting each flame as it assailed her most;
 And the long secret of her love resigned
 To the mute fields, and to that silence kind.

CIV.

Then said she, gazing at the camp once more:
 "Ye Latin tents, delightful to mine eye,
 Refreshing is the air now wafted o'er
 From you, and comforting, for ye are nigh.
 So may some fair repose be kept in store
 By Heav'n for this my troubled life as I
 Seek it in you alone, and seem mid arms
 Alone to find sweet peace with all its charms.

CV.

"Receive me then, and let me here obtain
 That pity which Love promised me erewhile,
 And which, when I was bound with gentle chain,
 I heretofore saw in my sweet lord's smile.
 Nor am I moved by wishes to regain
 Through favoring aid from you my regal style:
 Though this should never be, that which I crave
 Is joy enough, to be in you a slave.

CVI.

So spake she who perceived not what a maze
 Of woes awaited her at fortune's call.
 She stands just where the fair celestial rays
 Upon her burnished arms directly fall,
 So that their shine, and the fair light that plays
 Around her are perceived from far by all:
*And the grand tiger each one may espy
 Sparkling in silver, and " 'Tis she!" may cry.*

CVII.

Some warriors near, such was her fate's despite,
Had just disposed a powerful ambuscade;
Their leaders were two Latin brothers, hight
Alcander and Polyphern, whom Godfrey bade
Stay flocks and herds, whether by day or night,
From being passed in to the Saracen's aid;
And if the servant passed, it was indeed
Because he made a curve, and rode with speed.

CVIII.

Young Polyphern, who by Clorinda's hand
Some time before had seen his father slain,
Soon as that white and lovely dress he scanned,
Was sure he saw the warrior maid again,
And urged against her the still hidden band,
And pow'rless in his sudden rage to rein
The emotion of his heart, with furious glance
He cried, "Thou'rt dead," and vainly hurled his lance.

CIX.

As when the stag, who thirsty would explore
For clear and living waters all the glade,
And sees a lovely fountain bubbling o'er
The stone, or brook with arching boughs o'erlaid,
If it meet hounds when thinking to restore
Its wearied body in the summer shade,
Turns back in flight, and terror's sudden burst
Makes it forget its weariness and thirst.

CX.

So she who thought to quench the thirsty heat
Evermore burning her weak heart in kind
And gracious welcomes with all joy replete,
And to give rest to her o'erweary mind,
When she meets one who crushes hope so sweet,
And hears the sound of steel and threats combined,
Abandons her own self and first intent,
And spurs her nimble steed, with terror shent.

CXI.

Hapless Erminia flies, and her good steed
Bounds o'er the soil at the most rapid pace.
The other lady flies too, and with speed
The fierce youth and his armed men give them chase,
See from the tents meanwhile the squire proceed
With the slow news, and, doubtful for a space,
He, like the others, gives his horse the rein,
And terror scatters them along the plain.

CXII.

But the more prudent brother, by whose eye
The false Clorinda had been also seen,
Would not pursue her, having been less nigh,
But kept himself still in his ambushed screen ;
And to the camp he made a courier fly
To say no herd of oxen there had been,
Nor fleecy drove ; but that his brother sped
Chasing Clorinda, who in fear had fled.

CXIII.

And that he could not think, and reas'n said nay,
That she, a leader, and not only a knight,
Would choose to sally under the moon's ray
Upon an enterprise which could be slight.
But let the Chief judge and command, for they
Would execute whate'er he bade aright.
Such news soon reached the camp, and its first word
Resounding in the Latin tents was heard.

CXIV.

Tancred whose heart still gave an anxious heed
To that first news, now hearing this expressed,
Thinks : " Ah, to me perchance did she proceed,
For me's in peril now ! " nor heeds the rest.
With half his heavy arms he clomb his steed,
And mute and quick went forth upon his quest ;
*And following up the marks and traces new,
Rapidly with his utmost speed he flew.*

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

Lovesick Erminia, after having fled,
 Is kindly welcomed by a shepherd swain.
 Tancred in vain seeks for her ; and is led
 At last unwares to enter charmed domain.
 Then rises Raymond 'gainst Argante dread,
 To beat down his presumption, vast as vain ;
 He fights for God, and God for him ; but still
 Hell moves against him both its force and skill.

I.

MEANWHILE Erminia's brought by her steed's flight
 To where a dark wood's ancient trees are spread ;
 Or guides her trembling hand the reins aright,
 And seems she as if 'twixt alive and dead.
 The steed who bears her at his mercy quite
 Wheels through so many paths with rapid tread,
 That in the end she vanishes from view,
 And now 'tis vain for others to pursue.

II.

After lengthened and fatiguing chase
 The hounds return, a sad and panting train,
 Finding that they have lost the wild beast's trace,
 Stol'n into cover from the open plain,
 With deep shame and anger on their face,
 The weary Christian knights move back again.
 The timid and dismayed persists to fly,
 Or turns to see if still pursuit be nigh,

III.

All night she fled ; all day too o'er the ground
She wandered without guide or settled quest,
And neither heard nor saw she aught around
Save her own tears and sobbings unrepressed ;
But when the sun from golden car unbound
His coursers and in ocean sought his nest,
She reached where Jordan's limpid waters stray,
And on its bank dismounting, there she lay.

IV.

No food she takes, for to her woe she clings
Thus fed, nor thirst except for weeping knows :
But sleep which with its sweet oblivion brings
To wretched mortals quiet and repose,
Lulls both her griefs and senses, and its wings
Quietly o'er her and serenely close :
Nor e'en when she is sleeping does Love cease
With various phantoms to disturb her peace.

V.

She woke not till there fell upon her ear
The merry notes of birds at dawning hour,
The murmur of the trees and river clear,
The sporting of the breeze with wave and flow'r.
She opes her languid eyes, and sees now here
Now there a shepherd's lonely cot or bow'r ;
And mid the waves and boughs there seems to rise
A voice recalling her to plaints and sighs.

VI.

But while she thus is weeping, her lament
Is broken by a clear sound from the glade,
Which seems, and is, of pastoral accents blent
With notes of rustic pipe artlessly played.
She rises and moves slowly on, intent,
And sees a grey old man i' the pleasant shade
Weaving of basket-work his flocks among,
And list'ning to his three young children's song.

VII.

hey, when appeared so suddenly in that place
 The unwonted arms, were smitten with despair :
 Minia greets them, and with sweetest grace
 Cheers them, and bares her eyes and golden hair.
 Pursue," she cries, " O enviable race,
 Beloved of Heav'n, your tasks which are so fair ;
 Or be assured these arms will never bring
 Far on your works, and the sweet songs ye sing."

VIII.

He adds : " O father, now that all around
 The country flames with war, and rings with blows,
 Now without fear of wrong amid the stound
 Can ye continue in this calm repose ?"
 My son," responded he, " upon this ground
 My family and flock unhurt by foes
 Have ever dwelt, nor has the noise of arms
 In this remote spot ever caused alarms.

IX.

Whether the grace of Heav'n save and upraise
 The lowliness of innocent shepherd swain,
 Or whether, as the dread electric blaze
 Rifts the high tops and not the lowly plain;
 Or the fierce brunt of foreign battle weighs
 But on the heads of those who proudly reign,
 Or does our poverty, despised and vile,
 Allure the greed of soldiers for the spoil :

X.

Despised and vile to them, to me so dear
 That I desire not gold nor regal vest :
 Nor climbing thoughts nor greedy longings rear
 Their structures ever in my tranquil breast.
 Quench my thirst in water pure, nor fear
 That treacherous poison will the draught infest ;
 And this small garden and my flock afford
 Unbought provision for my frugal board.

XI.

“ For small is our desire, and small our need
Whence life may be preserved from day to day.
These are my sons I point at, and they feed
And guard my sheep ; no servants do I pay.
Thus do I live in cell retired indeed,
Watching the nimble goat and roebuck play,
And fish in this pellucid stream glide by,
And birds expand their plumage to the sky.

XII.

“ Time was when most the thoughts of man are vain,
In early age other was my desire ;
And shepherd’s task I looked on with disdain,
And from my native land must needs retire :
And lived at Memphis once, and ’mid the train
Of royal servants I too could aspire ;
And though I tended gardens, it is true,
The iniquity of courts I saw and knew.

XIII.

“ And flattered still by hope o’erbold and high,
Long time endured I most displeasing wrong :
But when not only flowery age passed by,
But hope too failed, and all my courage strong,
I mourned the calm these lowly haunts supply,
And sighed for peace which I had lost so long ;
And said : Ye courts, adieu ! Thus to the green
And friendly woods I hied, and lived serene.”

XIV.

Erminia, while he spake thus without art,
Intent and quiet, hung on his sweet word ;
And that wise speech, which went down to her heart,
Half calmed the storms by which her sense was stirred.
And she resolved, after much thought apart,
To dwell in that deep solitude till she heard
That fortune, which as yet had been so stern,
At least should render easy her return.

XV.

Whence to the good old man she says : " O blest,
Who know'st the wisdom which past ill bestows,
May Heav'n not envy thee so sweet a rest,
As thou art moved with pity for my woes,
And me receivest as a grateful guest
In this thy home where I would fain repose.
Perchance my heart may in this calm abode
Shake off a portion of its mortal load.

XVI.

" For if thou long for what the vulgar adore
E'en as their very idols, gems and gold,
Thou may'st, I have with me so great a store,
Content thy wish however uncontrolled."
Then while her lovely eyes were streaming o'er
With drops of grief, which sparkled as they rolled,
She told in part her fortunes ; and the swain
In pity plained meanwhile to hear her plain.

XVII.

Then sweetly cheered and welcomed he his guest
As if he felt for her paternal care,
And led her to the ancient spouse who blessed
His home, and made with him a genial pair.
The royal maiden dons a rustic vest,
And girds a coarser veil around her hair ;
But in the movements of her limbs and eyes
No dweller of the woodland one descries.

XVIII.

Vile habit shrouds not noble light from view,
Nor what in her is gentle, and is proud ;
And still her regal majesty shines through
The humblest act to which she now is bowed.
She leads with her poor crook to pastures new,
And back to the shut fold, the fleecy crowd ;
And presses from rough teats the milky stream,
And in the hollow wheel congests the cream.

XIX.

Oft when her sheep, what time the heats oppress
In summer, lay them down within the shade,
She prints all ways the name she loves to bless
On beech and laurel with a slender blade,
And carves on many a tree the sad success
Of her young love so strange and unrepaid :
And then, while reading her own notes again,
Waters her lovely cheeks with tearful rain.

XX.

Then she says, weeping: "On your barks impressed,
Ye friendly trees, preserve this piteous tale,
That if some faithful lover ever rest
Beneath your grateful shade, he may not fail
To feel sweet pity wak'ning in his breast
At all the varied ills which I bewail,
And may exclaim: Ah! cruel meed and wrong
Have Love and Fortune dealt to faith so strong.

XXI.

"Perchance 'twill hap, if Heav'n benign attend
Ever to any passionate mortal pray'r,
That some time to these woods may also wend
He who perchance now feels for me no care ;
And while his eyes to the low spot may bend
Where lie these frail remains in their last lair,
Yield to my suff'rings then the tardy prize
Of some few trifling tears and passing sighs.

XXII.

"Whence if thro' life my heart has throbb'd with pain,
My spirit at least in death may happy be,
And the cold ashes of its fires may gain
That which can never now be gained by me."
Thus to the heedless boughs does she complain,
And fountains from her fair eyes poureth she.
Tancred meanwhile in chase of her proceeds
Far far away whither his fortune leads.

XXIII.

Pursuing still the traces lately made
He turned his courser to the forest nigh ;
But here there fell so drear and dense a shade
From bristling trees which intercept the sky,
That the new marks no more can be surveyed
Among them ; and he therefore doubtfully
Stretches his ears intently all around
If hoof or clang of arms give out a sound.

XXIV.

And aye if the nocturnal breezes make
The tender leaf of elm or beech to play,
If beast or bird cause but a bough to shake,
Quick to that trifling sound he points his way.
At last he quits the wood, induced to take
A path unknown, but lit by the moon's ray,
Tow'rd a far sound which now becomes his aim
Until he reach the spot from whence it came.

XXV.

He comes where gush from out the living stone
Clear sparkling waves with ever fresh supplies,
And downward roll, into a river grown,
With noisy pace where verdant banks arise.
Here he restrains his steps, with muttered moan,
And calls, but only echo heeds his cries ;
And sees Aurora rise in the meanwhile
And vermilion with a tranquil smile.

XXVI.

He roars indignant, and e'en dares to spurn
Heav'n, which stops the hoped adventure high ;
For his lady swears to take a stern
Vengeance if aught of wrong to her come nigh.
Yet to the camp intends he to return,
Though not certain where the path may lie,
Remembering that the day prescribed is near
He must fight the Egyptian cavalier.

XXVII.

He moved and, pacing doubtful path along,
Heard a steed aye advance to where he rode,
Till issuing from a narrow vale there sprung
At last a man who like a courier showed :
He plied a whip, and from the shoulder swung
A silver horn, as is with us the mode.
Him Tancred asks in what direction lies
The way to where the Christian tents arise.

XXVIII.

In Tuscan language : " Thither am I bent,
Sent hastily by Boemond," he averred.
Tancred, who deemed him by his uncle sent,
Followed him, trusting to his treach'rous word.
At last they reach a lake whose waters, blent
With mud most filthy and unwholesome, gird
A castle, just what time the sun subsides
Into the ample nest where night abides.

XXIX.

The courier on arriving sounds the horn,
And soon a bridge is noticed to descend.
" Since thou art Latin, here may'st thou sojourn,"
He tells him, " till the gloom of night shall end ;
For this place, and not yet is the third morn,
Did Count Cosenza from the Pagan rend."
The warrior eyes the spot whose every part
Is made impregnable by site and art.

XXX.

Then somewhat doubts he that perchance obscured
Within abode so strong some treach'ry lies :
But yet, as one to risks of death inured,
He drops no word, nor shows aught in his guise ;
For by his own hand will he be secured
Whate'er the path which fate or choice devise,
Although his sword to other battle due
Makes him indiff'rent to adventure new :

XXXI.

before the fort, where on a green
 curved pontoon outstretched itself and lay,
 not, and though invited would not lean
 the false word of him who led the way.
 While upon the bridge a knight was seen
 bold and disdainful all in armed array,
 in his right hand holding a bare sword,
 and this threatening and ferocious word:

XXXII.

thou who, by thy will or fortune led
 wast at Armida's charmed domain,
 would'st thou retreat; unhelm thy head,
 stretch thy captive hands to wear her chain.
 Enter the barred port with fearless tread
 on the terms which others all obtain;
 hope to see again the light of day
 though lapse of years or change of hair to grey,

XXXIII.

as thou swear, like all her train, to fight
 against whosoever is from Jesu named."
 and thus speaking Tancred fixed his sight,
 who he was, both arms and voice proclaimed.
 Lord of Gascony was this, the knight
 who set out with Armida, nor had shamed
 to become Pagan, and uphold
 ferocious usage practised there of old.

XXXIV.

the warrior's holy rage imbued
 his face with red, and, "Impious wretch!" he cried,
 that Tancred who in Jesu's feud
 he girt the sword, and been His champion tried,
 his rebellious have through Him subdued,
 thou wilt know, if thou the trial abide;
 his right hand, commissioned by the ire
 of heav'n, will wreak on thee a vengeance dire."

XXXV.

The impious knight, hearing that glorious name,
Was much disturbed, and all his colour fled;
Yet, hiding fear, he cried: "Ah wretch, what aim
Has brought thee where thou must remain for dead
Here shall thy force be crushed and rendered tame,
And severed soon shall be thy haughty head,
And sent to the Frank chiefs a gift and vow,
If other than I'm wont I be not now."

XXXVI.

So spake the Pagan: and because the day
Was spent already, and scarce aught was seen,
So many lamps around shot forth their ray
That all the air was lucid and serene.
The castle glitters as when crowds survey
Amid nocturnal pomp theatric scene;
And there Armida seats herself on high
Whence unespied she can both hear and spy.

XXXVII.

Meanwhile the generous hero without dread
Prepares for the fell strife his arms and might,
Nor stays upon his horse now ill-bested,
Seeing the foe come forth on foot to fight.
He comes inclosed in shield, with helm on head,
And sword in hand, and in the act to smite.
The savage Prince advances tow'rd him straight
With aspect grim and dreadful voice elate.

XXXVIII.

One wheels his steps in curves of ample scale
And, close in arms, pretends and feigns his blows:
The other, though his limbs be tired and frail,
Goes resolute, draws near, and tries to close:
And whensoever he sees Rambald quail,
On with extreme velocity he goes,
Pushes, treads on him, and with thund'ring hand
Directs against his eyes the frequent brand.

XXXIX.

And more than elsewhere violent blows he deals
Against where most of vital doth appear,
Still utt'ring with the blow, as the blade wheels,
The haughtiest threats, and adding harm to fear.
Here, there, the ready Gascon turns, and steals
His nimble members from the stroke when near;
And now with shield, and now with sword, is fain
To make the hostile fury fall in vain.

XL.

But not so swift to parry when attacked
Is he as is the other prompt to smite.
His shield is battered now, his helm is cracked,
And pierced and bloody are his arms once bright;
And not one blow of his of all in fact
Tells so as e'en to wound the opposing knight:
He fears, and all corroding passions move
Within his heart, rage, shame remorse, and love.

XLI.

At last he sets himself at once to try
With desp'rate war the issue of his fate:
He drops his shield, grasps with both hands on high
The sword which has not tasted blood, though late;
And nears and closes with his enemy,
And lets a blow descend, nor is there plate
So strong as to resist its op'ning wide
A wound with grievous pain in the left side.

XLII.

And then he smote on the ample brows anew,
So that the stroke resounded like a bell.
It shook the helm, but did not cleave it through,
Whence dropped he on his knee, and almost fell.
Into the prince's cheek red anger flew,
And burned and sparkled in his eyes a hell,
And from the visor shot forth glance of fire
Mixt with the noise of teeth that gnashed with ire.

XLIII.

The treach'rous Pagan now no more sustains
E'en the mere sight of fury thus expressed :
He hears the sword hiss, and amongst his veins
Already seems to have it in mid breast.
He flies the stroke, which hence expends its pains
Where a pilaster yields the bridge a rest.
The chips and sparkles from it hie to heaven,
And ice into the traitor's heart is driven.

XLIV.

Back flies he to the bridge, and all dismayed
Puts every hope of safety only in flight.
But Tancred follows, and e'en now has laid
Hand on his back ; foot touches foot, too, quite,
When to the fugitive lo lofty aid !
The lamps and every star withdraw their light,
Nor in the abandoned night does e'en a ray
Of moonlight through the lone air find its way.

XLV.

Mid gloom and cantrip wrought by wicked lore
The victor follows not, nor sees him e'er ;
Nor aught can spy beside him or before,
And doubtful moves his foot with much of care.
By chance he treads the threshold of a door
Groping, and enters ere he is aware :
But hears behind him then the portal sound,
Locked in where gloom and foulness reign around.

XLVI.

As oft the fish to where our ocean grows
A marsh spread out in the Comacchian bay,
Flies from the cruel wave's impetuous blows,
Seeking in tranquil waters rest from fray,
And thus contrives its own self to enclose
In marshy prison, nor can 'scape away ;
For that enclosure lets with wondrous art
All enter freely, but not one depart :

XLVII.

Thus Tancred (that extraordinary fort
Was laid out with such method and chicane)
Unled went in, and found him in a court
Whence none could extricate himself again.
With sturdy hand he loudly shook the port,
But his exertions were put forth in vain.
Meanwhile he hears a voice cry: "Vain are all
Thine efforts to go forth, Armida's thrall!"

XLVIII.

"Here in a living tomb (all fear abate
Of instant death) thy days and years shall flow."
The knight makes answer none, but keeps a weight
Deep down within his heart of groans and woe.
And to himself accuses Love, and Fate,
His own great folly, and some treach'rous foe:
And in these silent words his thoughts then run:
"The loss may be but light to lose the sun:"

XLIX.

"But ah! the sweeter sight have I resigned
Of lovelier sun, and know not if I e'er
Shall hence return to where my mournful mind
May in those amorous rays cast off its care."
Thoughts of Argante then come worse behind;
"Too much I've failed," he cries, "in duty there;
And well may he heap on me scornful blame.
O my great fault! O my eternal shame!"

L.

Thus care of love, and care of honor, infest
And gnaw the warrior's mind in divers ways.
Now while he vexes, in a downy rest
The bold Argante with no pleasure stays.
Such hate of peace is in his cruel breast,
Such thirst for bloodshed, and such love of praise,
That though e'en yet unhealed his wounds appear,
He longs that the sixth morning's dawn were here.

LI.

The fiery Pagan scarce for sleep applies
His brow to pillow the preceding night;
And rises though so dark are still the skies
That not a ray is on the mountain height.
“Bring me my arms!” then to his squire he cries;
Who had arranged and kept them ready dight.
These, not his wonted ones, had been of late
Giv’n by the monarch, and the gift is great.

LII.

He takes them, nor their texture much has eyed;
And seems with ease the mighty load to bear;
He girds his wonted sabre to his side,
One ancient and of temper the most rare.
As oft with horrent train, and blood-bedyed,
A comet flashes through the parching air,
Which changes thrones, and fierce diseases brings,
A light foreboding ill to purple kings:

LIII.

So flames he forth in arms, and rolls his twisted
Ill-omened eye-balls drunk with blood and ire;
His gestures breathe death not to be resisted,
And from his features threats of death expire.
No soul so assured and strong has e’er existed
That would not tremble at a sight so dire.
His sword’s drawn, and he lifts and shakes the blade
With cries, and vainly strikes the air and shade.

LIV.

“This Christian robber soon,” such was his strain,
“Who rashly will himself with me compare,
Shall fall subdued and bloody to the plain,
Befouling in the dust his scattered hair;
And still alive shall see his armour ta’en
By this my hand, spite of his God, I swear;
*Nor shall his dying pray’rs avail to stay
My giving to the dogs his limbs a prey.”*

LV.

E'en thus the bull, whom jealous passion shakes
And stings, what time love calls him from repose,
Roars horribly, and with the roar awakes
His spirits, and his fiery anger glows ;
And on the trunks he whets his horn, and makes
A challenge to the winds with empty blows,
Beats with his foot the sand, and from afar
Defies his rival to sharp mortal war.

LVI.

Moved by such rage as this, he hastes to tell
The herald with a hoarse and broken cry :
"Go to the camp, and to the battle fell
Him who is Jesu's champion there defy."
Then tarries he for none, and mounts in selle,
And has his prisoner led before him nigh,
Quits the great tow'r, and rushes down the hill
With course precipitate and maddened will.

LVII.

Meanwhile he blows his horn, and thence a sound
Which rings afar comes horrible and drear ;
And like the thunder doth its loud rebound
Offend the ears and hearts of all who hear.
Already are the Christian princes found
Within that tent larger than all tents near.
Here gave the herald his defiance, and named
Prince Tancred first, yet none were thence disclaimed.

LVIII.

Heavily, slowly round has Godfrey rolled
His eyes, with mind by much misgiving stirred ;
Nor can, though much he think and gaze, behold
One who to such emprise should be preferred.
There lacks the flow'r of all his warriors bold ;
No news at all of Tancred have been heard ;
Far off is Boemond, and exiled doth go
The unconquered knight who laid Gerlando low ;

LIX.

And added to the ten by lot assigned,
The prowest of the camp and first in fame
Went where Armida's treach'rous steps inclined,
Concealing in the silent night their aim.
The others, less robust of hand and mind,
Stand silent there and overwhelmed with shame:
And none seeks honor at a risk so dear
For all their shame is overcome by fear.

LX.

The Captain read their horror of that strife
In their mute lips, their looks, and all their shows,
And, with a gen'rous indignation rife,
He suddenly from where he sat arose,
And said: "Unworthy should I be of life
If now my life I scrupled to expose,
Suffering a Pagan in a mode so base
To trample upon the honor of our race.

LXI.

"Let my camp sit in peace, and view, secure
And idle here, my peril gladly sought.
Up, up, give me my arms!" And they procure
That in an instant shall his arms be brought.
But the good Raymond, who in age mature
Was equally mature in wisest thought,
And with still verdant force equaled in worth
All of them who were present, then stepped forth;

LXII.

And turning tow'rd him said: "Ah! 'tis not right
That all the camp be staked upon one throw.
Thou art our leader, not a simple knight;
And public, and not private tears would flow.
On thee the Faith rests, and the realm of light;
By thee may Babel's kingdom be laid low.
*Work thou with wisdom and the sceptre alone;
By us the steel be used, and courage shown.*

LXIII.

"And this, although by weight of years annoyed
And made to stoop, I never will refuse.
Let others the fatigues of war avoid,
Me shall old age not even yet excuse.
O that my early vigor I enjoyed
Like you who now are struck with fear, and choose
To stand there all unmoved by wrath or shame
'Gainst him who taunts you, and enjoys the game !

LXIV.

"And like what once I was when in the view
Of Germany, while at the court as guest
Of Conrad, second of that name, I slew
The fiery Leopold, having oped his breast.
And 'twas a brighter feat of valor true
To spoil a man so strong of iron vest,
Than if unarmed, unaided, one should chase
A numerous troop of this ignoble race.

LXV.

"Did but that might, that blood in me remain,
Already had I changed this proud one's cheer.
But whatso'er I am, my spirits wane
No jot, nor, though an old man, know I fear :
And if I tarry lifeless on the plain,
The Pagan's victory shall cost him dear.
I long to arm : be this the day to cast
Fresh honors over all my lustres past !"

LXVI.

Thus speaks the grand old man : like spurs acute
His words arouse the valor of each knight.
Those who at first were timorous and mute
Have now their tongue made bold and nimbly light.
Nor merely shun they not the fierce dispute,
But many ask it now with all their might.
Baldwin demands it, *Guelph* and *Roger* rise,
Stephen and *Gernier*, and both the *Guys*,

LXVII.

And Pyrrhus, he who took by famous guile
For Boemond Antioch's town and all its store ;
And Rosmond seeks it eagerly meanwhile,
And Everard and Ralph, who had come o'er
From Britain, Scotland, and Ierne's isle,
Realms parted from our world by ocean's roar :
While Edward, and Gildippe, lovers true
And spouses, also for that honor sue.

LXVIII.

But all these does the fierce old man surpass
In ardor, which is visible in his face.
He's armed already, and his helm's bright mass
Alone of all his harness lacks its place.
To him says Godfrey ; " O thou living glass
Of ancient valor, upon thee our race
Should gaze and learn true virtue ; in thee still
Shine martial honor, discipline, and skill.

LXIX.

" O that of worth equal to thine were found
In youthful age ten more among the host,
Then should I raze proud Babel to the ground,
And wave the Cross from Ind to Thule's coast.
But yield, I pray now, and for more renowned
And age-befitting works concede this post,
And suffer that the names of all beside
Be placed in a small urn, and chance decide ;

LXX.

" Or rather God decide, who to their task
Bids Fate and Fortune at His will awaken."
But Raymond persevered, nor ceased to ask
That with the rest his name be also taken.
Godfrey collects the scrolls within his casque,
And after he had lifted it, and shaken,
*On the first scroll extracted from the crowd
The name of Count Toulouse was read aloud.*

LXXI.

is name in shouts of joy rang through the place,
 And the issue of the lot was blamed by none.
 e with fresh vigor fills his front and face ;
 And seems as if his youth again were won,
 like the fierce snake which wrapt in its new case
 Flames forth with gold, and glistens in the sun.
 ut more than others does the Chief applaud,
 oretell his victory, and give him laud.

LXXII.

and taking then his own sword from his side,
 And tow'rd him holding it, he thus exclaimed :
 This is the sword which was in battle plied
 By the Frank rebel, him of Saxony named,
 Which I took from him ; and I took beside
 His life which had by many a crime been shamed.
 Take this which ever won success for me,
 And may it thus be prosperous now with thee."

LXXIII.

Meanwhile that proud one chafes at the long space
 Thus interposed, and threatens them, and cries :
 "O matchless men, O Europe's martial race,
 'Tis but one man who all of you defies.
 Let Tancred come who seemed so fierce in face,
 If on his valor he so much relies :
 Or will he stretched on feathers wait, perchance,
 For what availed him once, the night's advance ?

LXXIV.

"Let other come, if he be smit with fear ;
 Come troop by troop at once, on foot, on steed ;
 Since among all the myriad squadrons here
 None dares alone with me in battle plead.
 The sepulchre of Mary's Son, so near,
 Ye can descry ; now thither why not speed ?
 Why not discharge your vows ? The pathway see ;
 How *can* your swords demand a grander plea ?"

LXXV.

With taunts like these the atrocious Paynim smites
His foes as with a lash that drinks the gore ;
But more than all the rest that voice excites
Raymond who can endure the shame no more :
His valor goaded mounts to greater heights,
And whets itself on anger's roughest ore ;
So that, delay cut short, he mounts his steed
Named Aquiline from its exceeding speed.

LXXVI.

Upon the Tagus was the courser bred,
Where the eager mother of the warlike herd,
What time the sweet love-breathing Spring has shed
The natural wish, and all her heart is stirred,
With mouth wide open tow'rd the breezes spread,
Drinks in the seeds (such marvels are averred)
O' the fertile wind, and from its tepid blast
She greedily conceives, and teems at last.

LXXVII.

And thou would'st say this Aquiline was foaled
O' the lightest air that breathes in all Heav'n's bound,
Whether so swift as not to indent the mould
Thou seest him stretch his course along the ground,
Or mark'st his steps, too nimble to be told,
Turn to the right and left in narrow round.
The Count on such a courser seated now
Moves to the assault, and turns to Heaven his brow :

LXXVIII.

" O Lord, who didst direct in Elah's vale
Against profane Goliah weapons rude,
Whence he whose slaught'ring hand made Israel quail
Was slain by the first stone of stripling crude ;
Cause Thou this felon, and renew the tale,
By me to fall here smitten and subdued ;
*And let weak age now beat down pride accurst,
E'en as weak childhood beat it down there erst."*

LXXIX.

Thus did the Count with calm devotion pray.
His pray'rs, assured by faith to attain their end,
Up to the spheres of Heaven wing their way,
As flames by their own nature upward tend.
They reached the Eternal Sire; and mid the array
Of His armed host He chose one to defend
His champion, and withdraw him safe, and grand
With vict'ry, from that bad blasphemer's hand.

LXXX.

The angel whom high Providence had made
Good Raymond's chosen guardian long ago,
From the first day when but a babe he played
The pilgrim's part in this our world below,
Now that anew the Heavenly Ruler bade
Him bear the weight of saving him from foe,
Mounted a lofty rock, the spacious post
Where the arms are stored of all the angelic host.

LXXXI.

Here is the spear by which the Serpent dread
Lay smitten; here are darts of thunder grand;
And those, invisible to men, which spread
Dark pests and other evils o'er the land;
Here hangs the trident lifted high o'erhead,
Prime terror to the wretched human band,
Whene'er it shakes the huge earth's caverned hall,
And with a stroke makes lofty cities fall.

LXXXII.

And here too flashed, with other armour blended,
A shield with brightest adamant incased,
Ample to screen what tribes and lands extended
Twixt Atlas and the steep Caucasian waste;
Just princes, too, are wont to be defended
By this, and cities which are holy and chaste.
This did the angel take; and with it hied
To Raymond *secretly*, nor left his side.

LXXXIII.

Meanwhile a various crowd at break of day
 Had lined the walls, and by the king's command
 Clorinda with her following stops midway
 Upon the hill, nor further moves her band.
 On the other side drawn up in good array,
 Some squadrons of the Christian army stand :
 So that betwixt the camps there shall remain
 A broad field vacant for the champions twain.

LXXXIV.

Argante looked and could no Tancred see,
 But some new knight of unfamiliar air.
 The Count advanced, and "Happily for thee,"
 Exclaimed he, "whom thou seekest is elsewhere.
 Yet grow not haughty, for thou seest here me
 Prepared thine utmost might again to dare ;
 For rightly in his stead am I preferred,
 Or I may claim to come here as the third."

LXXXV.

At this the proud one smiled, and then replied :
 "What then does Tancred? Whither is he flown?
 He threats the skies with arms and then must hide,
 Confiding in his rapid steps alone!
 But let him seek the centre and mid tide,
 For he is safe in no place which is known."
 "Thou liest," cried the other, "saying such a knight
 Has fled from thee, who excels thee far in might."

LXXXVI.

The Paynim foamed and cried : "To the lists' end
 Begone, since I accept thee in his stead ;
 And 'twill be soon seen how thou canst defend
 The folly which thy tongue has rashly shed."
 Thus to the joust they move them, and both bend
 Alike their horrid strokes against the head :
*And Raymond hits exact the intended spot,
 Yet does not shake him in his seat one jot.*

LXXXVII.

From the other side Argante had careered,
And, fault in him unwonten, all in vain ;
For the protecting angel swiftly veered .
The stroke aside, and saved his charge from bane.
The savage bit his lips with fury smeared,
And broke his spear, blaspheming, on the plain ;
Then drew his sword and against Raymond flew,
Impetuous for the encounter to ensue ;

LXXXVIII.

His charger like a ram that butts in fight
With downward head, straight on came rushing fast.
Raymond, to shun the onset, tow'rd the right
Inclined his course, and struck his brow, and passed.
Once more on him returned the Egyptian knight,
But he escaped this movement like the last,
And caught him on the helm, yet vainly ever,
For nought that adamantine helm could sever.

LXXXIX.

But the fierce Pagan who desired to try
A narrower strife, sprang on him at a bound.
The other who feared that weight so vast and high
Would bear him with his courser to the ground,
Here yields, and there assaults, and seems to fly,
Encircling with a wheeling war around :
And his fleet steed obeys the lightest rein,
Nor ever makes a false step on the plain.

XC.

As one who doth besiege a soaring tow'r
Placed among marshes, or on lofty mount,
Tries every access, every way doth scour,
And plies each art ; so wheels the gallant Count :
And since to crush one scale is past his pow'r
O' the arms that line the breast and haughty front,
He strikes the weaker plates, and for his blade
Seeks out a path where steel to steel is laid.

XCI.

And two or three points now are pierced and bare,
And through them let the warm red lifeblood stray;
Yet his own arms are still intact and fair,
Unshorn of crest, nor aught in disarray.
Argante foams in vain, and beats the air,
And throws his anger and his strength away,
Nor yet is wearied, but, redoubling still
His cuts and thrusts, wins strength from aiming ill.

XCII.

Among the thousand strokes o' the Saracen blade,
At last one fell, and had so nearly availed,
That scarce could fleetest Aquiline evade
Its fury, and beneath it might have quailed.
But him the watchful and invisible aid
Of that supernal guardian now not failed,
Who stretched his arm out, and the stroke was driven
Full on the adamant of the shield of Heaven.

XCIII.

Then breaks the steel (for earthly weapon, sent
From mortal forge, is powerless to withstand
The armour incorruptible and unblent
Of Heav'n's own work) and falls upon the sand.
The Paynim, who has seen the fragments rent
So small, believes not what his eyes have scanned:
Then marvels, finding his own hand left bare,
How the other champion can have arms so rare.

XCIV.

And that his sword was broken he believed
Upon the shield with which his foe was fended,
Good Raymond thought himself too thus reprieved,
Not knowing yet who had from Heav'n descended:
But since he saw the hostile hand bereaved
Of weapon he remained in doubt suspended,
*For vile he deemed the spoil, and the palm low,
Won at such great advantage from the foe.*

XCV.

“Get thee another sword,” he fain would call,
When in his heart a new thought made him pause;
That much ’twould shame his friends were he to fall
Who was defender of the public cause.
He thus nor likes to win renown so small,
Nor trust the general good to chance’s laws.
While thus he doubts, Argante hurls the base
And pommel of the sword against his face :

XCVI.

And at the same time pricks his steed of war,
And rushes on to grapple with the foe.
The stroke, thus launched, upon the helm doth jar,
And bruises the Tolosan’s face below.
But he, no wit dismayed, flies off afar
From the strong arm stretched with no friendly show,
And wounds the hand which fiercer than the clasp
Of paw or talon spreads itself to grasp.

XCVII.

From this part o’er to that with sudden starts
He wheels, and back from that to this again,
And ever, both when he returns and parts,
Deals out a cruel stroke which leaves a stain.
Whate’er he had of strength, whate’er of arts,
Whate’er could recent anger, old disdain,
He now combines to make the Paynim rue,
And with him Heav’n conspires, and Fortune too.

XCVIII.

With finest arms, and with himself arrayed,
That other meets the blows and never quails;
Like a tall ship on troubled ocean swayed,
Now rudderless, with broken spars and sails,
Which having sides tenaciously inlaid
With beams robust, and clenched with heavy nails,
To the tempestuous billow does not bare
Its yawning flanks, nor even yet despair.

XCIX.

Such perils around thee now, Argante, crowd;
When Belzebub resolves to aid thy plight.
He framed a filmy shade from hollow cloud
In fashion of a man, a wondrous sight!
And like Clorinda beautiful and proud
He shaped it, with her armour rich and bright:
He gave it speech, and without mind bestowed
The known sound of her voice, her air, and mode.

C.

At once to Oradine the phantom hied
An archer for his marvelous skill admired,
And said: "O Oradine, who mak'st to glide
The shafts at pleasure to the mark desired,
Grave loss 'twere if a knight of merit so tried,
Judæa's brave defender, thus expired,
And if his foe, decked with the spoils thus earned,
In perfect safety to his own returned.

CI.

"Prove here thine art on yon Frank thief; arise,
And let thy shafts, athirst for blood, take wing.
Beside the eternal fame, expect a prize
Meet for such action from the courteous king."
Thus speaks it, and the other soon complies
When on his ear the words of promise ring.
He takes out of his quiver's goodly show
An arrow, fits it, and then bends the bow.

CII.

Twangs the tight string, and onward unrestrained
Speeds the plumed bolt through air with hissing flight,
And strikes upon the belt just where retained
By clasps of silver, and divides them quite.
It bores the mail, and, scarcely blood-bestained,
Stops there and gives the skin a wound but slight,
The heav'nly warrior suff'ring not its course
Beyond that point, and quelling the blow's force.

CIII.

The Count drew from his mail the arrowy lance,
And saw the blood gush from the opening there,
And with loud shames, and threat'ning countenance,
Rebuked the Pagan for that act unfair.
The Captain, who had never turned his glance
From his beloved Raymond, now was ware
The pact was brok'n, and as the wound appeared
Severe to him, he sighed at it, and feared ;

CIV.

And roused with front and tongue his people proud,
To avenge a wrong which their own eyes attest.
Lo ! ev'ry visor drops and clanks aloud,
The reins are loosed, and spears are laid in rest,
And in one instant several squadrons crowd
From that part and from this with fiery zest ;
The lists are lost, and see the dust arise
In globes opaque, and roll up to the skies.

CV.

Of smitten helms and shields, of broken spears
At the onset a loud rumor rolls around ;
Here falls a steed, and there another rears,
And flies without a rider o'er the ground :
Here lies a warrior slain ; there one appears
Expiring ; from another groans resound.
Fierce is the fight, and as it grows more near
And blends, it wider grows and more severe.

CVI.

Into the midst Argante, loosed, has flown
And from a knight has snatched an iron mace,
And bursting through the crowds now denser grown,
He whirls it round and makes him a large space,
And seeks but Raymond, and tow'rd him alone
He turns the steel and his revengeful face,
And seems like famished wolf to long to gnaw
His entrails, and thus sate his ravenous maw.

CVII.

But hard impediment in his pathway lies,
 And fierce assaults to slack his course ensue ;
 Orman is found before him, one of the Guys,
 Roger of Barneville, and the Gerards two.
 Nor yields, nor slacks he, yea, the more defies,
 The more those brave men stop his bursting through ;
 Like fire which pent within the smould'ring wall
 Bursts forth, and makes the lofty ruin fall.

CVIII.

Orman he slays, wounds Guy, and to the ground
 Beats Roger sick and languid mid the slain.
 But 'gainst him swells the throng and locks him round
 With men and arms, a rough and bristling chain.
 While both the nations, thanks to him, were found
 To combat with an equal loss and gain,
 The good duke Bouillon calls to his brother nigh,
 And says : " Now forward with thy squadron hie ;

CIX.

" And where thou seest the battle deadliest gleam
 On the left side thither to charge them go."
 Off moves he, and the shock is so extreme
 With which in flank he rushes on the foe,
 That weak and frail the people of Asia seem,
 Nor can sustain the Frank's impetuous blow,
 Which breaks their ranks, and with their steeds has thrust
 Pennons and knights together down to the dust.

CX.

The right wing by that charge so swift and dread
 Is routed, and now no defence is made,
 Save by Argante, with loose rein so fled
 Headlong the rest, by terror disarrayed.
 He alone shows his front, and stays his tread,
*Nor one whose hundred hands and arms had swayed
 At once full fifty swords and fifty shields
 Could have surpassed him on those bloody fields.*

CXI.

Rapiers, and maces, and the forces blent
Of spear and steed, sustains he ; and to deal
With all seems equal, though no aid be lent
And now on this, now that, he hurls the steel.
His limbs are bruised, his arms are fouled and rent,
He pours out sweat and blood, nor seems to feel.
But pressed and jostled by the gathering throng,
He's turned at last, and borne with them along.

CXII.

He turns him from the force and savage cries
Of that deep flood which snatches him away ;
Yet step nor heart has he of one who flies,
If hearts are seen in what the hands essay.
Terrors e'en yet are gleaming from his eyes,
Which all their wonted threats and rage display :
And evermore attempts he to restrain
The crowd of fugitives, but all in vain.

CXIII.

That grand one cannot e'en retard their flight,
Nor gather them together for a stand,
For neither skill nor rein have pow'r o'er fright,
Which lists not here to pray'r, nor to command.
The pious Bouillon, seeing with delight,
His schemes all favored now by Fortune bland,
Sped gladly onward whither Vict'ry drew,
And sent forth to the victors aid anew.

CXIV.

And were it not that this was not the hour
Which God had writ in His eternal scroll,
E'en now the camp which foe ne'er made to cow'r
Had summed its holy toils and reached the goal.
But here the infernal troop who saw their pow'r
Fall in that conflict, finding no control
Placed on such action, instantly compressed
The air in clouds, and moved the wind from rest.

CXV.

The day and sun are snatched by a dark veil
 From mortal eyes ; the heav'n appears to blaze,
 Though blacker than Hell's horror shades prevail,
 So quick with flash on flash the lightning plays :
 The thunders roar ; down rushes the sharp hail,
 Beats on the fields, and floods the sylvan ways :
 The whirlwind rends the boughs, and seems to shock
 Not sturdy oak alone, but hill and rock.

CXVI.

At once the rain, the tempest, and the blast,
 Impetuous smite the Franks upon the eyes ;
 At violence so unforeseen aghast,
 They stop, and in them deadly fears arise,
 A few, collected, stand a moment fast
 Where, though they see it not, the banner flies ;
 But here Clorinda nigh, seizes with speed
 The time thus opportune, and spurs her steed.

CXVII.

She cries aloud : " For us, my friends, doth Heaven
 Itself contend, and Justice gives us aid ;
 Our faces by its anger are unriven,
 Nor is our right hand thence at all delayed ;
 And only are its blows indignant driven
 Against the front of yonder foe dismayed.
 Them with its arms it shakes ; from them doth hide
 Its light. Then on ! for Fate is now your guide !"

CXVIII.

Thus urges she her troops ; and as the blows
 Of hellish rage but on her shoulder light,
 Against the Franks with horrid charge she goes,
 And scorns the idle strokes with which they smite.
 Argante now, too, turning on his foes
 Once victors puts them into evil plight.
*These quit the field, and routed turn at last
 Their backs upon the steel and icy blast.*

CXIX.

Both earthly swords, and heavenly vengeance dread,
Beat on their shoulders as they scour the plain;
And the blood runs and makes the pathways red,
Commingled with the streams of mighty rain.
Here mid the crowds of dying and of dead
Fall Pyrrhus, and good Ralph beside him, slain;
This by the fierce Circassian is struck down;
From that Clorinda wins a large renown.

CXX.

Thus fly the Franks; and to pursue the chase
Neither the Syrians nor the Demons fail.
Alone against the crowding brand and mace,
And 'gainst each threat of thunder, wind, and hail,
Doth Godfrey turn his never-shrinking face,
Rebuking sternly all the chiefs who quail:
And reining at the gate his charger grand,
He gathers in the trench his scattered band.

CXXI.

And twice against Argante's self he made
His horse career, and twice he thrust him back.
At other times he rushed with naked blade
Into the thickest of the foe's attack.
At last he drew within the palisade
With all the rest, and victory grew slack.
The Saracens then returned, and the Franks stayed
Within the trench, o'erwearied and dismayed.

CXXII.

Nor fully e'en this sheltered spot avails
To screen them from the horrid storms that bray;
But now this torch is quenched; now that one fails;
And waters rush throughout, and whirlwinds play.
These rip the cloth to tatters, break the pales,
Pluck up whole tents, and whirl them far away.
The rain makes *with the cries*, the winds, the thunder,
A horrid music stunning the world under.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

A knight, the only one who 'scaped unslain
 Of many heroes, to Duke Godfrey hies
 With doleful tidings of the generous Dane,
 Who strives for fame, and wins death as his prize.
 The Latin troops then crediting the vain
 Persuasion which had sprung from false surmise,
 Bewail Rinaldo dead, and burn with fire,
 But Bouillon quells the riot, calms their ire.

I.

THE thunders and the storms had now passed by,
 The blasts from West and North no longer rolled,
 And Dawn came from her mansion in the sky
 With rosy forehead and with feet of gold.
 But those who first had waked the storms on high
 Had not abandoned yet their arts of old;
 Yea, one of them, and Ashtaroth she was named,
 To her co-mate Alecto thus exclaimed:

II.

“ Behold, Alecto, yonder comes the knight,
 Nor have we pow'r, alas! to bar his way,
 Who has escaped alive from the fell spite
 Of him who is our empire's sov'reign stay.
 He, telling to the Franks the cruel plight
 Of his brave chief and comrades, will display
Momentous things, whence we may well be appalled
Lest Bertold's dreaded son should be recalled.

III.

“Thou know’st what this imports, and if ’twere meet
With force and fraud at once to interpose.
Seek, then, the Franks, and all he shall repeat
For their advantage, turn thou into woes.
Spread poison in their veins, and blast with heat
Latin, Swiss, Briton, all our hated foes :
Move wraths and tumults, and the work so crown
That the whole camp at last go upside down.

IV.

“The work becomes thee, and in lofty tone
Thou vauntedst of it to our lord erewhile.”
Thus spake she, and so much sufficed alone
To make the fiend attempt a scheme so vile.
Meanwhile the knight whose coming had been shown
Had reached the Christians’ trench after long toil,
And said to them : “Let some one, I entreat,
Conduct me, warriors, to your Chieftain’s seat.”

V.

Large escort had he to the grander tent,
For much they longed the pilgrim’s tale to hear.
He bowed himself, and kissed all reverent
The honored hand which made proud Babel fear ;
Then said he : “Sire, whose fame is only pent
By ocean’s limit and the starry sphere,
Would that I came to thee with gladder news !”
Here sighs he, and his message thus pursues :

VI.

“Sweno, the king of Denmark’s only son,
Support and glory of his declining age,
Desired among the many to be one
Who, following thee, in Jesus’ cause engage :
Nor toils nor perils to be undergone,
Nor lust to reign, nor pity for his sage
And tottering father could avail to wrest
That *noble passion* from his generous breast.

VII.

“ Desire to learn the art of war from thee,
So great a master, urged him forth to endure
Its toils and dangers, and in some degree
He felt disdain of his own fame obscure,
Hearing Rinaldo's name o'er land and sea
With glory already in green age mature :
But more than by aught else by zeal for Heaven
And heav'nly praise, not earthly, was he driven.

VIII.

“ He took a squadron (all delays cut short)
Of chosen comrades whom no fears could tame,
And turned tow'rd Thrace, and to the capital fort,
Great seat from which the Empire spreads its frame.
Here the Greek Cæsar welcomed him at court :
Here then arrived a courier in thy name,
Who told him in a converse much extended
How Antioch had been ta'en, and then defended

IX.

“ Against the Persian who had led a host,
To give you siege, so large and well arrayed,
That void of arms and habitants almost
It seemed his mighty kingdom must be laid.
He spake of thee ; of others made some boast,
Till coming to Rinaldo, on him he stayed :
Told of his venturous flight, and what since then
He had achieved of glorious among men.

X.

“ He added lastly how the Franks prepare
To make their grand assault on yonder gates ;
And then invited him at least to share
That victory, the last left by the fates.
This speech to fiery Sweno's side all bare
Is such a spur that every hour he waits
Seems a whole lustre ere amid the foe
He swings the sword and makes the life-blood flow.

XI.

“ He feels another’s praise ring on his ear
To chide his sloth ; and hence himself he gnaws,
And either listens not, or does not hear,
Whoe’er advises or entreats a pause.
No risk he fears except the not being near
To share in thy grand risks and thine applause.
This seems to him a dreadful peril alone,
Others he sees not, or contemns when shown.

XII.

“ He hurries his own fate with eager quest,
Fate that leads him, and drags us down the stream :
Hence for departure he can hardly rest
Until the dawn unfold its earliest beam.
The shortest way is chosen as the best ;
Such is it in our lord and chief’s esteem :
Nor seeks he to avoid the worst defiles,
Nor lands exposed to hostile force and wiles.

XIII.

“ Now did we meet with hunger, sad to endure,
Now with hard path, with frauds, with force avowed
But through all ills we found a pathway sure,
And slew or put to flight each hostile crowd.
Our victories had made each man secure
In dangers, and good fortune made us proud ;
When one day we encamped us upon ground
Not far from Palestine’s long-sought-for bound.

XIV.

“ Here by piquets of ours the news was brought
That near them a loud clash of arms had rung,
And flags observed, and other signs, had taught
That close at hand a countless army hung.
Our dauntless leader never changed his thought,
His hue, his look, nor accent of his tongue,
Though *there were many* who at that dread tale
Tinted their cheek with colour deadly pale ;

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Though there were many who at that dread tale
Tinted their cheek with colour deadly pale ;

XXIII.

“ That corpse, untameable and savage, lacks
Of life, but valor upholds it as before.
Smitten, he smites again, and never slacks ;
But still the more assailed, he harms the more.
When him, behold ! a mighty man attacks
One fierce in mien, with fury boiling o’er,
Who after long and desp’rate strife, with vast
Support from numbers, beats him down at last.

XXIV.

“ The unconquered youth falls, ah ! mishap deplored !
Nor one among us can avenge his fall.
On thee as witness, blood of my dear lord,
Well shed, and you his noble bones, I call,
That this poor life I had no wish to hoard,
Nor shunned I steel, nor me did stroke appall :
And had Heaven pleased that I should die thus soon
Upon that spot, my deeds had earned the boon.

XXV.

“ Among my slain companions I alone
Fell living ; none perchance thought life remained :
Nor of the foe by me can aught be shown,
In such a stupor were my senses chained.
But when the light returning had been thrown
Upon mine eyes which darkness had constrained,
Methought ’twas night, and to my faltering sight
A little fire sent forth its flickering light.

XXVI.

“ Too feeble to discern what objects rose
Before me, and their fixed impression keep,
I saw like one who opes now, now will close,
His eyes, betwixt awaking and asleep :
And then the anguish from the cruel blows
Began to grow more troublesome and deep,
Night airs and frost inflaming every wound
Beneath the open sky on the bare ground.

XXVII.

“ Meanwhile that light came nearer and more near,
And with it a mute whisper, till at my side
It placed itself close to mine eye and ear.

Then, though with pain, to raise my lids I tried,
And saw two forms in flowing robes appear,
Holding two lamps, who said to me: ‘ Confide,
My son, in Him who for the good prepares
Meet help, and with His grace prevents their pray’rs.’

XXVIII.

“ So spake he to me, and he then held out
His hand above me, as in the act to bless,
And murmured forth in tones low and devout,
Words then scarce heard, and understood e’en less.
Then ‘ Rise!’ exclaimed he; and I, light and stout,
Rise up and from my wounds have no distress,
(O gentle miracle!) yea, seem to feel
Through all my members a new vigor steal.

XXIX.

“ Stupid I eyed them, nor could yet recall
To my scared mind the certain and the true.
Whence one of them: ‘ O thou, whose faith is small,
Why doubt? what phantom do thy thoughts pursue?
That which thou seest in us is substance all;
Servants are we of Jesus, who eschew
The flatt’ring world and its deception sweet,
And live here in a rough and lone retreat.

XXX.

“ ‘ Me has that Lord Who through creation reigns
Elected for thy safety to provide;
Since by ignoble means he not disdains
To achieve effects miraculous and wide.
Nor would He leave neglected those remains
Which once to soul so worthy were allied,
*And which immortal made, and quick to ascend,
And shining, must rejoin it in the end.*

XXXI.

“Sweno’s remains, I say, to which shall rise
A tomb proportioned to his valorous worth,
Which shall be gazed at by admiring eyes
And honored to remotest age on earth.
But lift thy glance now to the spangled skies
And mark yon star which like a sun shines forth;
This shall conduct thee with its living rays
To where the corpse of thy great leader stays.’

XXXII.

“And then beheld I streaming down a ray
From that fair torch, yea, that nocturnal sun,
Which straight to where the mighty body lay
Seemed like a golden pencil line to run;
And o’er it made such brilliant splendours play
That all its gashes sparkled forth and shone:
And instantly I knew it, where, alas!
It lay amid a bloody and horrid mass.

XXXIII.

“He lay, not prone, say; but, as if he yearned
Unceasingly to reach the starry height,
Straight tow’rd the skies he kept his features turned,
Like one who thither longed to take his flight
One hand was closed, and in it was discerned
The sword hard-grasped, and ’twas in act to smite:
The other on his breast in lowly guise
Appeared to ask for pardon from the skies.

XXXIV.

“While I bedewed his wounds with my sad plaint,
Yet could not vent the grief that sight had bred,
His closed right hand was opened by the saint
Who, drawing forth the sword it clung to, said:
‘This which has made so many foes to faint
With loss of blood this day, and still is red,
Thou know’st is perfect, and perchance no blade
Surpassing it in worth was ever made:

XXXV.

“ ‘ Whence Heav’n decrees that if death’s early smart
Rends it from him who first upheld its weight,
It shall not idly tarry in this part,
But pass from one hand to another as great,
Which shall employ it with like force and art,
But for a longer time, with happier fate,
And take with it, what it should justly gain,
Revenge on him who slew the royal Dane.

XXXVI.

“ ‘ Solyman slew Sweno, and by Sweno’s brand
’Tis meet and just that Solyman should fall.
Then take it, and go ‘where the Christian band
Is seated around Sion’s lofty wall.
Nor fear that, while thou travel’st o’er a land
Unknown, new hindrance will e’en yet befall,
For His right hand who sends thee will remove
Harms from thy path, and guard thee with His love.

XXXVII.

“ ‘ His will ’tis that thy voice from out the dead
By Him preserved in life, should there record
The piety, the worth, the valor dread,
Which thou hast seen in thy beloved lord ;
That others too may cross their arms with red,
Aroused by his example and reward ;
And now, and e’en when ages have expired,
Illustrious spirits may by these be fired.

XXXVIII.

“ ‘ All else thou needest is that I make known
Who must become the heir of this good brand :
Rinaldo ’tis, the youth whom all men own
Worthy the loftiest palm for courage grand.
To him present it ; say from him alone
Heav’n and the world a deep revenge demand.
Now while I listen to his words intent,
To himself by a new marvel was I bent :

XXXIX.

“ For suddenly where the corpse lay on the mould
 A mighty sepulchre allured my sight,
 Which seemed as it arose the corpse to infold,
 I know not how, nor by what magic sleight.
 And in brief notes upon it was inscrolled
 The name and worth of the departed knight.
 I could not tear me from that sight, but scanned
 The letters now, and now the marbles grand.

XL.

“ ‘ Here,’ said the sage, ‘ near many a faithful friend
 The body of thy chief concealed shall lie,
 While, rapt in love, their spirits without end
 Enjoy all bliss and glory in the sky.
 But, having paid them the last rites, expend
 Thy tears no more; the hour of rest is nigh:
 My guest shalt thou become till new-born ray
 Awaken thee to wend thy morning way.’

XLI.

“ He ceased; and led me on through tracks now dark,
 Now lofty, where my toil of limb was vast,
 Till pendent from the savage rock I mark
 A hollow cave, and there we stopped at last.
 This is his home; where wild beasts howl and bark
 His days are with his pupil safely passed;
 For better fence than shield or iron vest
 Is holy innocence to naked breast.

XLII.

“ Here food of sylvan plainness, and hard bed,
 Gave to my limbs refreshment and repose.
 But when he saw the purple morning shed
 Along the East, and golden day uncloze,
Each hermit, watchful of his duty, sped
At once to pray’r, and with them I arose.
Then did I bid that aged saint adieu,
And took the path he told me to pursue.”

XLIII.

Here ceased the Dane ; the pious Chief replied :
“ O knight, thou bearest to the tents around,
Hard news and doleful, whence discomfort wide
Springs up, and reasonable fears abound ;
Since men so brave, in friendship so allied,
Brief hour has ta'en, and laid in narrow ground ;
And like the lightning's flash thy lord has shone
But for an instant only, and is gone.

XLIV.

“ But what ? Such death and loss are happier gain
Than heaps of gold and provinces of land ;
Nor ever could the ancient Roman reign
Allege examples of a wreath so grand.
These in the temple of Heav'n, a shining train,
Hold palms immortal in their conquering hand :
There each one, I believe, in brilliant light
Shows his fair wounds and gladdens at the sight.

XLV.

“ But thou that amid toils and perils dire
In worldly warfare still art doomed to stay,
Should'st feel their triumphs in thy heart inspire
A rapture which thy brow should aye display.
And since of Bertold's son thou dost inquire,
Know that he from the host has roamed away :
Nor can I counsel thee to dubious road,
Ere certain news be heard of his abode.”

XLVI.

These words which on the ears of others fall
Wake in them love to their Rinaldo again :
And, “ O, 'mid Pagan hordes,” one says with gall,
“ The wandering youth is found now to remain !”
Nor is there one who does not oft recall
His mighty deeds, and tell them to the Dane :
And the long *cartel* of his acts unrolled
Is opened for the stranger to behold.

XLVII.

Now when remembrance of the youth had shed
 Regrets o'er all, and left a tender wound,
 Lo many were returning who had sped,
 As is the wont, to pillage from around.
 By these were fleecy droves abundant led,
 And oxen, ravished from the enemy's ground,
 And corn, although not much, and hay to feed
 The greedy appetite of many a steed.

XLVIII.

And these bring signs by which may be descried
 Some sad mischance, and seem to leave no doubt ;
 The vest of good Rinaldo burst and dyed
 With blood, and his known armour pierced throughout.
 A dark and varying rumor (who could hide
 Affair like this ?) was soon diffused about.
 The vulgar, whom the mournful news alarms,
 Rush forward and desire to see the arms.

XLIX.

The mighty hauberk, from its massive size
 And flashing light, soon as they saw, they knew,
 And all the arms marked with the bird which tries
 Her young i' th' sun, and little trusts their hue :
 For first, or sole, in every grand emprise
 These ever had been wont to meet their view :
 And not without deep pity and angry mood
 They saw them now lie brok'n, and stained with blood.

L.

While murmurs fill the camp on every hand
 And various causes of the death are guessed,
 The pious Godfrey summons Aliprand,
 Who led the foragers in the recent quest,
 A man of liberal mind, of converse bland,
And truthful ever: him he thus addressed :
"Say how, and from what place, these arms are brought,
And hide from me, of good or evil, nought."

LI.

He answered : " Far from hence as while the day
Twice passes o'er a messenger would go,
Tow'rd Gaza's confines, out of the main way,
Shut in with mountains a small plain lies low ;
And through it from aloft is seen to stray
'Twixt plant and plant a gentle brook and slow :
And tangled bush, and trees in sombre shade,
Present a spot where ambush may be laid.

LII.

" Here while we searched if haply we might spy
Some herd depasturing near the water's brim,
We see the corpse of a slain warrior lie
Upon the blood-stained grass at the stream's rim.
The arms and tracings caused emotion high,
For these were known although befouled and dim.
On drawing near to lay the features bare,
I found the severed head no longer there.

LIII

" The right hand too was gone ; and many a wound
Was scored on the grand bust from breast to back ;
And not far off the empty helm was found,
Nor did the silver-wingèd eagle lack.
While for some man to question I looked round,
A solitary peasant crossed our track,
Who soon as he perceived us come in sight
Suddenly turned himself, and took to flight.

LIV.

" But when pursued and caught, to the demand
Which we made of him he at last replied,
That yesterday he saw a warrior band
Come from the forest, whence he ran to hide :
And one of them had carried in his hand
A head by yellow locks which blood had dyed :
This, as he gazed on it intent, appeared
To be a youth's head, and without a beard :

LV.

“ And soon the same man wrapt it in a vest,
His turban, so that from the saddle it swung.
He added, too, that he could well attest
The knights were Christian from their dress and tongue.
I made them bare the corpse, and was distressed
So much that from mine eyes e'en tears were wrung :
And bore the arms with me, and left the care
Of duly burying him to others there.

LVI.

“ But if this grand trunk be what I believe;
Then other tomb and pomp it merits well.”
This spoken, Aliprand here took his leave,
Since he had nothing more assured to tell.
The Chief stayed grave, nor could a sigh not heave,
Sad and uncertain at what thus befell ;
And would identify the maimèd bust
By clearer signs, and the homicide unjust.

LVII.

Meanwhile the night arose and 'neath its wings
Had covered all the boundless realms of air ;
And sleep, the leisure of the soul, which brings
Release from ills, had soothed each sense and care.
Thou, Argillan, alone, pierced by the stings
Of sorrow, broodest o'er some grand affair ;
Nor on thy troubled breast, nor eyelids, creep
The blessings of repose or gentle sleep.

LVIII.

This man of ready hand, and daring tongue,
And mind impetuous as the rushing tide,
Born on the banks of Trent, was, e'en when young,
Inured to civil strifes of hate and pride :
*Then exiled thence o'er hill and shore he flung
A sea of blood, and pillaged far and wide,
Until to war in Asian realms he came,
And there had won himself a brighter fame.*

LIX.

When dawn appears he shuts his eyes at last;
Yet o'er him doth no quiet slumber creep;
His heart by Alecto is into stupor cast,
As grave as that which death brings, and as deep.
Delusions o'er his mental power rise fast,
And no repose enjoys he e'en in sleep,
For the fell Fiend in many a horrid shape
Comes forth to scare him, nor allows escape.

LX.

She showed him a large bust, from which the head
Was shorn: no hand on the right arm remained;
The left held up the skull-piece of the dead
Livid with pallor and with blood bestained.
The visage sighed, and, as it sighed, it sped
Words which along with gore and sobs were strained:
"Fly, Argillan, lo! dawn is in the sky;
Fly these foul tents, that impious leader fly!

LXI.

"From savage Godfrey, and the deep deceit
Which slaughtered me, who shall assure you, friends?
The felon is consumed with envy's heat,
And to slay you, too, ponders all dark ends.
But if this hand aspire to noble feat,
And trust to its own valor for amends,
Fly not; no, let the bloodless tyrant first
Appease my spirit with his blood accurst.

LXII.

"A shadowy minister of steel and ire
I'll follow thee, and arm thy hand and breast."
These are her words which, while they thrill, inspire
His spirit with a strange and madd'ning zest.
He breaks from sleep, and rolls his eyes on fire
With rage and venom not to be repressed;
And, armed e'en as he is, with haste unites
Together all of the Italian knights.

LXIII.

Where hang the good Rinaldo's arms, meet place,
He soon unites them, and in accents proud
Tells his own fury and the imagined case
In words like these to irritate the crowd :
" Shall then a barbarous and tyrannic race,
Who scorn at reason, break the word they've vowed,
Whose thirst for blood and gold is never slack,
Put bridles in our mouth, yokes on our back ?

LXIV.

" That which of hard and shameful we have borne
These sev'n years under such unequal weight,
Is such that Italy and Rome with scorn
Will burn for centuries, and burn with hate.
I tell not how Cilicia's power was shorn
By the good Tancred's arms and skill of late,
And how the Frank by treason holds it now,
And Fraud usurps the wreath from Valor's brow.

LXV.

" I tell not how when need and time demand
The ready hand, firm thought, courageous mind,
Some one of us in front with torch and brand,
Among a thousand dead they surely find :
But when the palms and booty mid the band
In peace and leisure come to be assigned,
The realms, the gold, the triumphs and the fame,
Are not for us, but all of these they claim.

LXVI.

" Time was, perchance, when such things had been thought
Both grave and strange, and deep offence would cause :
I pass them by as small, an action fraught
With horror having made them light as straws.
Rinaldo have they slain, and set at nought
The high divine as well as human laws :
*And peals not Heav'n ? And does not Earth entomb
The guilt within its dark and gaping womb ?*

LXVII.

They've slain Rinaldo, champion most renowned,
And shield o' the faith ; yet unrevenged he lies !
Yes, and they left him on the naked ground
Torn and unburied there before our eyes.
And do ye wish the assassin to be found?
Who cannot pierce, O friends, the thin disguise?
Who does not know with what malignant aim
Godfrey and Baldwin glance at Latin fame?

LXVIII.

" But why seek arguments? By Heav'n I swear,
By Heav'n which hears us, and which none can cheat,
That at the hour when darkness leaves the air
His sad and wand'ring spirit did I meet.
O what a cruel spectacle was there !
How Godfrey's plots on us did he repeat !
I saw him, 'twas no dream ; where'er I gaze
I see him now ; before mine eyes he stays.

LXIX.

" What shall we do, then? Ought that hand to rein
Our movements ever which a crime so base
Befouls e'en yet? Or shall we shun the stain,
And speed to where Euphrates rolls apace?
Where it enriches on a fertile plain
Dense towns and cities for a feeble race ;
Rather for us : these shall, I hope, be ours,
Nor with the Franks will we divide our pow'rs.

LXX.

" Go, if ye will, then, and let vengeance make
For innocent and illustrious blood no claim :
Though if your valor, fainting now, should wake,
And sparkle, as it ought, with brighter flame,
He who devoured, like a pestiferous snake,
The pride and flow'r of the Italian name,
Should yield a goodly lesson by his fall
And massacre to other monsters all,

LXXI.

"I, I am willing, would your valor sway
Your wills to work its possible behest,
That by this hand revenge should pass to-day
Into his impious bosom, treason's nest."

So speaks he stormily; and drags away
In his own rage and impulse all the rest.

"Arms! Arms!" the madman roared out, and the swarms
Of haughty youth, together roared out "Arms!"

LXXII.

'Mong them Alecto wheels her armed right hand,
And mingles poison in their breasts with fire.
Strong passion, madness, the accurst demand
For blood, infuriates and grows higher and higher:
And see the pest creep onward and expand,
And quit the Italian tents, and roll its ire
Beyond them to the Swiss, who feel its force;
And then to the English, too, it bends its course.

LXXIII.

Nor do these different nations only brood
Upon the public loss, and that hard case;
But ancient causes yield fresh matter and food
To anger which is raised on recent base.
Offences that have slept are now renewed;
They call the Franks an impious tyrannous race:
And, in proud threats diffused, goes forth the hate
Which nothing can repress now, nor abate.

LXXIV.

Thus liquid, boiling in the hollow brass
Through too much fire, gurgles and steams the more;
And kept not in itself at length will pass
The vase's brim, and foam and bubble o'er.
Those few cannot rein in the maddened mass
Whose minds are lit by truth's ennobling lore;
And Tancred and Camillus are away,
And William, and the rest supreme in sway.

LXXV.

Already the ferocious tribes have sprung
Precipitate to arms, confused and dense,
Already the seditious trumpet rung
The fiercest war-notes with a sound intense.
Many meanwhile tow'rd Bouillon sped, and flung
The warning voice to arm him for defence ;
And Baldwin, ready-armed, with hurried stride
Preceded all, and placed him at his side.

LXXVI.

Hearing the charge, to Heav'n he lifts his eyes,
And flees to God, his long-accustomed goal :
" Lord, Thou who knowest how my right hand flies
From civil blood, so hateful to my soul,
For these tear off the murky veil which lies
Athwart their mind, and all their rage control :
And let mine innocence, already known
Above, be to the blind world also shown."

LXXVII.

He ceases, and infused by Heaven there flows
A fresh unwonted heat his veins along,
Full of high vigor, and warm hope that glows
O'er all his face, and renders him more strong :
And circled by his own, unbidden he goes
'Gainst those who think to avenge Rinaldo's wrong ;
Nor, though he hear rebelling through the place
Menace and arms, does he relax his pace.

LXXVIII.

He wears his hauberk, and o'er this assumes
A richer vest than usual ; boldly shown
Are his bare hands and face, which light illumines
Awful as that around the Heavenly throne :
He shakes his golden sceptre ; and presumes
To calm that outbreak with these arms alone.
Such is his aspect, such his words are found,
Nor like a mortal voice do they resound :

LXXIX.

“What foolish threats are these? what means the beat
Of arms? and who has moved these empty cheers?
Am I thus rev’renced and in mode so meet
Am known here after the long proof of years,
That any can suspect and charge deceit
In Godfrey, or approve the charge he hears?
Perhaps ye deem that I shall speak you fair,
Adduce you reasons, and put forth a pray’r?

LXXX.

“Ah! let such insult not be heard by the earth
Through which the echoes of my name extend!
Me shall this sceptre, me my deeds of worth
Remembered ever, me the truth defend.
And now let justice yield, pity come forth,
Nor o’er the guilty punishment descend.
Pardon for other merits now receive;
Your lives to your Rinaldo, too, I give.

LXXXI.

“Let Argillan, sole cause of guilt, alone
Wash with his blood the common fault away,
Who, moved by light suspicion of his own,
Led others on the path of crime astray.”
Majestic thunder peals in every tone,
Flashes of honor on his features play,
Till Argillan struck dumb, and beaten down,
Fears (who can credit it?) a face’s frown.

LXXXII.

And those who insolent before, and bold,
Haughtily roared out all indignities,
And who had hands so ready then to hold
Sword, spear, and torch, and all which rage supplies,
List mutely while his proud rebukes are rolled,
Nor dare ’twixt fear and shame to raise their eyes;
*And e’en endure their leader to be bound
Although they all there stand in arms around.*

LXXXIII.

The lion thus who shook with awful roar
His horrent locks at first, savage and proud,
If he the master see by whom of yore
His heart's innate ferocity was bowed,
Can bear the yoke's ignoble weight once more,
And dreads the hard command and menace loud ;
Nor mighty mane, huge tusks, nor claws supplied
With store of force, can stimulate his pride.

LXXXIV.

Fame tells that in the air there stood revealed
In savage attitude and threat'ning mien,
A winged warrior who upheld a shield
The pious Bouillon and his foes between,
And in his hand a flashing sword he wheeled
On which some blood that dropped e'en then was seen,
Perchance the blood of towns and kingdoms riven,
Which had provoked the tardy wrath of Heaven.

LXXXV.

The tumult thus appeased, each lays aside
His arms, and many, too, their discontent :
And Godfrey enters his pavilion wide,
On various things and new devices bent :
For he arranges that the assault be tried
Before the second or third day be spent ;
And goes to inspect the beams which had been brought,
And into dread machines had now been wrought.

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.

Soon as the horrid night has wrapped the skies,
 Alecto arms the Soldan's breast with ire ;
 Whence with his troops, whom Araby supplies,
 He makes the slaughtered Christian host retire.
 But now the Fiend chased by God's angel flies :
 Fresh spirit do the Faithful hence acquire ;
 And force the Turk at last away to ride,
 Some gallant knights arriving on their side.

I.

BUT Hell's grand imp, who sees appeased each breast
 Of late so turbulent, and its wrath resigned,
 And could not butt against the Fates, nor wrest
 Aside the counsels of the changeless Mind,
 Set out ; and the glad fields were dispossessed
 Of verdure where she passed, and no sun shined :
 And, minister of other woes and spite,
 On new adventure she addressed her flight.

II.

Aware that, by the help of her allies,
 The son of Bertold, Tancred, and the most
 Robust and feared of the others in the emprise,
 Are now far distant from the Syrian coast,
 " Why loiter more ? Let Solyman," she cries,
 " Unlooked-for come, and war upon their host.
*Sure, or at least I hope, we shall subdue
 A camp discordant, and diminished too.*"

III.

This said, she flew to the armed and wand'ring men
With whom as leader Solyman abode,
That Solyman than whom more savage then
No rebel against God's dominion strode,
Nor would do still should Earth produce again
Her giant brood if wronged in some new new mode.
King of the Turks was he, and used to own
The city of Nice as his imperial throne.

IV.

His realm stretched o'er against the Grecian shore
From Sangaris to where Mæander wells,
Where Mysians, Phrygians, Lydians, dwelt of yore,
And Pontus and Bithynia spread their dells.
But when the foreign armament passed o'er
To Asia 'gainst the Turks and Infidels,
His lands were warred on ; and, compelled to yield,
Himself was twice defeated in the field.

V.

And having vainly tried again his fate,
And been by force thrust from his native land,
He sought a shelter in the Egyptian state,
Whose king was a magnanimous host and bland,
Pleased that a warrior of renown so great
Offered to join in his emprises grand,
For to prevent had long been his design
The Christians from acquiring Palestine.

VI.

But ere he openly announced his bold
And warlike schemes against them, he was fain
That Solyman, to whom he gave much gold
For that intent, should list the Arab train.
Now while from Asia and each Moorish hold
He raised the host, the Turk contrived to gain
Most easily the greedy Arabs o'er,
Robbers and hirelings ever from of yore.

VII.

Thus made their chief, he scoured from all around
Judæa, ravaging and gathering prey,
So that he closed all transit o'er the ground
Which 'twixt the coast and Frankish army lay :
And still remembering his pride's old wound,
And ruinous fall of his imperial sway,
His fiery thoughts on greater counsels ran ;
Yet was he not assured nor fixed in plan.

VIII.

To him Alecto comes, and wears the mien
Of one who under age's burden bends ;
No blood, much wrinkle, in the face are seen,
And from the lip, not chin, a beard extends ;
Her head wears lengthened rolls of linen sheen ;
Beneath the knees her flowing robe descends ;
Her side the scimitar, her shoulders show
The quiver ; in her hand she bears the bow.

IX.

She saith to him : " These empty plains we scour
These barren and deserted sands, which yield
No booty for us, nor bestow the pow'r
To win an honored victory in the field.
Godfrey meanwhile assaults with battering tow'r
The city whose walls already are unsealed ;
And we shall mark, if there be more delays,
E'en from this spot, the ruin and the blaze.

X.

" Are flocks and oxen, then, and hamlets fired,
Trophies for Solyman, the grand and strong ?
Is thus thy kingdom to be re-acquired ?
Or think'st thou thus to venge thy loss and wrong ?
Dare, dare ! by night, while in his lines retired,
Oppress the barbarous tyrant and his throng.
Believe thine old Araspes, whose advice
Enthroned or exiled, thou hast held in price.

XI.

“ He nor expects, nor fears us, will despise
The Arabs naked and not brave at best ;
Nor will believe a race which robs and flies,
And nothing more, will venture on such quest.
Yet will thy courage make their courage rise
Against a camp which lies unarmed at rest.”
Thus did she speak, and breathed into his mind
Her burning rage, and mingled with the wind.

XII.

The warrior cries, lifting his hand to heaven :
“ O thou, who with such fury goad'st my soul,
Nor mortal art, though to thy form be given
Man's face, I follow to the invited goal.
I come : and will make hills where all is even,
Hills of the slain and wounded ; there shall roll
Rivers of blood. Be thou but with me there,
And guide my weapons through the blinded air.”

XIII.

He ceased, and quickly gathered every band,
And cheered with speech the slow and vile in mind ;
And with his own hot will, as with a brand,
Inflamed the camp to follow him behind.
Alecto signals with the trump ; her hand
Itself unfolds the banner to the wind.
So fast does the camp march, or rather run,
That sooner than Fame's flight its course is done.

XIV.

Alecto goes with it ; then quits, and wears
The dress and mien of who has news to bring :
And in the hour at which the world's affairs
'Twixt night and day suspense are balancing,
She enters great Jerusalem, and bears
Through sorrowing crowds high message to the king
Of the grand camp's arrival, its design,
And of the *night assault*, its hour, and sign.

XV.

But now the shades extend a horrid veil
Which spreads and tints itself with mists of red :
The earth, on which the nightly hoar-frosts fail,
Is bathed with warm and bloody dew instead.
Malignant wand'ring ghosts are heard to wail,
Monsters and prodigies are rife o'erhead.
Pluto made void the abyss, and out he poured
His total night in Stygian cavern stored.

XVI.

The fiery Soldan through the shade profound
Troops onward tow'rd the encampment of his foes.
But when the night has mounted half the round
Whence then it falls as swiftly as it rose,
He comes within a mile of where lay bound
The unsuspecting Frank in deep repose.
Here to refresh his troops he made them halt,
And then thus cheered them to the fierce assault :

XVII.

" Full of a thousand thefts ye there behold
A camp more famous far than it is brave,
Which into its voracious gulf has rolled
All Asia's wealth like the absorbing wave.
To you kind chance exposes all this gold,
And never prize with less of peril gave.
Their arms and steeds, with purple tricked and gem,
Shall be your booty, and no fence to them.

XVIII.

" Nor is this now the host by which at first
The Persian was subdued and Nice was ta'en,
Because in war so long and so dispersed
The larger portion of it has been slain :
And e'en were it entire, 'tis now immersed
In deep repose, and down unarmed has lain.
Soon is he crushed who is oppressed by sleep :
From sleep to death 'tis but a little leap.

XIX.

"Up! up! advance: I first will ope the way
Into the camp o'er bodies beaten down.
Strike every sword like mine, and in the fray
All thoughts of mercy and of pity drown!
May Christ's detested kingdom fall to-day!
To-day win Asia, win to-day renown!"
Thus did he goad them to the strife at hand;
Then forward silently moved on the band.

XX.

Lo! on the way the sentinels he descries
In the dim doubtful light that creeps through air,
Nor can he, as he firmly hoped, surprise
The cautious Chief, and reach him unaware.
The sentinels retire at once with cries,
Perceiving such a host advancing there,
So that the foremost guard, waked on their way,
Prepares itself for war as best it may.

XXI.

The Arabians make their barbarous tubes resound,
Certain that they can be concealed no more.
Dread cries ascend to Heaven, and the ground
By neighing steeds is loudly trampled o'er.
Roar the high hills, the vales; and thence rebound
The deep abysses answering to the roar;
And now Alecto lifts the torch of Hell,
Concerted sign, which they o' the mount can spell.

XXII.

The Soldan rushes on, the foremost he,
Upon the guards' unranged and startled pow'r
So swift that slower doth the storm-blast flee
From caverned mountains in tempestuous hour.
Torrent that hurls away the house and tree,
Thunder that batters down and burns the tow'r,
Earthquake that o'er the world a horror flings,
Poised with his fury, are but trifling things.

XXIII.

His weapon never falls except to hit ;
Nor hits it ever without wounding too ;
Nor wounds but that a soul away doth flit :
More would I say, but false would seem the true.
He sure must feign, or from all pain be quit,
Or else not feel when others thrust and hew ;
Although his battered helm with bell-like sound
Rings out, and sparkles horribly around.

XXIV.

When he alone has routed on the plain
That first Frank troop, then like a flood whose might
Is swoll'n by a thousand rills, the Arab train
Arrive at running pace to share the fight.
Then fly the Franks away with loosened rein,
And victors become mixed with those in flight :
And with them cross the trench, and all is rife
With ruins, and with horror, and with strife.

XXV.

Upon the Soldan's horrid helm behold
A snake with neck which stretches and unties ;
It rises on its paws ; its wings unfold ;
And in a curve its two-forked tail it plies ;
It seems to dart three tongues, whence foam is rolled ;
And that 'tis hissing, sure is not surmise :
And now that the fight burns, its wondrous frame
Burns too, thus moved, and breathes out smoke and flame.

XXVI.

The Soldan looms as dread to those who meet
His awful figure in that light displayed,
As to the voyager seems wild ocean's beat
Amid a thousand flashes in the shade.
Some give at once to flight their trembling feet ;
Others their hands undaunted to the blade :
And the night yet more blends the wild uproar,
And, hiding risks, increases them the more.

XXVII.

Mid those who showed the noblest heart there came
Latinus, who was born where Tiber flows :
Fatigues had not subdued his weary frame,
Nor years his strength which still in vigor rose :
Five sons, who were in height almost the same,
Stood at his side where'er he encountered foes,
Pressing with armour ere the season due,
Their tender face and members that still grew.

XXVIII.

Roused by their sire's example, on they pressed,
Sharp'ning their steel and ire on blood. He cried :
" Hie we to where yon felon lifts his crest
Amid the fugitives with so much pride ;
Nor let the slaughter which among the rest
His weapon makes, retard your valorous stride ;
For that, my sons, is but a poor renown
Which some surmounted horror does not crown."

XXIX.

Thus the ferocious lioness leads her young
From whose unfurnished neck no mane yet hangs,
Nor with their years their savage claws have sprung
To the full size, nor their tremendous fangs,
Down with her to the prey, where perils throng,
And teaches them to rush amid the clangs
Of hunters, who disturb their native wood,
And scare the beasts of less courageous mood.

XXX.

The five, incautious, with the father run
Tow'rd Solyman, assault him, gird him round ;
And the aim, the object, and the spirit are one
Which in those six assailing spears are found.
But quitting his good spear the elder son,
Too bold, upon that fierce one makes a bound,
And with the piercing sword attempts in vain
To make him fall beneath his courser slain,

XXXI.

But as a rock exposed to stormy blast
Which struck by waves doth o'er the main appear,
Firm in itself endures the billows vast,
The winds, the bolts, the wrath of Heaven severe ;
Thus does the fiery Soldan here stand fast
With haughty front against the sword, the spear,
And cleaves the head of him who is aiming now
To smite his steed, between the cheek and brow.

XXXII.

Aramanth puts his arm forth to sustain
With tender care his brother falling prone,
Affection which is all as rash as vain,
And to another's ruin adds his own !
For on that arm which thus supports the slain
The steel descends, and both are overthrown,
And fainting one upon the other lies,
Commingling thus their blood and latest sighs.

XXXIII.

Then severed he Sabinus' lance which came
Infesting him from far with spiteful thrust,
And spurred his steed on him with such good aim
As to beat down and tread him in the dust :
With great reluctance from its youthful frame
Went forth the soul sorrowing that leave it must
The gentle breath of life, and the glad days
Of tender age already crowned with praise.

XXXIV.

Picus and Laurens yet stood firm on earth,
With whom one natal hour enriched their sire,
A pair most like, and hence the sweetest mirth
From oft mistake shone round their household fire.
But if they had been made alike by birth,
*Unlike they now are made by foeman dire ;
O hard distinction ! from the one's neck the bust
Is severed, the other through the heart is thrust,*

XXXV.

The sire, ah sire no more ! O cruel fate
That robs him of so many at one blow !
In these five dead sees his own death too late,
And all his progeny now lying low.
Nor know I how that old man so elate
And strong could be in such atrocious woe
As still to breathe and fight ; but perhaps the plight
And looks of his dead sons escaped his sight ;

XXXVI.

And of such agony his eye can read
A portion only through the friendly shade.
Yet nothing would he care for victory's meed,
Unless himself too on the earth were laid.
Prodigal of his blood, and full of greed
Most greedy for that other's is he made :
Nor can one well tell in him which desire
Is most intense, to kill or to expire.

XXXVII.

But cries he to his foe : " Is then this hand
So despicable in thy sight, and frail,
That all the force which it can now command
To draw thy rage on me can not avail ? "
He stays, and strikes a blow so hard, so grand,
That crushed together are both plate and mail,
And on the side it falls and gashes so
That from the wound warm blood begins to flow.

XXXVIII.

The savage at that cry, that stroke, has wheeled
And tow'rd him with his rage and falchion hies,
He opes his mail, and first has oped his shield,
Round which the seven-times folded leather plies :
And in his bowels is the blade concealed.
Wretched Latinus gives a groan and dies ;
And vomits in an alternating flood
Now through the wound, and now the mouth, his blood.

XXXIX.

As in the Apennines a sturdy oak,
Which scorned the war of every wintry blast,
If crashed at length by some tempestuous stroke,
Pulls down the trees around with ruin vast :
Thus did he fall, and so his fury awoke
That he dragged several down with him at last.
That end became so fierce a warrior well,
Who scattered ruin round him as he fell.

XL.

While thus the Soldan's hateful passions yearn
For human dead, and gain their long demand,
The Arabs, too, reanimated turn
With deadly force upon the Christian band.
The English Henry dies, and Olifern
The German, O Dragutes, by thy hand.
Gilbert and Philip, born upon the Rhine,
From life to death does Ariadene consign.

XLI.

Albazar beats down Ernest with the mace ;
And Engerlan is stabbed by Algazel.
But who this mode of death, or that, can trace,
And say how many nameless vulgar fell ?
Godfrey was roused at once from sleep's embrace,
And has been active since the earliest yell.
Now he's all armed, and now a large array
Gathers, and now with them he moves away.

XLII.

After the cry, hearing a tumult sound
Which seemed to grow more dread and to expand,
He knew that sudden onset would be found
To spring from the marauding Arab band,
For 'twas not hid from him that all around
These had for days been scouring o'er the land ;
Although he never deemed that they would dare,
A crowd so fugitive, to assail him there.

XLIII.

Now while he hastens, suddenly he hears
“Arms, arms,” aloud from the other quarter cried.
And horribly at once the heavenly spheres
Thunder with barbarous howlings far and wide.
This is Clorinda; to the assault she cheers
The royal force, Argante at her side.
The Chief then turned to Guelph, whom he had named
Vicegerent for himself, and thus exclaimed:

XLIV.

“Listen to yonder shouts of war which start
Anew from hill and city to the vale.
There shall we need thy valor, and thine art,
To check the foes where first they shall assail.
Go then, and look to this; and take a part
Of these with me, already armed in mail:
I with the rest in the meantime will go
To the other side to meet the hostile blow.”

XLV.

This being settled, equal fortune speeds
The two, though different were the paths they chose.
Guelph seeks the hill; the sov'reign Chief proceeds
To where the Arabians meet no more with foes.
But he, still gathering fresh people, feeds
His forces every instant as he goes;
So that, already ponderous made, and grand,
He comes to where the fierce Turk stains his brand.

XLVI.

Thus from its native mountain when first sped
The Po too humble for its banks is found;
But aye the further from the fount 'tis led,
Proud from new forces more does it abound;
O'er the burst barrier lifts its taurine head,
And spreads its floods triumphant all around,
And with more horns thrusts Adria back afar,
And seems to bring not tribute down, but war.

XLVII.

Godfrey, where'er he sees his people show
Their backs dismayed, runs thither and threats the base:
"What fear," he cries, "is this? whither then go?
Behold at least who 'tis that gives you chase.
A vile troop chases you which does not know
How to receive nor give wounds on the face:
And if they see you turned against them now,
Will dread the weapons even of your brow."

XLVIII.

This said, he pricks his steed, and makes him wheel
To where he had seen the Soldan's murderous wrong:
And through the midst of blood, and dust, and steel,
And imminent risks, and deaths, he goes along:
With sword and thrust each path doth he unseal
However closed, each rank however strong,
And down on either side ne'er fails to strike
Horsemen and horses, arms and armed alike.

XLIX.

With bound on bound o'er heaps of slain, who lie
Confused and deep, he speeds on his career.
The Soldan, seeing the fierce onset nigh,
Intrepid flies not, nor aside will veer;
But speeds against him, and uplifting high
His steel to smite him down, approaches near.
O what two cavaliers in mortal fight
Does fortune from the world's extremes unite!

L.

Fury with valor in a ring how small
Contests here now for Asia's grand domain!
Who can relate how swiftly their swords fall,
How terrible the combat they maintain?
I pass o'er things whose horror would appall,
Things done while night asserts her gloomy reign,
But worthy of the sun's most brilliant rays,
And that all mortals should be brought to gaze.

LI.

The spirits of the host of Jesu swell,
Led by so brave a guide, and on they bound ;
And a dense troop of those who in arms excel
Press on the murd'rous Turk, and fence him round.
Nor do the faithful more than the infidel,
Nor these more than the first, bestain the ground ;
But both alike, subduing and subdued,
Deal death around, and perish in that feud.

LII.

As, equal in their might, with equal rage
The South and North wind meet in battle proud ;
And neither yields on sea or sky the stage,
But dashes wave on wave, and cloud on cloud :
So neither side of those who here engage
In desp'rate strife are beaten back or bowed.
Shield rings on shield, and helms from helms rebound,
And swords from swords, with a most horrid sound.

LIII.

Nor less severe the contest which befell
Elsewhere, nor was the throng of war less dense.
A myriad clouds and more of Spirits of Hell
Have filled throughout the aerial fields immense,
And made the Pagan force so proudly swell
That none e'er dreams of quitting his defence :
Argante's fired too by the infernal torch,
But feels his own flame still more fiercely scorch.

LIV.

The guards he also had routed on his side,
And o'er the rampart at a leap had sped :
He filled with mangled limbs the trenches wide,
Leveled the way, and made the assault less dread ;
So that the others followed him, and dyed
The pavement of the foremost tents with red.
With him Clorinda vied, or little space
Was left *behind*, *scorning* the second place.

LV.

Already had the Franks fled, when in mode
Most opportune came Guelph up and his band,
And, making those who ran reverse their road,
Sustained the Pagan's rage with his good hand.
Thus did they fight, and equally blood flowed
From either side in streams upon the sand.
Meanwhile from His grand seat the King of Heaven
Beheld that war so savage, and so even.

LVI.

There sat He whence, both good and just, He sways
All worlds, and frames them by His word alone,
Above the low bounds of earth's narrow maze
At heights to sense and reason all unknown,
And shone with three lights blent into one blaze
Upon eternity's majestic throne.
Nature and Fate are at His feet submiss,
And Motion also, and what measures this,

LVII.

And Place, and she who spoils and sweeps from sight
Like vapor, or like dust, earth's every prize,
Gold, glory, empire, as to Heav'n seems right,
Nor, Goddess, ever heeds our human sighs.
Here He so wraps himself in His own light
That e'en the worthiest veil their dazzled eyes :
Him numberless immortal spirits surround,
Equal unequally in their joy profound.

LVIII.

The heav'nly palace echoes to the song
Attuned in grand concert by joyous quire.
He summons Michael, who in armour strong
Of lucid adamant flames forth like fire ;
And says : " Perceiv'st thou not how Hell's bad throng
Against my faithful cherished flock conspire
*In arms rebellious, and from lowest deep
To vex the world on soaring pinion sweep !*

LIX.

“Go ; tell them, thou, no more henceforth to mell
With war, which warriors only should sustain ;
Nor to disturb and poison with their spell
The kingdom of the quick and Heav’n’s domain.
Let them return to the deep glooms of Hell,
Their worthy dwelling, and to their just pain :
Torment themselves there and the souls below.
So I command, and I have fixed it so.”

LX.

He ceased. The leader of the wingèd host
Bowed reverent down at the Almighty’s feet.
Then for the flight his golden vans are tossed
Fleet so that thought itself is not so fleet.
The spheres of fire and light are quickly crossed
Where blest ones have their fixed and glorious seat.
Then the pure crystal, then the starry sphere
Which rolls with an inverted course, ~~is~~ near.

LXI.

Thence from the left, diverse in visual ray
And in effect, wheel Jove’s and Saturn’s ball,
And the others which can ill be said to stray,
If angel virtue inform and move them all.
Then from the glad bright fields of endless day
He issues, whence the rains and thunders fall,
To where the world feeds on itself, self-torn,
And in its own wars dies and is re-born.

LXII.

He comes and shakes with his eternal wings
The thick-strewn darkness and the gloomy dread :
The night is gilded by the light which springs
All sparkling from around his heav’nly head.
Thus oft upon the clouds the bright sun flings
The lovely colours after rain is shed :
Thus down to the great mother’s breast is seen
A star to fall, cleaving the air serene.

LXIII.

Arrived where the impious troop of Hell prepare
 To make still more the Pagan fury rise ;
 Poised on his vigorous wings, he stops in air,
 And shakes his spear, and thus to them he cries :
 " Well must ye know with what horrific glare
 The thunder of the world's Creator flies,
 O ye who, mid contempt and bitterest ill
 Of misery extreme, are haughty still.

LXIV.

" 'Tis fixed in Heav'n that Sion shall unchain
 Her gates and bow her walls to the Cross's might.
 Why war then upon Fate? and the disdain
 And wrath of Heav'n why will ye thus invite?
 Hence, ye accursèd, to your own domain,
 Domain of torment and of death outright,
 And in that region, doomed to be your cell,
 Wage all your wars, and all your triumphs tell.

LXV.

" Be cruel there ; there on the guilty lay
 Your weight of spite, and let your pow'r appear,
 Mid endless cries, and gnashing teeth, and bray
 Of steel, and shaken chains that rend the ear."
 He spake, and whom he saw reluctant stay,
 Them pushed and smote he with his fatal spear.
 They from the lovely realms of light were driven,
 And groaning left the golden stars of Heaven :

LXVI.

And downward to the abyss their wings they fanned
 To exasperate in the damned their wonted woe.
 There crosses not the sea a flight so grand
 Of birds in search of suns with warmer glow ;
 Nor Autumn e'er sees fall upon the land
 So many dry leaves when the chill winds blow.
*Relieved from these, the world soon puts away
 Its gloomy aspect, and again is gay.*

LXVII.

But yet Argante's rage and thirst for gore
Burn not the less in his disdainful breast,
Though Alecto breathe in it her fire no more,
Nor now the whips of Hell his side molest.
He wheels his never-sparing falchion o'er
The Franks where most entangled and compressed ;
Mows down the feeble and the strong, and treads
At once on proudest and on humblest heads.

LXVIII.

Not distant is Clorinda, and she fells
No fewer, strewing limbs along her track ;
Through the heart's middle, where the life-blood dwells,
She stabs Berlinger's breast ; and that attack
So vigorous is, and so exactly tells,
That her sword comes out bloodstained at the back.
She strikes Albino then where first we draw
Our food in, and cleaves Gallus on the jaw.

LXIX.

She cuts off Gernier's hand which dared invade
Her first, and falls now scatt'ring sanguine rain.
The hand, half-living, grasps e'en yet the blade,
And glides with trembling fingers o'er the plain :
Such is a serpent's tail, which when 'tis laid
Apart attempts to join its trunk again.
Thus maimed she leaves him ; and then turns her tow'rd
Achilles, and on him lets fall the sword ;

LXX.

And 'twixt the nape and neck the blow she lays,
And cuts the nerves through, and the throat complete.
The head falls rolling downward and then strays,
Befouling all the face with dust unmeet,
Before the body has fall'n : the body stays,
Marvel of mis'ry, poised upon the seat.
But, loosened from the rein, the steed is quick
To *shake it off with many a wheel and kick.*

LXXI.

While thus the heroine whom no force could tame
Opened and scourged the squadrons of the West,
Gildippe on the other hand became
No less among her Saracens a pest.
Of the same sex, their courage is the same,
And equal valor all their deeds attest :
Yet could they not each other prove, since Fate
Reserved them for an enemy still more great.

LXXII.

Here one, there the other vainly pushed and tried
To open the dense crowds and pass them by.
But generous Guelph then his good falchion plied
Against Clorinda, and approaching nigh
Let fall a stroke upon her lovely side,
And somewhat tinged the steel : a fell reply
She gave to her assailant with a thrust
That struck 'twixt rib and rib his pow'ful bust.

LXXIII.

Then Guelph renewed the blow, and struck her nought;
For Palestine Osmida chanced to pass,
And thus the wound not meant for him was caught
Upon his forehead, and clove through the brass.
But many of those troops whom Guelph had brought
And guided, thronged now round him in a mass ;
To the other side, too, gathering crowds were sent,
So that the battle was confused and blent.

LXXIV.

Meanwhile Aurora's fair face was displayed
Empurpled from the balcony of Heaven :
And Argillan while here the tumult brayed
Had found device to get his fetters riven ;
And hastily in uncertain arms arrayed
Such as, or good or worthless, chance had given,
*Came forth to sweep away his recent blame
With recent services and recent fame.*

LXXV.

As the wild steed which from the royal stall,
Where he stood ready for the joust or ring,
Escapes and through large path, no more a thrall,
Speeds to the herd, the mead, or wonted spring;
His dancing hairs o'er neck and shoulder fall,
His proud and lofty neck is quivering,
His feet sound, and his nostrils seem to blaze,
Filling the meadows with sonorous neighs:

LXXVI.

Such Argillan comes forth; his fierce looks glow,
With courage is his lofty forehead fraught,
His leaps are nimble, his feet so swiftly go
That vainly on the dust their trace is sought.
He lifts his voice when he has reached the foe
Like one who can dare all, and cares for nought:
"O vile dregs of the world, dull Arab horde,
How is't your courage has so highly soared?"

LXXVII.

'Ye shrink from weight of helm and shield, how small
Soe'er, nor arm the breast and back aright;
But timorous and naked ye let fall
Your blows on air, and safety find in flight.
Nocturnal are your deeds and studies all,
Grand as they are; and ye have aid from night:
Now that it flies, what can be your resource?
Ye now need arms, and more unshrinking force."

LXXVIII.

And his good sword, while yet these accents rung,
On Algazel so fiercely down he swept,
That it cut through the jaws, and clove the tongue
Which had begun to answer, and still leapt.
O'er the poor wretch a sudden darkness hung,
And through his bones an icy chillness crept:
He fell, and full of rage seized with his teeth
In *dying the detested earth beneath.*

LXXIX.

And then in various method Saladine
 And Agricault and Muleass he slew :
 And near them smote Aldiazal on the chine
 With but one blow that clave him through and through.
 He deeply pierced the breast of Ariadine,
 Felled him, and mocked him with rough language too,
 Who raised his heavy eyes and thus replied,
 E'en while expiring, to those words of pride :

LXXX.

"Thou shalt not long, whoe'er thou art, remain
 To vaunt thee of this death, a victor high.
 Like fate awaits thee ; thou too shalt be slain
 By stronger hand, and at my side shalt lie."
 He smiled in scorn, and cried : " Let Heav'n explain
 My fate hereafter ; meantime do thou die,
 Food for the birds and dogs." Then with his heel
 He pressed him, and drew forth both life and steel.

LXXXI.

A page of Solyman's was mingled there
 Among those armed with lances and with bows ;
 Upon whose lovely chin not yet the hair
 First scattered in life's vernal hours arose.
 Like pearls and dew-drops glist'ning on his fair
 And moistened cheek warm perspiration shows :
 To his neglected locks the dust adds grace ;
 And stern disdain is sweet in such a face.

LXXXII.

His steed is such that snows upon the steep
 Of Apennine new fall'n are not so white :
 Whirlwind or flame can never wheel nor leap
 So rapidly as it is prompt and light.
 He sways a Moorish lance with graceful sweep :
 The sabre at his side is curved and slight ;
And with a barbarous pomp arrayed, behold,
He shines in tissue wov'n of purple and gold.

LXXXIII.

While thus the boy in whose young heart abound
The first fresh hopes of glory in all their force,
Disturbs the squadrons here and there around,
And there is no one to restrain his course ;
Cool Argillan observes, while o'er the ground
The stripling wheels, the time to spear his horse,
And having found this, slays it by surprise,
And o'er him stands almost ere he can rise.

LXXXIV.

And to that suppliant face to which in vain
Pity's protecting armour had been lent,
He addressed his ruthless hand with cruel bane,
And injured Nature's fairest ornament.
The steel seemed rife with sense, and more humane
Than man was, turned round flat in its descent.
But what avails it if with a new burst
Of rage he struck just where he erred at first?

LXXXV.

The Soldan, who from thence not distant far
Was now encountering Godfrey blade to blade,
Left off the strife, and turned his steed of war,
Soon as the page's peril he surveyed :
And with the sword he brake through every bar,
And came to venge him, yes, but not to aid :
For there his murdered Lesbin, ah ! what woe !
Like a sweet flow'r cut off, was lying low.

LXXXVI.

His languid eyes a look so gentle wore,
And o'er his back the neck so drooping lay,
His pallid hue so charmed, and piety o'er
Each dying feature shed so sweet a ray,
That the heart softened which was stone before,
And in the midst of rage tears found their way.
Weepest thou, Soldan? thou who could'st descry
Thy kingdom ravished with unmoistened eye?

LXXXVII.

But when he saw the blood so much deplored
 Still reek on the foe's weapon, he repressed
 His pity, and his boiling wrath outpoured,
 And stagnant were the tears within his breast.
 He ran on Argillan and raised his sword,
 Clove through the opposing shield, and then the crest,
 And then the head and throat; and blow so dire
 Was indeed worthy of the Soldan's ire.

LXXXVIII.

Nor yet content he leapt from off his steed,
 And warred e'en on the corpse there as it lay;
 Like the fierce mastiff that will seize with greed
 The stone which struck and hurt him in the fray.
 O comfort in such vast woe vain indeed,
 To be ferocious to the insensate clay!
 Meanwhile the Frankish leader on his foes
 Spent not in vain his anger and his blows.

LXXXIX.

A thousand Turks together are inrolled,
 All covered with the mail, and helm and shield;
 Untamed of limb in toil, or heat, or cold,
 Of ardent spirit, skillful in the field:
 And these had been the soldiers from of old
 Of Solyman; and when he was concealed
 In Arab deserts, in reverse still true,
 They followed him his hapless wand'rings through.

XC.

These drawn together, ceased not to make head
 Against the Frank attacks however keen.
 On these did Godfrey rush, and smite the dread
 Corcutes' face, and on the flank Rostene.
 From Selim's shoulders he unloosed the head,
Cut off the right and left arm of Rossene:
Nor these alone, but more he wounded still
In other modes, and many did he kill.

XCI.

While thus he smote the Saracens, and drew
Upon himself in turn full many a scar,
And in no part did that barbarian crew
Abate in hope, or quail to Fortune's star ;
Another cloud of dust, lo ! comes in view,
Which holds within its bosom bolts of war :
Lo ! unforeseen issues a flash of arms
Which fills the Pagan camp with deep alarms,

XCII.

There are full fifty warriors who unfold
On silver pure the conquering purple Cross.
Nor could it with a hundred mouths be told,
A hundred tongues, and iron lungs and voice,
What numbers did that squadron fiercely bold
Beat down in its first charge with death or loss.
Falls the weak Arab ; and the Turk, unknown
To yield, resisting, fighting is o'erthrown.

XCIII.

Horror, and cruelty, and fear, and hate
Hurry around ; and death is seen to stray
Throughout in every varied form elate,
And waves upon a lake of blood to play.
The king had led already through a gate
Part of his force, assured now of the day ;
And viewed the plain beneath him from on high,
And that assault still raging doubtfully.

XCIV.

But seeing his main army pressed so sore,
He sounds the trump to call them from defeat,
And sends off many a message to implore
Argante and Clorinda to retreat.
The savage pair obey his hest no more,
Drunken with blood, and blind and mad with heat ;
Yet yield at last, and strive to re-unite
Their scattered host, and to restrain its flight.

XCV.

But who can rule the vulgar, and command
 Baseness and fear? The flight has how begun.
 One quits his shield, one eases his right hand;
 Steel is a hindrance, and defence is none.
 A vale 'twixt where the camp and city stand
 Leads from the Westward tow'rd the midday sun:
 Hither they hurry, and a gloomy pall
 Of dust is rolled up with them tow'rd the wall.

XCVI.

While thus precipitate they sought the incline,
 Dread was the slaughter which the Christians made.
 But when in mounting they drew near in fine
 To where the barbarous king might give them aid,
 Guelph at such odds would not expose his line
 On that steep Alpine path to loss and raid.
 He stays his people, and within the bars
 The king draws his, fair remnant of sad wars.

XCVII.

What earthly force can do, the Soldan brave
 Meanwhile has done, and more is now denied.
 He is all blood and sweat, and pantings grave
 And frequent hurt his breast and shake his side.
 His languid arm no more the shield can wave;
 Slowly his sword moves, and in wheels less wide;
 It bruises, and not cuts, and, grown obtuse,
 The weapon has now lost a weapon's use.

XCVIII.

Aware of this, he seemed in the act to stand
 Of one who weighed two schemes; and to debate
 If he should perish, and with his own hand
 Rob others of the fame from deed so great;
 Or else, surviving his defeated band,
 Prolong his life to a more distant date.
"Let conquering Fate," he said at last, *"succeed,
 And be this flight of mine its crowning meed."*

XCIX.

“ Let the foe view my back, and raise a song
At our unmerited exile again,
If they but see me newly armed ere long
Disturb their peace and never-stable reign.
I yield not, no ; the memory of my wrong
Shall last for ever, so shall my disdain.
I will arise, e’en when but dust below
And naked spirit, a still more cruel foe.”

CANTO X.

ARGUMENT.

The Soldan sinks reluctant to repose
 Through length of toil and night's obscuring wing;
 And while his heart, in sleep e'en, feels its woes,
 Ismene appears and brings him to the king.
 Armida's arts the Frankish knights disclose
 To the Frank Chief, and of their doubts the string;
 And Peter tells him in prophetic strain
 What honors on Rinaldo Heav'n will rain.

I.

WHILE he was speaking yet, a courser strayed
 Near to his path with wand'ring step and slow:
 On the loose rein his hand was quickly laid,
 And up he sprang, though tired and pressed with woe.
 Fall'n is the dread crest once on high displayed,
 Leaving the helm dishonored now and low;
 His upper vest is torn, and shows no trace
 Of all its haughty pomp and regal grace.

II.

As comes the wolf who from the fold has sprung
 Chased off, and tow'rd the wood is forced to draw,
 Who though he have indeed already flung
 Abundance down his deep and ravenous maw,
 Greedy for blood e'en yet holds out his tongue,
 And sucks it from his unclean lips and jaw;
*Such after that red slaughter forth he went,
 His craving hunger not e'en yet content.*

III.

his fortune is, he 'scapes at last
 out of whistling shafts that fly around,
 the swords upraised, and jav'lines cast,
 instruments of death that so abound :
 unknown is hurrying onward fast
 the most lonely and deserted ground :
 himself revolving what were best,
 on stormy thoughts which never rest.

IV.

resolves he to go where the array
 Egypt's king is gathering up its might,
 with him in arms, and thus essay
 more the fortune of another fight.
 If fixed, he suffers no delay
 to move, and takes the road aright,
 he knows the ways, nor needs a guide,
 ancient Gaza by the ocean side.

V.

though he feel his body tired and frail,
 his many wounds the smart be sore,
 he for this, nor doffs his mail ;
 but the day in traveling passes o'er.
 When the deep shades make each object fail
 of light, and darken more and more,
 then he, binds his wounds, and as may suit
 his best, shakes a tall palm for fruit ;

VI.

ling upon this, on the bare field
 to accommodate his side o'er-wrought,
 with his head laid on the obdurate shield,
 in the movements of his weary thought.
 From hour to hour his deep wounds yield
 no pang which can be soothed by nought ;
 within, too, is his breast and his heart torn
 by *internal* vultures, grief and scorn.

VII.

At last when night has now become so deep
That quiet all the world around him lies,
Subdued by toils he has begun to steep
In Lethe his grave cares and miseries,
Composing in a brief and languid sleep
His battered members and his drooping eyes.
And while he slumbers yet, a voice severe
Thunders in words like these upon his ear:

VIII.

"Solyman, Solyman, shake off thy slow
And ling'ring sleep, which happier time may crave,
Since under the hard yoke of foreign foe
The country where thou reign'dst is yet a slave.
In this land sleep'st thou? dost thou not, then, know
It keeps thy followers' bones without a grave?
Where there exist such traces of thy wrong,
Thus idly canst thou slumber all night long?"

IX.

The Soldan, wak'ning, lifts his eyes with pain,
And sees a man of reverend mien and grey,
With crooked staff to guide and to sustain
His aged feet upon their devious way.
"And who art thou," he asks him with disdain,
"Who com'st, unwelcome phantasm, thus to fray
The traveler from short sleep? And what can be
Either my shame or my revenge to thee?"

X.

The old man answers; "I am one to whom
Thy newly formed design is partly known,
And come to thee as taking in thy doom
More int'rest than thou deem'dst would e'er be shown.
Nor biting speech do I in vain assume,
For raillery is virtue's whetting-stone;
*In good part take it, Sire, that by my word
Thy ready valor thus is whipped and spurred.*

XI.

“Now since thy steps, if well I understand,
Will needs be turned tow’rd Egypt’s mighty king,
I augur that thou’lt traverse a rough land
Uselessly if to that design thou cling:
Since though thou go not, still the Saracen band
Will soon be gathered, and will soon take wing:
Nor is there room for thee to employ and show
On such a stage thy valor ’gainst our foe.

XII.

“But if thou follow me, I’ll hold me bound
To place thee safe when day is at its height,
Inside that wall which the Frank arms surround,
Without one sword opposing thee in fight.
Hard contest in which toils and arms abound
Shall here afford thee glory and delight.
Thou shalt defend the land till shall arrive
The Egyptian host to make the war revive.”

XIII.

The fiery Turk admires, while thus addressed,
The eyes and voice of the old man at his side;
And from his own face and ferocious breast
Puts quite away his anger and his pride.
“Father,” he cries, “I am prompt, at thy request,
And swift to follow thee: be thou my guide.
That counsel ever will seem best to me
In which the most of toil and risk may be.”

XIV.

The old man lauds his words, and, since the dews
Of night have made his wounds distress him more,
Pours in them juice of his, and thus renews
The waning strength, and heals each bloody score.
And since the roses which Aurora strews
Are being by Apollo gilded o’er,
“’Tis time to move,” he said: “the sun unmask
The paths, and calls forth others to their tasks.”

XV.

A car then which stood near at his command
He and the fierce Nicene ascend with speed.
He slacks the reins and with a master hand
Strikes with alternate lashes either steed.
They hurry so that on the plain of sand
No trace of wheel or foot is left to read.
Behold them smoke and pant now in their flight,
And foaming cover all the bits with white.

XVI.

I will tell marvels : the air around unseen
Is pressed into a cloud as by a weight,
And girds the car, and makes for it a screen,
And yet no cloud appears, or small or great ;
Nor ever stone, launched forth by huge machine,
Through fold so closed and dense could penetrate.
The pair can from its hollow breast descry
The mist around, and o'er them the bright sky.

XVII.

The astonished knight has of his eyebrows made
Two arcs, and knits his forehead while he eyes
The cloud and car o'er every let conveyed
With such velocity that he deems it flies.
The other, who perceives his mind o'erweighed
With stupor since he alters not his guise,
Breaks through that silence, and recalls his senses ;
Whence he arouses him, and thus commences :

XVIII.

“ O thou, whoe'er thou art, who 'gainst all use
Compellest nature to works strange and high,
And rovest through the chambers most recluse
Of human bosoms with thy searching eye,
If thou art able, by the skill abstruse
Infused from Heav'n, things distant to descry,
Tell me, I pray, what wreck or what repose
Heav'n has decreed to Asia's mighty throes.

XIX.

“ But tell me first thy name, and with what lore
Thou’rt wont to do unwonted things like these ;
For if my deep astonishment be not o’er,
How can thine other words be heard, or please ? ”
The old man smiled, and said : “ Of this thy store
Of questions, one part I can solve with ease.
I am Ismene, and, as the Syrians tell,
A wizard, since in unknown arts I excel.

XX.

“ But to reveal the future, and lay bare
For thine inspection fate’s eternal scroll,
Is a desire too bold, too high a pray’r ;
So much is yielded not to man’s control.
Let each below with strength and sense prepare
To advance through loss and peril tow’rd the goal ;
Since oft it happens that the brave and wise
Frame for themselves their own bright destinies.

XXI.

“ Do thou prepare against their sword and flame
Thy matchless right hand which with ease can rend
Asunder the Frank empire’s tott’ring frame,
Much more can fortify, much more defend
This place at which the fierce besiegers aim.
Dare, suffer, trust ; I hope a joyful end.
Yet will I tell, because it may delight,
What looms as through a mist upon my sight.

XXII.

“ I see, or seem to see, ere the great star
Eternal shall have many lustres run,
A man who shall make Asia famed afar,
And fertile Egypt’s kingdom shall have won.
To speak of useful arts succeeding war,
And myriad virtues dimly seen, I shun ;
Let this alone suffice thee, that his arm
Shall *not* shake Christendom with mere alarm :

XXIII.

“ But from its base that empire which they hold
In the last conflict shall uprooted be,
And their afflicted remnant shall be rolled
Into small space, defended but by sea.
This man shall own thy blood.” The wizard old
Here ceased to speak, and then responded he:
“ O blest whose lot shall be such praise as this !”
And part he envies, part enjoys the bliss.

XXIV.

He then subjoined : “ Let Fortune still befall
Or good or ill, as Heav’n shall rule her mood,
Since over me she hath no pow’r at all,
And ne’er shall see me if not unsubdued.
She must be able from their course to call
The moon and stars ere me she shall detrude
One step from the right path.” He said no more,
But with a fiery courage sparkled o’er.

XXV.

As on they went, they reasoned on this wise
Until they saw the tents arising near.
Before them what a cruel sight there lies,
And in how many shapes doth death appear !
Turbid and gloomy grew the Soldan’s eyes,
And all his features were with sorrow drear.
Ah ! with what scorn perceived he on the ground
His banner, which had flung such terror round !

XXVI.

He saw the glad Franks run and often tread
On breast and face of many a well-known friend ;
And haughtily despoil the unburied dead
Of arms and vests ; while many trooped to attend,
With solemn pomp in long procession spread,
Their loved ones’ corpses to the mournful end.
*Others put flames beneath, and on one pyre
Arabs and Turks were all consumed with fire.*

XXVII.

Reply sighed, and forth his sword he drew,
apt from the car, and was on running bent,
the old magician with a loud halloo
called him, and restrained his mad intent :
having made him mount the car anew,
heve onward tow'rd the steepest hill's ascent.
Went they for a space until their road
sight of the Franks' military abode.

XXVIII.

quitted they the car, which disappeared
suddenly, and on foot they took their way
yet still within that vapor weird,
ascending leftward where a valley lay,
they came where tall Mount Sion reared
shoulders tow'rd the sinking orb of day.
stopt the wizard, and then drawing nigh
aetling rock, scanned it with curious eye.

XXIX.

How grot made many an age ago
sanded into the stone's hardened mass ;
from disuse the thorns had learned to grow
near the lurking entrance, and the grass.
He removed the stops, and, curved and low,
urged him to thread the narrow pass ;
and preceded and explored the cave,
where to conduct the prince he gave.

XXX.

said the Soldan : " Whither, pray, may lead
this stealthy path of thine which I must thread ?
Once, hadst thou but to such course agreed,
thy sword had oped a better in its stead."
" I ain not," he replied, " O full of heed,
thou fearless foot this murky path to tread,
the great Herod often pressed the same,
so in arms has yet such brilliant fame.

XXXI.

“ When he would bridle in his subjects’ pow’r,
The king I mention hollowed out this cave ;
And could on foot pass through it from that tow’r
Antonia, which from his dear friend and brave
He had named, invisible at any hour,
Into the grand and ancient temple’s nave ;
And thence in secret quit the city’s wall,
And move troops out and in unknown to all.

XXXII.

“ But now this lone and gloomy way is known
Only to me, hidd’n from all other eyes.
Through this we’ll go to where around the throne
In council sit the most renowned and wise ;
For more of terror has the monarch shown
Than perhaps he should do now that ills arise.
Thou com’st then at great need ; list, and be mute ;
Then utter daring words when time shall suit.”

XXXIII.

Thus spake he to him, and on this the knight
Stopt with his bulky frame the cavernous rent,
And through the path where it is always night
Still followed him whose guiding aid was lent.
He stooped ere ent’ring ; but that cave in height
And breadth enlarged the further that they went,
So that they mounted up with ease, and then
Soon reached almost the midst of the dark den.

XXXIV.

And here Ismene unclosed a narrow door,
And they went up an unfrequented stair,
On which through lofty vent there seemed to pour
A dim uncertain light from upper air.
At last they reached a subterranean floor,
And clomb thence to a hall in day’s broad glare.
With sceptre here, and diadem on brow,
The sad king with sad folk was seated now.

XXXV.

The fiery Turk looked round, and from inside
The hollow cloud viewed all, himself unshown,
And heard the monarch with abated pride
Begin thus from his decorated throne :
“ The day now passed, O friends in danger tried,
Has been disastrous to our pow’r, I own,
And, fall’n from highest hope, we can rely
On the aid alone which Egypt may supply.

XXXVI.

“ But ye must needs perceive mid perils that call
For instant help how distant is that aid.
Hence have I summoned you together all
That each one’s counsel may be plainly said.”
He ceased ; and a low murmur round the hall
Sounds like the breeze within a leafy glade.
But with a face where spirit and joy redound,
Argante rising calms the murmuring sound.

XXXVII.

“ Magnanimous monarch,” such was the reply
Of the untamed and savage cavalier,
“ Why tempt us, and ask that which all descry,
And needs no voice of ours to make it clear ?
Yet, list ; upon ourselves let us rely,
And if in truth no harm comes Virtue near,
Arm we ourselves with her : her aid intreat,
Nor more than she approves let life be sweet.

XXXVIII.

“ Nor speak I thus as though despairing quite
Of Egypt’s aid, pledged firmly, and soon due ;
Since it can neither lawful be nor right
To doubt if my king’s promises be true.
I say it but because I would excite
That nobler spirit in some whom here I view,
Which ready for all fates, howe’er forlorn,
Hopes vict’ry still, and looks on death with scorn.”

XXXIX.

So spake Argante, generously keen,
As one who had no doubtful thought to hide.
Then rises with authoritative mien
Orcano, one to loftiest house allied,
Who once of some renown in arms had been,
But since united to a youthful bride,
And blest with sons, had lost his martial fire
In the sweet ties of husband and of sire.

XL.

This man exclaimed: "I do not, Sire, accuse
The heat of this magnificent discourse,
Since from a courage, which will still refuse
To stop within the heart, it had its source;
Hence if the good Circassian's tongue may use
While speaking truth to thee too much of force,
Yet he discovers, we must all concede,
The self same force in every gallant deed.

XLI.

"But it is thy part whom a long array
Of years and of events have made so wise,
The bit of thy good counsels there to lay
Where he transgresses in too ardent guise;
The hope of succor still far off to weigh
'Gainst peril near us, yea, before our eyes,
And thy new works, and wall impaired with age
Against the enemy's arms and martial rage.

XLII.

"We are, if what I think ye deign to hear,
Within a city strong by art and site;
But on the other side are made, 'tis clear,
Vast engines and contrivances of might.
I know not what will be; I hope and fear
The most uncertain issues of the fight:
*And dread that if the siege in stricter mood
Enclose us, we shall fail at last in food;*

XLIIL.

all the corn and oxen which were poured
yesterday for thy use within the wall,
they but thought of making red the sword
under camp, and mere good chance 'twas all,
siege last would ill feed with its hoard,
all for great want, this ample capital ;
the siege needs must last although the array
might join us on the intended day.

XLIV.

if it fail, what then ? Nay, I agree
that 'twill forestall thy hope and its own word ;
not victory therefore, Sire, nor see
redemption upon these straitened walls conferred.
Combat with that Godfrey, O king, will be,
I with those chiefs, and that same warlike herd,
were routed and dispersed so oft the Persian,
Arab, Syrian, since their first incursion.

XLV.

what they are, thou who, though brave and true,
so oft hast giv'n them ground, Argante, know'st ;
who so oft hast turned thy back to view,
trusting in thy speedy feet almost.
Mada also knows it, and I too,
and these, for none can more than others boast.
Blame I any one, since I believe
I did all our valor could achieve.

XLVI.

I will speak it, though with threats elate
talk of death, and hear truth with disdain :
the foe by inevitable fate
come on (I judge from signs that are not vain) :
an embattled wall, nor nation great,
stop them that at last they shall not reign.
Witness, Heav'n, I say this from the zeal
love for king and country which I feel.

XLVII.

“The king of Tripoli could (O, how wise!)
 Win from the Christians peace, and realm no less!
 But the unyielding Soldan either lies
 Now dead, or servile chains his limbs oppress,
 Or else in exile far he fears or flies,
 Retaining life to feel its last distress;
 And yet by yielding part he still might hold
 A part preserved by gifts and annual gold.”

XLVIII.

So spake he, and his words were made to fall
 Obliquely, and uncertainly to tend;
 Since to ask peace, and other person call
 Liege lord, he dared not plainly recommend.
 But Solyman could scarce restrain his gall,
 And, hidden, hear this language to the end;
 When said the wizard: “Thee then does it please,
 O Sire, to let him use such words as these?”

XLIX.

“For me,” replied he, “’gainst my will do I
 Here hide me, and with rage and scorn am stung.”
 Instantly, ere his word had well passed by,
 The veil of cloud, which had around them hung,
 Parted and cleared into the open sky;
 And o’er him the bright light of day was flung,
 And in the midst magnanimous he shone
 With haughty mien, and spake in sudden tone:

L.

“I whom ye reason of here present stand,
 Deem not the Soldan ever fears or flies,
 And offer me to prove with this right hand
 That he there is a coward and he lies.
 I who made ample streams of blood expand,
 And on the plain mountains of dead to rise,
Closed in a wall of foes, with none to give
The slightest aid at last, I fugitive?

LI.

“ But if this man, or other like him, dare,
Unfaithful to his country and his creed,
Breathe but one word of vile submission e’er,
I slay him here, good king, if thou’rt agreed.
The lambs and wolves shall seek one common lair,
And doves and serpents in one nest shall breed,
Ere any land receive us and the Franks
Without discordant wills between our ranks.”

LII.

While thus he spake, he held his fierce right hand
Threat’ningly on the sabre at his side.
At that harangue, that front with horror scanned,
Each one continued mute and stupified.
Then with less troubled mien, and manner bland,
He turned himself toward the king, and cried :
“ Hope on, high Sire, for succor now is near
Not trifling ; Solyman is with thee here.”

LIII.

Aladine, who had ris’n tow’rd him before,
Replied : “ O how I joy, belovèd friend,
To see thee near me ! now I feel no more
My loss in slain, and feared a far worse end.
Thou canst make firm my seat, and soon restore
Thine own late fall’n, if Heav’n shall not forefend.”
Then stretched he, when the words had ceased to sound,
His arm toward his neck and clasped it round.

LIV.

The greeting o’er, the king concedes the throne
Of his own royalty to the great Nicene :
Then on the left assumes a seat bestrown
With gems, and places at his side Ismene.
And while he parleys with him, and is shown
The manner of their coming to this scene,
The lofty maid gave first the honor due
To *Solyman* ; then the others did so too.

LV.

Among the rest Ormusses also came,
Who led his Arab troops o'er covert ground,
And while the battle breathed its fiercest flame,
Through unfrequented track so stole around,
That, night and silence favouring his aim,
He brought them safe within the city's bound,
And had with grain and plundered herds conveyed
To the hunger-stricken host effectual aid.

LVI.

Amid them sole the proud Circassian stays
Quite mute there, with a stern disdainful face,
Like the huge lion when his length he lays,
And rolls his eyes, yet does not move an ace.
Orcano tow'rd the Soldan dares not raise
His eyes, but thoughtful holds them down a space.
Thus here the tyrant of the Holy Land,
The Turks' king, and the knights, in council stand.

LVII.

But Godfrey had pursued along the dale
The vict'ry, and the vanquished, and his way;
And paid meanwhile the last rites which avail
To his own slain with dirge and solemn lay;
And bade the rest be girded to assail
The city walls upon the second day;
And with more ample and terrific face
Of battle threat the immured barbarian race.

LVIII.

And he, now learning that the troop which came
To aid him 'gainst the infidels erewhile
Is of his dearest friends, and is the same
Which followed erst that guide so full of guile,
And Tancred with them, who by the false dame
Armida had been kept in prison vile,
In presence of the Hermit, and some few
O' the wiser, calls them to an interview.

LIX.

And says to them ; “ I pray that some one tell
The course of your short errors now redressed ;
And how ye after had the power so well
To give us aid when we were much distressed.”
The visage of each blushing warrior fell,
For trifling fault gnaws bitterly each breast.
At last the British king’s illustrious son,
Lifting his brows, brake silence and begun :

LX.

“ We whom the urn had with no lot supplied
Set out each secretly as might befall,
Led, I confess, by Love, that treach’rous guide,
And listing to a lovely Syren’s call ;
Through strange and crooked paths she made us ride,
Each jarring with the rest and jealous all.
Now words, and glances now, (alas ! too late
I know it) nourished both our love and hate.

LXI.

“ At last we reached the spot on which of yore
From Heav’n in ample flakes came down the flame,
And took revenge for nature outraged sore
On those who were so bold in works of shame.
That which was kindly fertile land before,
Now heated and bituminous waters claim,
And a dead lake, which, where it curves and wends,
Compresses the air, and with its smell offends.

LXII.

“ This is the pool on which no weight when thrown
E’er sinks to the bottom, whatsoe’er its mass,
But man floats on it, and hard steel, and stone,
Like fir or other lighter trees or grass.
A castle rests in it, one bridge alone
Narrow and short admitting aught to pass.
We entered in, nor know I by what art
Beauty and gladness reign in every part.

LXIII.

“The air is soft, sky calm ; the trees and meads
Are joyous ; the sweet waters brightly gleam ;
Where mid the loveliest myrtle groves proceeds
A fountain, and diffuses a small stream :
A gentle murmur from the leaves and reeds
Rains on the imbosomed lawn the quiet dream ;
Birds sing : I speak not of the marble and gold
Of which the art and work can scarce be told.

LXIV.

“Upon the grass where falls the deepest shade,
And with the sound of limpid waters near,
A table proud with sculptured urns is laid,
And rich with viands which are choice and dear.
Whate'er each season yields is here surveyed,
Whate'er earth gives, or depths of ocean rear,
Whate'er art teaches : and five score at least
Of fair and ready damsels serve the feast.

LXV.

“She with a sweet speech, and a smile of grace,
Mixed for us wicked food with deadly aim.
Now while each drank there, seated on the dais,
Lengthened oblivion with a lengthened flame,
She rose, and saying, ‘I soon resume my place,’
Back with a mien less kind and calm she came :
In one hand moved a rod ; a book was shown
In the other, and she read in a low tone.

LXVI.

“The sorc'ress reads, and I perceive my thought
And will, my life and frame too, changing slow :
Strange virtue ! with new pleasure am I fraught,
I leap into the waves and dive below.
I know not how each leg within is wrought,
And how both arms into the body grow ;
*I shorten and contract, and scales began
To clothe my skin, and I was fish, not man.*

LXVII.

“Thus also were transmuted all the rest,
And glided with me in that silver stream.
As to my state then, I am now impressed
As with a foolish, vain, and turbid dream.
At last she willed each shape should be redressed,
But mid our wonder and our fear supreme
We all were mute, when, with a sterner air,
She thus exclaims, and fills our hearts with care :

LXVIII.

“ ‘Behold my pow’r is known to you,’ she cries,
‘And how I hold o’er you imperial sway.
Hang on my will then ; who resists it, lies
In prison cut off for ever from the day ;
Some become birds ; others take root and rise
Out of earth’s breast as tree or flow’ry spray ;
Some melt to founts ; some harden into stone ;
On others’ front the shaggy hair is strown.

LXIX.

“ ‘Ye lightly can avoid my sharp disdain
When it shall please you to obey my word :
Be Pagans then, and to support our reign
’Gainst impious Bouillon let your swords be stirred.’
We all refused, and shuddered at the stain
Of pact so foul ; Rambald alone concurred.
Us, since defence availed not, in a hole
She pinioned whither daylight never stole.

LXX.

“To the same castle Tancred then was trained
By chance, and he was made a prisoner too.
But the false witch held us not long enchained ;
And, if the news which I have heard be true,
A legate from Damascus’ lord obtained
To take with him from the impious one our crew,
And us unarmed and heavily chained to bring
’Twixt *armed men* as a gift to Egypt’s king.

LXXI.

“Thus went we thence, and as it was decreed
And moved by Him who reigns o’er earth and sky,
The good Rinaldo who with lofty deed,
And recent, ever lifts his glory high,
Haps on us, and assaults the knights who lead
Our captive troop with wonted chivalry :
He slays and conquers them, and makes us don
Those arms of theirs which were at first our own.

LXXII.

“I saw him ; so did these, and we applied
Right hands to his ; and heard his voice resound.
The rumor which is here so loud has lied ;
His life is safe, his body whole and sound :
And this is the third day that with a guide,
Some pilgrim old, he left us, being bound
To Antioch ; and the arms which he had worn
He first put off as being stained and torn.”

LXXIII.

Thus spake he : and meanwhile the Eremite
Raised both his eyes up to the Heavenly shrine :
His face and color change : O ! with what light
Of holiness and reverence doth he shine !
God-filled, and rapt with zeal, he takes his flight
To seat him by supernal minds divine.
The future opes to him, and in its pages
He penetrates the endless roll of ages.

LXXIV.

Unclosing then his tongue with grander sound
Revealed he others’ haps, which would befall.
All turning tow’rd his countenance stand around
Attentive to those accents which appall.
“Rinaldo lives,” he cries, “and ’twill be found
The rest are woman’s arts and falsehoods all :
*He lives, and Heav’n reserves his tender days,
Not come to ripeness, for maturer bays.*

LXXV.

"These are but presages and childish woes
By which he is now in Asia felt and named.
Lo! I see clearly as time onward flows
The impious Cæsar met by him, and tamed;
And both the Church and Rome find sweet repose
Under the bright wings of his eagle famed,
Which shall redeem them from the wild beast's claw:
And worthy sons from him their birth shall draw.

LXXVI.

"Sons of such sons, and who from these shall spring,
A memorable example hence will gain,
And learn to shield from every unjust king
And rebel host the mitre and the fane.
To crush the proud, to raise the suffering,
Defend the guiltless, quell the impious train,
Shall be their arts. Thus soaring to the sky
Beyond the sun shall Este's eagle fly.

LXXVII.

"And justly, if it gaze at truth and light,
'Twill minister to Peter bolts that kill.
It must unfold, where'er for Christ men fight,
Its dauntless and triumphant plumage still:
Since God assigned this as its lofty right
And native custom, by His sov'reign will.
Hence 'tis ordained that it shall be re-led
To this grand enterprise from which it fled."

LXXVIII.

Wise Peter with these words dispels the fear
For good Rinaldo which prevailed around.
Godfrey alone amid the plausible cheer
Continues mute, immersed in thought profound.
Meanwhile upsprings the night, and o'er the sphere
Of earth her ebon-colored veil is wound.
The rest retire and yield their limbs to sleep:
But *o'er his thoughts no slumber yet may creep.*

CANTO XI.

ARGUMENT.

Down before God the Christian army kneels
 Imploring ; all then to the assault repair.
 The battered wall in lofty ruin reels.
 Clorinda gallantly defends it there,
 And wounds the Captain ; whom an angel heals,
 Descending from the skies with med'cine rare.
 Again he seeks the field and wins the fight ;
 But finds his vict'ries broken off by night.

I.

BUT now the Captain of the Christian race,
 With every thought bent on assault so near,
 Was ranging all the war-machines in place,
 When the monk Peter came, and where no ear
 Could catch their converse through the severing space,
 Thus reasoned, venerable and severe :
 " Thou mov'st, O Captain, earthly arms ; but thence
 It is not fitting that thou should'st commence.

II.

" From Heav'n itself begin the first assay ;
 And in devoutest public pray'rs address
 The host of Angels and of Saints, that they,
 All potent, may implore for us success.
 In sacred vest let the priests lead the way,
 And suppliant notes in pious hymns express :
*And let the vulgar learn devotion true
 From their illustrious chiefs, and go with you."*

III.

ke to him that rigid saintly guide,
 the good Bouillon hailed the advice as wise.
 ant of Christ, I shall rejoice," he cried,
 follow what thy welcome words advise.
 then I draw the leaders to my side,
 I thou the people's Pastors in like guise,
 m and Ademar; and this divine
 ious pomp be then their care and thine."

IV.

norn the two grand priests by the Eremite
 e drawn with the other lesser to that fold
 they were wont to offer solemn rite
 bin the trench on consecrated mould.
 he others wore habiliments of white,
 the two Pastors robes encrisped with gold,
 parting o'er the spotless linen fair
 d at the bosom; and they crowned their hair.

V.

recedes alone, and to and fro
 waves the sign revered in Heav'n's domain;
 comes the choir with solemn step and slow
 ding into two its lengthened train.
 uppliant song, and with the face bent low,
 rnate chanted they a double strain.
 osing both the ranks which stretched afar,
 side by side William and Ademar.

VI.

ollowed Bouillon, as the custom bade,
 g Captain, with no comrade at his side.
 ame the chiefs in pairs; and well arrayed
 camp armed for defence was next descried.
 ling thus the united people made
 xit from the trenches: and no pride
 npet rang, nor other savage tone,
 tes of love and lowliness alone.

VII.

Thee, Father, Thee, Son, equal to the Sire,
And Thee who loving breath'st from both united,
And Thee they invoke to grant them their desire,
Mother of God and man, thou Virgin plighted.
O Pow'rs, and you who move the flaming quire
Of Heav'n in triplicated order dighted,
O Saint, and thee, who washedst at the stream
The chaste humanity of the brow supreme,

VIII.

They invoke; and thee, the rock on whom repose
The Church's firm foundations as a base,
Where now thy worthy new successor throws
Wide ope the gates of pardon and of grace;
And the others sent by Jesus to disclose
News of His conqu'ring death in every place;
And those who followed to confirm the truth,
And sealed it with their blood shed without ruth:

IX.

Those too who wont by pen or speech to tell
The long lost path to Heav'n as warning guides,
And Jesus' faithful handmaid, loved so well,
Who chose that nobler life where peace abides;
And virgins cloistered in the modest cell,
Who yield themselves to God as holy brides;
And those magnanimous at the rack and stake,
Whose courage kings and nations could not shake.

X.

Thus the meek host with songs, now loud, now low,
Unfolding into curves, and length'ning, came,
And bent tow'rd Olivet its movement slow,
A mount which from the olive takes its name,
A mount whose holy fame all nations know,
Which soars against the rampart's Eastward aim,
Cut off from these by the deep vale alone
Of Joshaphat which 'twixt the two lies prone.

XI.

There wends the army with melodious pace,
And the deep valleys ring with thrilling sound,
And the high hills, and caverns at their base;
And echoes from a thousand points rebound:
And hidd'n among the leaves one seems to trace
A woodland choir, and in the hollow ground,
So frequently repeated with acclaim
Is heard now Christ's, now Mary's mighty name.

XII.

Meanwhile the Pagans with amazement strong
Marked as they mutely stood upon the wall
Those tardy windings, and that humble song,
The unwonted pomps, and rites unknown to all.
The wretched heathens, when the sight from long
Observance of it had begun to pall,
Yelled loudly; and with blasphemies and spite
The torrents roared, the vale, and mountain height.

XIII.

But, yet the people of Jesus never spared
One whit to chant the sweet and holy strain;
Nor turned they at those cries, nor further cared
More than for flocks of birds that babble in vain;
Nor, though there fell some arrows, were they scared,
Since these could not disturb their peaceful train
From flight so far: hence until all was done,
They carried on the sacred notes begun.

XIV.

Then on the summit of the hill they lay
The altar, with the solemn supper spread;
And on both sides bright as the beams of day
Flames from a lamp of brilliant gold are shed.
Here William dons a different array
Enriched with gold; and, thoughtful, bends his head:
And then proceeds his sounding voice to raise,
Himself accuses, gives God thanks, and prays.

XV.

The foremost round him humbly list'ning stand,
The furthest fix on him at least their eyes.
But when he had gone through the myst'ries grand
Of the pure sacrifice, "Depart," he cries.
And, lifting up his sacerdotal hand
In front, he blesses all their companies.
The pious squadrons now retreating pour
Along the self-same paths they trod before.

XVI.

The trenches being reached, and ranks dispersed,
Back to his home the pious Godfrey went ;
And crowds escorted him far as they durst,
E'en to the very limits of his tent.
Here turning he dismissed the others first,
But kept with him the leaders, whom he meant
To grace at table ; and to front him chose
That seated be the aged Count Toulouse.

XVII.

And when the natural wish for food was driven
Aside and importuning thirst repressed,
Said to the chiefs the grand Chief: "When in Heaven
Day dawns, let all be to the assault addressed.
That will be battle's day, and toil's ; be given
This one to preparation and to rest :
Go therefore each to his repose, and then
Prepare himself and all his warring men."

XVIII.

These took their leave, and then the heralds made
By sound of trumpet proclamation wide,
That every warrior should be well arrayed
And prompt for arms when dawn was next espied.
Part of the day was thus in rest outlaid,
Part was to action and to thought applied,
Until the calm night, friendly to repose,
Once more brought all their labor to a close,

XIX.

The dawn was doubtful yet, and immature
The birth of day was in the orient still;
Nor was the hard plough cleaving yet the moor;
Nor was the shepherd come back to the hill;
Within the boughs each bird remained secure;
Nor hound nor horn had made the woodland thrill;
When first the morning trump began to sound
To arms; to arms the echoing skies rebound.

XX.

To arms! to arms! one sound pervades the mass,
A hundred squadrons taking up the cry.
Brave Godfrey rises, nor his own cuirass
Takes he, nor will his wonted greaves apply;
He clothes him with another, and may pass
For soldier of the lightest infantry;
And has already donned that easy load,
When the good Raymond reaches his abode.

XXI.

Seeing the Chief thus armed he guessed ere long
The thought, which in his bosom must prevail.
“Where is,” he cried, “thy breastplate heavy and strong,
And where, Sire, is thine other iron mail?
Why thus in part unarmed? Indeed ’tis wrong
That thou should’st go with a defence so frail.
Now from these signs in thee I judge thine aim
Is but to reach a humble goal of fame.

XXII.

“What seekest thou? the private palm bestowed
For scaling ramparts? These let others mount,
And lives less great and useful, which are owed
For risks like these, expose to battle’s brunt.
Do thou resume, Sire, thine accustomed load,
And of thyself have care on our account.
Thy life, the soul and safety of our host,
Be not, O Heav’n, for want of caution lost.”

XXIII.

He ceased ; the other answered : “ Understand
That when in Claremont the great Urban drew
This sword around me, and his mighty hand
Bound me to knighthood’s laws devout and true,
I made a vow to Heav’n, not of the grand
Conspicuous service from a captain due,
But to employ here, whensoever the hour,
A private warrior’s utmost arms and pow’r.

XXIV.

“ When then I shall have drawn up in array
The nations all, and moved them ’gainst the foe,
And been enabled fully to defray
The duties which as Prince supreme I owe,
’Tis reason, nor wilt thou, I think, gainsay,
That to assault the walls I also go,
And keep the promise which to Heav’n I gave :
Me may that Heav’n in mercy guard and save.”

XXV.

Thus he concluded, and each Frankish knight
Followed that mode ; the younger Bouillons too :
Also the other chiefs in part were dight
In lesser arms, foot soldiers to the view.
Meanwhile the Pagans now had manned the height
There where the wall incurved itself and drew
Toward the West from the cold Northern wain,
Where ’tis less safe, being seated on the plain :

XXVI.

Since elsewhere may the city safely cast
All fear aside, and all assault defy.
Here the bad tyrant has not only amassed
The braver folk and listed infantry,
But children and old men he calls at last
To labor, since their all is on that die :
*And these go carrying to the stouter hearts
Sulphur, bitumen, lime, and stones, and darts.*

XXVII.

ith machines and arms they had filled before
 of that wall which on the plain is based :
 ere like a grim giant, keen for gore,
 Soldan rises upward from the waist ;
 e threat'ning there is tow'ring o'er
 battlements, and may from far be traced :
 n the angular tow'r nearest the sky
 da shines conspicuously high.

XXVIII.

t her back the quiver, which expands
 h a huge load of pointed shafts, depends.
 olds the bow already in her hands,
 arrow is on the cord, the weapon bends :
 een to strike, the lovely archer stands
 ting for whatsoever foe ascends.
 was the Delian virgin deemed of old
 ot from where the loftier clouds were rolled.

XXIX.

lower on foot the greyhaired monarch plies
 n gate to gate, and what upon the wall
 st had ordered, scans with cautious eyes,
 l cheers and comforts the defenders all :
 art with troops he strengthens, there supplies
 e arms, and cares for aught that may befall.
 e afflicted matrons seek the fane
 plore their false and impious God again :

XXX.

k the Frank robber's spear, Lord," cried each dame,
 ith Thy just hand and strong, and who such great
 e has offered to Thy glorious name
 t down and scatter under the tall gate."
 spake they ; and Hell heard not their acclaim
 ong the shrieks of misery and hate.
 while the city toils and feels alarms,
 ious *Chief unfolds the troops and arms.*

XXXI.

Forth from the camp his infantry in detail
With caution and the finest art he brings ;
And 'gainst the walls he wishes to assail
Obliquely parts them into two broad wings :
Midmost he puts his instruments of bale,
Horrid balistæ and gigantic slings,
From which against the embattled heights are thrown
Like thunderbolts the lance now, now the stone.

XXXII.

And as a guard he puts the horse i' the rear
Of the infantry, and sends the scouts around :
Then gives the battle signal loud and clear ;
And the archers and the slingers so abound,
Such arms, too, fly from his mechanic gear,
That on the ramparts thinner ranks are found.
Some lie there slain, and others hurry down :
Already has the wall a scantier crown.

XXXIII.

The Frankish nation rushes o'er the field
With the most rapid and impetuous tread :
Part of them join together shield to shield,
And make with these a cov'ring for the head ;
Part under the machines remain concealed,
Thus sheltered from the hail of stones so dread,
And when the fosse is reached, with heap on heap
They labour to fill up the void and deep.

XXXIV.

The fosse was not of marshy mud composed,
(The site forbade) nor there did water flow ;
And hence though broad and deep 'twas quickly closed
By stones, trees, clods, whate'er there was to throw.
Meanwhile the rash Alcasto first exposed
His head, and raised a ladder from below ;
Nor stony hail, nor rain of heated pitch,
Restrained him, and he fixed it o'er the ditch.

XXXV.

he Swiss, upmounting, and defying fate,
Has finished half of his aerial way,
mark for myriad darts, which ne'er abate
His efforts nor can make his footsteps stay;
Then a stone, round, and of enormous weight,
Swift as if huge bombard had made it play,
strikes on his helm, and hurls him down below:
and the Circassian 'twas who had launched the blow.

XXXVI.

ot mortal, but so grave the stroke and fall,
That stunned he lies, and not a limb can rear.
Argante then, with loud and savage call:
"The first is fall'n, who second will appear?
Why not come openly to assail the wall,
Ye skulking warriors, since I hide not here?
ought shall avail your strangely covered pens;
ut ye shall die there like wild beasts in dens."

XXXVII.

ie spake, yet for his speaking those concealed
Cease not the more, nor those in bristling bower,
ut joined and crowded, each beneath his shield,
Sustain the shafts and weights from wall and tower.
ready to the wall the ram has wheeled
Its huge machines and beams of sumless power,
Those ram-like head is armed with iron plates,
nd butting terrifies the walls and gates.

XXXVIII.

eanwhile a hundred hands with all their might
Roll a huge mass prepared aloft before,
Which where the tortoise is most dense and tight
Falls down and seems a mountain toppling o'er:
nd the union of the shields being severed quite,
It breaks of helmets and of skulls a score;
nd all the ground about the spot remains
wrinkled and red with arms, blood, bones, and brains.

XXXIX.

No longer now do the assailants keep
Behind the shelter of the tall machine,
But to the open risk abroad they sweep
From perils blind, and make their valor seen.
Some fix the ladders, and climb up the steep,
Some batter the foundation, rivals keen;
The wall rocks, and its flanks already crack
To ruins wearied by the Franks' attack:

XL.

And would have fallen at the horrid blows
Redoubled by the ram which swung from far;
But from the battlements the enemy shows
A brave defence with all the arts of war;
And lets down bales of wool to interpose
Where'er the mighty beam is stretched to jar;
The soft and pliant bulk receives the blow
Upon itself, and makes it weak and slow.

XLI.

While in the mural combat foe with foe
Had fought with gallantry that knew no dread.
Seven times Clorinda bent her fatal bow,
And sev'n times loosed it, and a shaft was sped;
And all the arrows which flew down below
Bedyed their steel and feathers with the red,
Not of base blood, but such as princes claim;
That proud one scorning an ignoble aim.

XLII.

The first knight whom she wounded was the heir
And youthful scion of the English king,
Scarce had he drawn his head from sheltered lair,
When sprang the fatal arrow from the string,
Nor did an iron gauntlet make it spare
His right hand, but through that it drove its sting:
So that disabled he must needs retire
Gnashing his teeth, but less from pain than ire.

XLIII.

The Count d'Amboise upon the fosse's side,
And on the ladder then Clothaire the Frank,
The first transfix'd from breast to shoulder died,
And this pierced through from one to the other flank.
And while the Flemish lord his strength applied
To push the ram forth, in his left arm sank
A shaft which slack'd his pace; and he designed
To extract it, and the iron stay'd behind.

XLIV.

While Ademar far off had turned to view
Incautious the fierce fight, the fatal cane
Arriving straight against his forehead flew :
He stretch'd his right hand to the trifling pain,
When lo ! there came another shaft anew
Upon his hand and pinned it to the brain ;
On which he fell, and of his sacred blood
Poured o'er those woman's arms an ample flood.

XLV.

While Palamede, who scorning all retreat
Had nigh the summit reared his dauntless head,
Was guiding up the lofty steps his feet,
Tow'rd his right brow the seventh arrow sped,
And traversing quite through the hollow seat
And nerves of the eye, came out behind all red
E'en through the nape ; he toppled o'er and died
Beneath the rock which he had thus defied.

XLVI.

So shot she. Godfrey with increasing might
Redoubles his assault in the mean time.
Beside a gateway he has placed in site
Of all his huge machines the most sublime.
This is a tow'r of wood whose emulous height
Attains e'en that to which the ramparts climb,
A tow'r which charged with men, and armed with steel,
Comes dragged along upon the creaking wheel.

XLVII.

The rolling mass comes hurling from afar
Lances and shafts, and nearer now doth glide,
And strives, as ship with ship is wont in war,
To reach the opposing walls and become tied.
But he who guards them, and the attempt would mar,
Thrusts at its front, and at its either side,
And backward pushes it with spears, and smites
With stones the wheels now, now the embattled heights.

XLVIII.

From this side and from that the dart and stone
So flew that Heav'n was darkened by the mass:
There strove two clouds in air, and weapons thrown
Fell back to whence they had essayed to pass.
As, hurtled from their branch, the leaves are strown
By raindrops hardened into icy glass,
And e'en the fruit though yet unripened falls;
So fell the Saracens from off the walls;

XLIX.

Since the harm lights on them with keener spite
Because in less of steel their limbs they fold.
Part of the living also take to flight,
Scared at the thunder of the mass uprolled.
But he who once was Nice's tyrant hight
Remains, and keeps the few there who are bold:
And fierce Argante in that perilous hour,
Snatching a beam, runs to oppose the tow'r,

L.

And thrusts and keeps it back far as avail
His arms for strength, and the huge pine is long.
The sov'reign virgin also armed in mail
Descends to share the perils with that throng.
The Franks meanwhile cut from the pendent bale
Its each sustaining rope off, and each thong,
With lengthened scythes; and hence, these falling down,
The wall is left exposed to battle's frown.

LI.

And thus the tow'r above, and ram below,
 Beat it with blows as swift as they are vast;
 Hence pierced and broken it begins to show
 The secret and internal ways at last.
 The Captain wends, nor has he far to go,
 Near to the tremulous wall now crumbling fast,
 Closed completely in his larger shield
 With which he seldom wont to take the field;

LII.

And cautiously directing hence his sight,
 Marks Solyman come down toward the plain,
 And place him at the perilous pass aright
 To guard the ruins of the mural chain:
 And still Clorinda and the Egyptian knight
 Defending the tall road aloft remain.
 As gazed he and already felt his breast
 All glowing with a new and gen'rous zest.

LIII.

Hence turning said he to the good Sigier,
 Who bare his bow for him and other shield:
 O faithful squire of mine, give to me here
 This load so much less troublesome to wield;
 For I shall try to mount without a peer
 O'er crumbled stones yon pass dimly revealed:
 And from our valor time it is indeed
 That some illustrious action should proceed."

LIV.

As shield being changed, these accents yet were new,
 When tow'rd him in its flight an arrow came,
 And on his leg alighting pierced it through
 Amid the nerves most ready to inflame.
 Then said, Clorinda, 'twas thy hand that drew
 The unerring bow, and thine is all the fame:
 This day still thy Pagans remain free
 From bonds or death, they owe the boon to thee.

LV.

But the most gallant Chief, as though no pain
Resulted from a wound whence death impends,
Slacks not his foot from its career again,
But mounts the ruins, and invites his friends.
Yet soon perceives he that he tasks in vain
The limb now rendered useless for such ends,
And that he more inflames it by this course ;
And hence at last he quits the assault perforce.

LVI.

And calling Guelph to him with beck of hand,
He saith to him : " I go away forespent ;
Do thou meantime assume the chief command,
To fill the void I leave while at my tent.
By one brief hour my absence will be spanned ;
I hasten and return." This said, he went ;
And mounting a light steed he could not win
The trench and not be seen ere entering in.

LVII.

The Captain thus departing, there departs
The Frankish fortune too, and cedes the field.
The enemy gains fresh vigor, hope re-starts
Within him, and his valor again is steeled.
That reckless courage in the Faithful hearts
Engendered by success begins to yield :
Each sword already is more slow to wound,
And e'en the trumpets give a languid sound.

LVIII.

And 'twixt the battlements are soon replaced
The crowds which had been scattered in despair.
And marking there the heroine brave and chaste,
True love of country arms now e'en the fair,
Behold them run and mount on guard in haste,
With gown succinct and loosely scattered hair,
*And hurl the weapon, and display no fear
To expose the breast for walls which are so dear.*

LIX.

And that which fills the Franks with more of dread
And lessens it in those who man the height,
Is that the pow'rful Guelph falls as one dead,
And this occurs in either people's sight.
To him mid thousands is his fortune sped,
And a stone finds him after lengthened flight.
At the same time a missile from the walls
Hits Raymond likewise, and he also falls.

LX.

And Eustace, bent on winning glory's goal,
Was roughly pierced then on the fosse's bank.
Nor did the foe strike one blow of the whole
In that sad hour so luckless to the Frank
(Though many struck) which did not from the soul
Disjoin some body, or which fell quite blank.
And the Circassian fiercer than before
In such prosperity shouts to them once more :

LXI.

"This is not Antioch, nor is this night
Which Christian frauds have often found their friend,
Ye see the people stirring, the sun bright,
Another form of war, and other end.
Stays there not in you, then, one spark alight
Of love of praise and booty, that ye spend
No efforts more, and weary turn again
From brief assault, O Frankish maids, not men?"

LXII.

Thus reasons he and makes his fury swell
To such a torrent by that wordy fray,
That the broad city which he guards so well
Seems field too narrow for his might's display :
And forth he bounds to where the huge wall fell,
And where its fissure leaves an open way ;
And fills the gap up, and meantime he cries
To *Solyman*, whom near him he espies :

LXIII.

“Lo, Solyman, the place, and lo the hour
Which on our valor shall at last decide.
Why yield? What fear'st thou? Let in yonder stour
To him who woos it most, the palm betide.”
Thus spake he, and then each from wall and tow'r
Went forth precipitate with emulous stride,
One lashed by rage, and one by honor driven
And stung by the fierce invitation given.

LXIV.

Sudden and unforeseen arrived the twain,
And all their rivalry on the foe was shown :
And by them were so many people slain,
And shields and helms were scattered and o'erthrown,
And ladders broken, and rams hewn down amain,
That as it were a mountain seemed to have grown,
And, blent with the deep ruins, to have piled
Another rampart, for the one despoiled.

LXV.

They who before were hot aspirants all
For mural crowns, and filled with martial fire,
Not only wish not now to pass the wall,
But e'en for self-defence have small desire ;
And yield to the fresh onslaught, and let fall
The tow'rs a prey to the two warriors' ire,
Tow'rs which in other war can ne'er be used,
With such a fury are they strick'n and bruised.

LXVI.

Rush the two Pagans in that hot debate
Further and further on with waxing pow'r ;
Call to the citizens for fire, and straight
Carry two flaming pines toward the tow'r.
Such went to issue from Tartarean gate,
And overturn the world in evil hour,
The ministers of Pluto, sisters dire,
Shaking their snaky locks and torch of fire.

LXVII.

But now the unconquered Tancred who elsewhere
Cheers to the assault the troops whom he commands.
Soon as he sees the incredible efforts there,
The double flame, and two great piny brands,
Breaks off his words that he may quick repair
To curb the fury of the Paynim bands :
And proves his valor in such dreadful guise
That he who had won and chased, loses and flies.

LXVIII.

Thus in this quarter was the battle plied
As varying fortune varied the event.
In the meantime the wounded Chief has hied
Far as the trench, and gained his ample tent,
With good Sigier, with Baldwin at his side,
And a thick crowd of friends together blent.
He strives with too much haste, or little craft,
To draw the arrow forth, and breaks the shaft ;

LXIX.

And bids that the most nigh and speedy way
To work a cure upon him shall be ta'en ;
That in the hollow wound the steel shall play,
And largely carve the flesh, and cut the vein.
“ Restore me to the war, so that with day
It close not ere I seek the host again.”
He speaks and offers, as he grasps the ash
Of a huge lance, the hurt limb to the gash.

LXX.

And ancient Erotimus, born on Po's
Far distant bank, now comes to tend the wound ;
He of each herb and noble water knows
The virtues, and what use in each is found :
Dear to the Muses also, but he chose
The lesser glory of arts which make no sound :
To save from death frail bodies was his aim ;
Yet could he make immortal too a name.

LXXI.

The Chieftain, firmly placed and self-possessed,
Rebukes the plaint of his attendant band.
The leech in robe succinct and with the vest
Unfolded from his arm, all light and bland,
Now tries in vain with potent herbs to wrest
The barb away, and now with skillful hand ;
Attempts it with the fingers, and has brought
The steel to aid his grasp, yet prospers nought.

LXXII.

Fortune in no way seconds his great art,
And never seems to smile on his intent.
And now the wounded hero feels the smart
So dreadful that his life is well-nigh spent.
But here his guardian angel, moved at heart
By his unmerited pain, from Ida rent
Some dittany, an herb with purple flower
Which has in its young leaves a lofty power.

LXXIII.

And Nature well instructs the mountain goat
In all the virtue which is there concealed,
Whene'er 'tis struck and in its shaggy coat
There stays affixed the missile winged and steeled.
This has the angel brought, though far remote
Its dwelling, ere a moment's time has wheeled,
And mid the healing waters, prompt for use
As soothing lotions, pours unseen the juice ;

LXXIV.

And liquids which from Lydia's fountain flow,
And odorous all-heal, there he mingles too.
These the old man sprinkles on the wound, and lo !
The barb of its own self comes forth to view,
The bleeding is self-staunched, and the sharp woe
Now quits the leg, and strength returns anew.
Then Erotimus cries : " No master art,
Nor this my mortal hand, has cured thy smart.

LXXV.

“ A higher pow’r has wrought: a spirit for thee
Become physician, has fled down from far;
For marks of a celestial hand I see.

Take arms, why loiter? and return to war.”
Greedy for battle, Godfrey wraps his knee
I’ the purple to secure it from all jar,
And brandishes his mighty lance, and grasps
His shield thrown down there, and his helm he clasps.

LXXVI.

He issues from the trench, and tow’rd the wall
Where shaken turns with thousands in his train.
Heav’n o’er them darkened with a dusty pall,
Earth under trembled as they struck the plain;
The foes perceived him from their station tall
Approach from far, and froz’n was every vein,
And a cold tremor ran through every bone:
He thrice upraised to Heav’n his martial tone.

LXXVII.

His people know that haughty voice, that cry,
Which has so often cheered them to the fight;
And once more to the strife they swiftly hie,
Resuming the attack with all their might.
The Pagan pair, themselves untaught to fly,
Have drawn into the breach amid the flight,
Defending, obstinate, the cloven pass
From Tancred and his followers’ serried mass.

LXXVIII.

Disdainful all, and threat’ning, to this post
Came wrapt in arms the General of France,
And singling fierce Argante from the host
Hurled at him first his flashing iron lance.
No mural instrument of war could boast
To make its bolt with more of force advance.
Along the air thundered the knotty spear:
Argante opposed his shield, and knew no fear.

LXXIX:

Quite through the shield the piercing weapon passed,
 Nor could the hard cuirass its force sustain ;
 For it burst through all fences, and at last
 It drank the Saracen blood, and showed the stain.
 But the Circassian plucked it, though fixed fast,
 Forth from his mail and veins, nor felt the pain ;
 And hurled it at the Chief, saying : " What thou'st thrown
 I send thee back ; from me receive thine own."

LXXX.

Now on attack, and now on vengeance bent,
 The spear through the known path flew and re-flew ;
 But yet it struck not him 'gainst whom 'twas sent,
 Who stooped, and from the stroke his head withdrew.
 It caught the good Sigier whose throat was rent
 And by the obdurate iron traversed through ;
 Nor did he quit the realms of light with grief,
 Thus dying for his own beloved Chief.

LXXXI.

Just then, too, was the Norman knight struck sore
 By a huge rock hurled from the Soldan's hand ;
 He twisted at the blow, trembled all o'er,
 And like a wheeling top fell on the sand.
 Then Godfrey could restrain his rage no more
 At these affronts so great, and grasped his brand ;
 And on the pile of ruins mounted high,
 And thenceforth carried on the war from nigh.

LXXXII.

And wondrous things he would have there displayed,
 And deadly strifes the muse had had to sing ;
 But night came forth and all the wide world laid
 Beneath the gloomy horrors of her wing,
 And slowly interposed her peaceful shade
 Mid wretched mortals whom such passions sting.
*So Godfrey ceased and called his host away ;
 And thus was closed the sanguinary day.*

LXXXIII.

But ere the pious Bouillon quits the ground
He has the sick and faint borne off with care ;
Nor leaves the wreck of his machines around
A booty for his enemies to share.
But safe, so haps it, the grand tow'r is found
Which struck the enemy with such despair :
Though in some places its gigantic form
Be torn and battered by the horrid storm.

LXXXIV.

Forward it came, escaped from perilous plight,
Arriving at a place secure at last.
But as a ship which takes full sail its flight
Over the stormy sea and scorns the blast,
Then on the sands, when port is just in sight,
Or on the treach'rous rocks, is rudely cast ;
Or as a courser passes the rough road,
And trips and falls when near his sweet abode :

LXXXV.

Thus fell the tow'r, and thus upon that side
Which had sustained the blows of stone and spear,
Broke two weak wheels, so that unfit to glide
It ceased to move, all ruined in its gear :
But they who guided it their force applied
To underprop it, and stood with it here
Until the ready smiths should come around,
And cure the damage of its every wound.

LXXXVI.

Thus Godfrey ordered who desired its aid
Ere the new sun should mount the Eastern steep ;
And, occupying every path, he laid
His guards in order round the soaring heap.
But to the city clearly was conveyed
The sound of iron tools and voices deep,
And myriad torches near were seen to shine,
Whence all that happed they knew, or could divine.

CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.

Whence, where, and when, she first had oped her eyes
 Clorinda hears now from her guardian squire :
 Then secretly with fierce Argante hies
 Toward the foe and sets the tow'r on fire.
 At last with Tancred combating, she dies ;
 But e'en in death new life does she respire,
 The life from baptism ; and he meanwhile
 Fills with his sighs the air, with tears the soil.

I.

'Tis night, and neither people yet has ta'en
 Refreshing sleep, though both with toil distressed :
 But wakeful here the Franks on guard remain,
 Bent on mechanic work with eager zest ;
 And there the Pagans render strong again
 Their every fence, where tottering and depressed,
 And the rent wall they busily repair :
 And of the wounded there is common care.

II.

The wounds were tended now, and of the whole
 Nocturnal labours some had reached their close,
 And others slackened as the shadow stole
 More dark and still, inviting to repose.
 Yet had the daring maid not calmed her soul
 Still thirsty for the prize which fame bestows ;
Where others ceased from toil, fresh toil she sought,
And, with Argante at her side, thus thought :

III.

oldan and Argante both have shown
 y such feats as eye had never seen,
 lied forth amid such hosts alone,
 battered down each Christian war-machine :
 , and this is all the praise I own,
 distant arms aloft behind a screen,
 er not unhappy I confess.
 is then be a woman's whole success ?

IV.

etter far 'twere to wing shaft and spear
 e wild beasts in forest or in dell,
 ow myself to be a maiden here
 e valor shines, and cavaliers excel !
 I not resume my woman's gear,
 thy of it, and shut me up in cell ?"
 e her thoughts ; she ponders and she burns
 and resolve, and to the warrior turns :

V.

ime, Sire, has my mind felt strange desires
 estless impulses which make it yearn
 ht of daring ; these or God inspires,
 in our own will a God discern.
 outside the hostile trench, yon fires :
 er I go with steel and torch to burn
 'r there. Thus much would I fain achieve ;
 to Heav'n's good Providence I leave.

VI.

it hap that fate shall interfere
 my return from an uncertain quest,
 do I confide my maidens dear,
 im who loves me with paternal zest.
 to Egypt pass them o'er, and cheer
 eary old man and the dames distressed.
 love of Heav'n, Sire, for their age
alike thy pity should engage."

VII.

Argante was struck dumb, and felt the spur
 Of glory pricking in his bosom proud.
 "Shalt thou go thither, then, and leave me here,"
 He cried, "neglected mid the vulgar crowd?
 And from a part secure shall I prefer
 To watch the burning spark and smoky cloud?
 No, no; if erst in arms thy comrade true,
 So will I be in glory and death too.

VIII.

"I too, like thee, can spurn at death, and bliss
 I also deem it to spend life for fame."
 "That gen'rous sally of thine," she said, "must this
 To all the world eternally proclaim.
 Me, a mere maid, the city would not miss
 In its distress, whene'er my last hour came;
 But if, O heaven forbid it! thou should'st fall,
 Who will survive then to defend the wall?"

IX.

The knight responded: "Vainly dost thou plead
 A false excuse against my settled will:
 Thy footsteps will I follow if thou lead,
 But if refused, I will precede them still."
 They seek the king, then, being thus agreed,
 Who greets them 'mong the highest in rank and skill:
 Clorinda then begins: "Hear what, O Sire,
 We wish to tell, and grant us our desire.

X.

"Argante, and the vaunt will not be vain,
 Here undertakes to burn yon tall machine.
 I shall be with him: and we but refrain
 Till weariness bring slumber more serene."
 The monarch raised his hands, and joyful rain
 Descending on his furrowed cheek was seen:
*And, "Praised be Thou," he cries, "who still hast shown
 Thy servants grace, and still preserv'st my throne.*

XI.

“Nor will it fall for many long long days
If souls thus brave in its defence are found.
But what can I bestow of gift or praise
To equal your deserts, O pair renowned?
Let fame applaud you in immortal lays,
And fill the wide world with its echoing sound:
The work is its own meed, yet add beside
No trifling portion of my kingdom wide.”

XII.

This said, the hoary king hasted to strain
Now this, now that one, in embraces kind.
The Soldan who was by, nor strove to rein
The generous rivalry which filled his mind,
Exclaimed: “This sword, too, is not girt in vain;
It shall come with you, or not far behind.”
“Ah!” said Clorinda, “shall we all essay
This one emprise? If thou go’st, who will stay?”

XIII.

Thus spake she to him, and refusal proud
Argante would have given with angry mien;
But here the king, utt’ring these words aloud
And kindly to the Soldan, stept between:
“O warrior grand, thy deeds have still avowed
Thee equal to thyself, wherever seen;
Whom front of peril has not e’er inspired
With terror, nor has battle ever tired.

XIV.

“I know that issuing forth thou would’st display
Deeds worthy thee: yet ’twere unwisely shared
That all should go, nor one within should stay
Of you with whom none else can be compared.
Nor would I suffer these to take their way,
For well their blood is worthy to be spared,
Were such a work less useful, or I thought
That by another force it could be wrought.

XV.

“ But since such numbers near the lofty tow’r
On every side of it keep guard complete,
That of a few they will defy the pow’r,
And to go forth with many is unmeet ;
E’en let the pair who seek this perilous hour,
And often with such risks have dared compete,
Go forth and prosper, for their worth is such
That that of thousands does not sum so much.

XVI.

“ Do thou, as to thy kingly rank is due,
Beside the portals with the rest attend,
And when, as I hope firmly, thou shalt view
These back return, and the red flames ascend,
If any hostile squadron shall pursue,
Repel it, and them rescue and defend.”
Thus spake the one king, and the other stood
Calmed by his words, yet in no joyful mood.

XVII.

Ismene then added : “ Ye who thus will go,
I pray you let one short hour intervene,
Until I shall compound a ball below
To fasten on and burn the huge machine.
Perchance too then some portion of the foe
Who guard it may repose in sleep serene.”
This was agreed : and in his own retreat
Each waits the fitting hour for the grand feat.

XVIII.

Clorinda laid aside her robes inwrought
With silver, her rich mail, and glitt’ring crest,
And put on others not adorned in aught,
Rusty and black, sad omen and unblest !
Because when she was thus disguised she thought
She could approach the hostile forces best.
Arsetes was at hand, eunuch of worth
Who had nursed her from her cradle and her birth ;

XIX.

and, dragging after her in every plight
 His aged limbs, he followed now behind.
 He saw the arms exchanged, and guessed aright
 The grand risk of the work which she designed ;
 and sorely grieved ; and by his hair grown white
 In serving her, and by the memory kind
 Of all his duties, earnestly he prayed
 That she would quit the attempt ; nor moved the maid.

XX.

At last he said : " Since then in its own ill
 Thy froward mind so hardens that no more
 My wearied years, nor my affectionate will,
 Nor pray'rs can move it, nor the tears I pour,
 further will explain, and give thee skill
 Of things of thine which were obscure before :
 then follow my advice, or thy desire."
 As he went on, her brows were lifted higher.

XXI.

There reigned o'er Ethiopia, and may reign
 Even now, Senapus with a prosperous sway,
 who keeps the laws of Him in Jewry slain,
 and his black people follow the same way.
 When a slave there I, and mid the train
 of maids a feminine part had I to play.
 I was minister to the royal bride,
 whom, though dusky, charms were not denied.

XXII.

My husband doats on her, so that love's flame
 melts the ice of jealousy in him are even.
 In all degrees with still advancing aim
 his foolish zeal to such a height is driven,
 now from all men he would shut the dame ;
 he'd hide her from so many eyes of Heaven.
 Be meek and meek, regards as her reward
 assure all things which can please her lord.

XXIII.

“ Her room was painted with a piteous tale
Of two religious figures, much renowned.
A virgin, with complexion finely pale
And vermeil cheek, is near a dragon bound :
A knight with lance has pierced the monster's mail ;
The beast in its own blood lies on the ground.
Here frequently she kneels, and open lays
Her silent trespasses, and weeps and prays.

XXIV.

“ Pregnant meanwhile, when the due time has passed
She bears a babe, 'twas thou, extremely fair.
Disturbed, and at the unwonted hues aghast,
She feels as though a miracle were there.
But knowing the king's furious mood, at last
Resolves to hide the birth from him with care ;
Since from thy spotless white he would infer
A faith that was not without spot in her.

XXV.

“ A black child was just born, as it befell,
And this she thinks to show him 'stead of thee.
And since the tow'r which was her prisoning cell
Was dwelt in only by her maids and me,
She gives me, who had served and loved her well,
Thy tender form, though unbaptized thou be.
Nor could she give thee baptism at the time,
Such was the usage of that southern clime.

XXVI.

“ She held thee forth to me with weeping eyes,
And bade me rear thee in a distant place.
Who can describe her grief, and in what guise
She sobbed and lingered o'er the last embrace ?
She bathed thy cheeks in tears, and her deep sighs
And passionate complaints held equal pace.
At last she raised her eyes, and said : ‘ O Thou,
All-seeing, who art in my heart e'en now ;

XXVII.

“ ‘If pure this heart, and if these members rest
Intact yet, and my bed no stain defile,
I pray not for myself, who have confessed
A thousand faults, and in Thy sight am vile :
O save the innocent babe whose mother's breast
Denies it milk : and let it live long while
Resembling me in chastity alone ;
Elsewhere the example of its fate be shown.

XXVIII.

“ ‘Thou, heav'nly warrior, who redeem'dst the maid
From that tremendous reptile's impious bite,
If on thine altar I have ever laid
Gold or sweet incense or the taper's light,
Pray for her so that to thy saving aid,
Thine handmaid, she may haste in every plight.'
She ceased ; her heart grew faint and stopt its race,
And pallid death was painted on her face.

XXIX.

“ ‘With tears I took thee and in pannier small
Conveyed thee forth concealed in leaves and flow'rs.
I hid thee, and let no suspicion fall
On aught e'en in my most unguarded hours.
Unknown I went, and through the forest tall
Proceeding 'mid the horror-shaded bow'rs,
I saw a tiger coming tow'rd me straight
With anger in its eyes and threatful hate.

XXX.

“ ‘I leapt into a tree, and on the ground
Abandoned thee, so sudden was my dread.
The horrid beast arrived, and turning round
Its haughty front, to thee its looks were sped.
Subdued and softened quite, no more it frowned,
And in its gestures peace and love were read.
Then slowly it drew near, and with its tongue
Caressed thee ; and thou smil'dst, and up were flung

XXXI.

“Thine arms to clasp it ; and thy tiny hand
About the savage jaw securely played.
It offered thee the teat with gesture bland
As nurses use ; thou took'st the proffered aid.
Meanwhile did I look on, as one who scanned
New frightful marvels, timid and dismayed.
When the beast saw thee with the milky food
Full sated, it withdrew and sought the wood :

XXXII.

“And then descending I resumed my load,
And turned to whither first my steps had veered ;
And in a village taking my abode,
There had thee in complete seclusion reared.
I stayed there till the sun so largely strode
Along his orb that sixteen months were cleared.
Thou with thy tongue still milky could'st repeat
But stamm'ring sounds, and totter on thy feet.

XXXIII.

“But since at last my years, no longer green,
Were verging tow'rd old age in their descent,
Rich and contented with what gold the queen
So royally gave me when from her I went,
I longed to bring me from that foreign scene
And wand'ring life to where my youth was spent ;
To live in the dear spot 'mid friends of old,
And temper at my own hearth winter's cold.

XXXIV.

“I started and tow'rd Egypt whence I sprang,
Taking thee with me, I pursued my way ;
And near a torrent robbers' voices rang
On this side, while on that the river lay.
What should I do ? 'Twould cost a bitter pang
To leave thee, and I wished to 'scape away.
*I plunged into the stream ; one hand was free
To smite the wave, the other held up thee.*

XXXV.

“The stream is rapid, and with eddying sweep
In the mid-tide the rolling waters flow ;
Arrived where these are whirling most and deep,
They spin me round and drag me down below.
I loose thee then ; but still the waters keep
Thy limbs afloat, and fav’ring breezes blow ;
And leave thee safe on the soft sand upcast.
I, tired and panting, join thee there at last.

XXXVI.

“I take thee up with rapture, and at night,
When all things in deep silence had been laid,
I saw the vision of a threat’ning knight
Who placed upon my brows his naked blade.
‘I bid thee,’ said the dark imperious sprite,
‘Do that which at the first its mother bade :
Baptize the infant ; for it is the joy
Of Heav’n, and care of it is my employ :

XXXVII.

“‘I guard it still ; I made the beasts display
Such tenderness, and gave the waves their lore.
Woe to thee if this dream thou disobey
Which is Heav’n’s message ;’ and it said no more.
I woke and rose, and when the earliest ray
Was born in heav’n, went onward as before.
But deeming my faith true, and the dream vain,
I thought not of thy baptism again,

XXXVIII.

“Nor of thy mother’s pray’rs ; hence thou wert reared
A Pagan ; and the truth did I withhold.
Thou grew’st, and soon thy feats in arms appeared
Strange for thy sex, and beyond nature bold.
Thou gainedst fame and lands ; and how have veered
Thy fortunes since, ’tis needless to unfold,
Or tell how *as a slave*, and father too,
Through battling ranks thy steps I still pursue.

XXXIX.

“ While yesterday at dawn I chanced to lie
 Oppressed with sleep, and in a death-like state,
 The self-same phantom came, but in its eye
 More anger gleamed, its voice was more elate.
 ‘ Lo, felon,’ it exclaimed, ‘ the hour is nigh
 Which bids Clorinda change both life and fate :
 She shall be mine in spite of thee : thy head
 Shall bear the woe !’ and then through the air it fled.

XL.

“ Hear me, beloved one, then ; Heav’n’s threats declare
 That strange events are nearing thee with speed.
 I know not : perhaps it may not calmly bear
 That others should impugn a parent’s creed ;
 Perhaps the creed is true. O grant my pray’r,
 Put off these arms, this spirit too bold indeed.”
 He stopt, and moaned ; she mused and grew afraid ;
 For a like dream too on her heart had weighed.

XLI.

At last, making her face serene, she cries :
 “ I will retain that faith which now seems true,
 Which with my nurse’s milk thou mad’st me prize,
 And doubts on which thou now appear’st to strew.
 Nor will I quit these arms nor this emprise
 Through fear, which noble heart could never do,
 No, not if death, in the most savage mien
 That ever scared a mortal, stood between.”

XLII.

She cheers him then, and since the time requires
 That she shall bring to effect her vaunted word,
 She quits and joins that warrior who desires
 To share the grand risk which would be incurred.
 Ismene comes too, and valor which inspires
Itself with speed, by him is lashed and spurred :
He gives to each a ball, a sulphurous mass,
And also lights concealed in hollow brass.

XLIII.

At night they issued softly, and down hill
 United go with frequent steps and wide,
 Until they reach near where, obscure and still,
 The huge machine uprears its lofty side.
 Their spirits become inflamed, their bosoms fill
 And overflow with military pride :
 Hence rage invites them on to blood and fire ;
 The guards cry out then, and the sign require.

XLIV.

Still quiet they go on, and hence the guard
 Exclaim, ' To arms ! to arms ! ' with echoing sound.
 It now the generous pair no more retard
 Their course, nor hide them on the broken ground.
 Just as a thunderbolt or huge bombard
 Flashes at once and cracks with dread rebound,
 They move and they arrive, they smite the troop,
 Open and pierce it, all in one fell swoop.

XLV.

And in the end amid the myriad gleams
 Of trenchant arms success must crown the two.
 They bared their covered lights, and soon the streams
 Of sparks upon the inflammable fuel flew,
 Which rolled them on and strewed them o'er the beams.
 Who could tell how the flames crept on and grew
 From side to side ? what clouds of smoke were driven
 Across the pure and starry face of Heaven ?

XLVI.

The globes of flame, obscure and mixed, rise higher
 And higher amid the wheels of vapor dun.
 The wind blows and gives vigor to the fire,
 Whose scattered parts are gathered into one.
 The great light strikes with consternation dire
 The Frankish host, and all to arm them run.
 That huge and dreaded mass yields to the blaze,
 And one brief hour beats down the work of days.

XLVII.

Two Christian squadrons tow'rd the burning frame
Meanwhile have hied them, guided by the light.
Argante threatens: "I will quench that flame
With your heart's blood," and fronts them for the fight.
Yet drawing tow'rd Clorinda's side, he came
Retreating slowly to the mountain's height.
Like torrent swoll'n by lengthened rain, the throng
Still grows, and treads on them, and mounts along.

XLVIII.

The golden gate is open, and at hand
The king waits 'mid his troops with ready glee
To welcome back the warriors from their grand
Adventure when accomplished it shall be.
The two leap to the threshold, the Frank band
Surging behind them onward like a sea;
These Solyman repels and routs: the gate
Then closes, and Clorinda is too late.

XLIX.

She only was shut out, since when one drew
The bars across the gate, she just had sped
Far from it and with heat and fury flew
To punish Arimon who had struck her head.
She punished him; and nought Argante knew
How much away the maiden had been led;
For battle, and the press, and the dense air,
Deprived his eyes of sense, his heart of care.

L.

But when her heat of mind had cooled, subdued
In hostile blood, and she had grown more wise,
She saw the gate closed, and herself now mew'd
By foes all round, and death before her eyes.
Yet finding no discovery had ensued,
New arts to save herself did she devise;
*Feigned to be one of them, and calmly turned
Among the unknown; nor was the truth discerned.*

LI.

Then as a wolf, after some dark misdeed,
Steals silent to the wood, besmeared with gore,
Hidd'n by the tumult she retired with heed,
And favoured by the darkened air still more.
Fancied alone perceived her form recede.

He had arrived there a short time before,
And coming up when she slew Arimon,
Beheld her, marked her, after her has gone.

LII.

In arms he fain would prove her ; for a knight
She seems on whom his skill may well be tried.
She circling goes around the rocky height
To seek some other gate through which to glide.
He follows quick, and though his steps are light,
So clanks his armour, ere he gains her side,
That, turned, she cries : " Why spendest thou thy breath ?
What bringest thou ? " He answers : " War, or death."

LIII.

Take war and death," she said, " for I refuse
Nought which thou seekest ;" firmly then she stayed.
Fancied at once dismounts him when he views
His foe on foot : and each then grasps the blade,
And sharpens pride, and ev'ry moment strews
Fresh fuel upon wrath ; and they invade
Each other with a fury not less dire
Than that of bulls inflamed with jealous ire.

LIV.

memorable deeds were acted best
On pompous stage, in brilliant sun were scanned.
He, who in thy deep and darkling breast,
Lies in oblivion, shutt'st a feat so grand,
Let me drag it, and in calmness blest,
Future times unfold it and remand.
Let their fame live, and mid their renown
With the memory of thy shadowy brown !

LV.

Never to shun, to parry, to retreat

Attempt they, nor does skill play here a part :
They give not blows now earnest, now a cheat ;

Darkness and rage remove the use of art.

Hark ! with how dread a clang their sabres meet !

The foot refuses from its print to start ;
Ever the foot is firm, and quick the hand,
Nor ever cuts or thrusts in vain the brand.

LVI.

Injury goads anger to revenge, and, based

On this, revenge works injury anew ;

Whence evermore to strike, ever to haste,

Fresh stimulus is giv'n, and fresh cause too.

The combat grows more blended, more enlaced,

Each moment ; swords give not the help that's due :
They strike with hilts, and, all their rage revealed,
Butt at each other with the helm and shield.

LVII.

Thrice does the cavalier enclasp the maid

In his strong arms ; and thrice does she uncloze
With nimble skill that most tenacious braid,

Braid of no lover, but a savage foe's.

Again they assail each other with the blade,

And tinge it with much wounding ; till each goes,
Weary and panting, somewhat back at last,
To breathe a little after toil so vast.

LVIII.

One keenly eyes the other, and they throw

On the sword hilt their bloodless body's weight.
The rays of the last star already grow

More faint as dawn lights up the Eastern gate.

Tancred perceives his enemy's life-blood flow

More copiously, and his own wounds not great :
Then joys and triumphs ! Ah ! how vain and frail
Our mind, swelled high by fortune's every gale !

LIX.

Why joy'st thou, wretched one? Alas! what woes
Thy triumphs are! what grief thy vaunt will be!
Thine eyes will pay, if life shall not now close,
For each drop of that blood a tearful sea.
Thus mute and gazing, in a forced repose
Those bloody warriors for a time agree.
Tancred at last broke silence, and exclaimed,
That he might learn how the other knight was named:

LX.

"'Tis our misfortune that to such displays
Of valor here but silence can accrue.
Yet since our evil fate denies us praise
And witness worthy of the deeds we do,
I pray thee, if a pray'r in battle weighs,
To tell thy name and thy condition too,
That I may know, slaying, or slain no less,
Who graces thus my death or my success."

LXI.

The fierce one answered: "Thou canst ne'er be told
That which it is my constant use to hide;
But whosoever I may be, behold
One of the two who fired yon tow'r of pride."
Then Tancred's anger broke forth uncontrolled:
And, "Lucklessly thou speakest it," he cried:
'Thy speech and silence equally, thou strange
Discourteous knight, allure me to revenge."

LXII.

Their rage revives, and to the stern debate
Transports them, although weak. O savage fight,
Where art is lost, where strength is dead of late,
Where in their places fury reigns outright!
O what a bloody and a spacious gate
Each weapon opens, wheresoe'er it light,
In the arms and in the flesh! and if there rest
Life even yet, rage knits it to the breast.

LXIII.

E'en as the Egæan, when the North wind's stound
Has ceased, which rolled and shook its tide before,
Calms not, but keeps the motion and the sound
Of gloomy wave yet vast and surging o'er:
So these, although from many a bloody wound
That vigor which had nerved them is no more,
Hold their first impulse still, and onward go
Sustained by this, yet adding blow to blow.

LXIV.

But lo the fatal hour, no more delayed,
Demands Clorinda for her final rest.
He thrusts at her fair form his pointed blade,
Which, greedy to drink blood, sinks in her breast;
And fills the robe, which with its golden braid
Smoothly and lightly on her bosom pressed,
With tepid streams. At once the maiden feels
Death present, and her languid footstep reels.

LXV.

He follows up his victory, and more nigh
Threats the pierced virgin, giving his rage scope.
She while she falls utters with mournful cry
These words as for the last time her lips ope,
Words which appear from a new spirit to fly,
The spirit of faith, of charity, of hope:
Virtue infused by God, who if amiss
Her creed in life, in death would have her His:

LXVI.

"Friend, thou hast won: I pardon thee, do thou
Pardon too, not these limbs which fear no pain,
But my poor soul: O pray for it, and now
Grant me the rite which washes off all stain."
Something more sweet than language can avow,
And sad, is echoing in that languid strain,
Which creeps into his heart, puts rage to sleep,
And prompts and e'en compels his eyes to weep.

LXVII.

r off in the mountain's breast he spied
 ttle brook which rushed with murmuring tone :
 er he ran, thence filled his helm, and hied
 k to his pious task with many a moan.
 t his hand shake as he put aside
 : cov'ring, and laid bare the front unknown.
 w, he knew her; and stayed silent quite
 notionless. Ah knowledge ! and ah sight !

LXVIII.

es he not ; but in that point of woe
 hers each force and guards his heart anew ;
 eeping down his grief, turns to bestow
 h water life on whom with steel he slew.
 from his lips the sacred accents flow
 smiles and alters to a rapturous hue :
 ight and joyous, as the pulses cease
 rs to say : " Heav'n opes, I go in peace."

LXIX.

pallor now spread o'er that face so fair ;
 is violets blent with lilies look : she lay
 eyes affixed on Heav'n, and Heav'n aware,
 l sun, too, pitying, bent on her their ray.
 ifting tow'rd the knight her hand now bare
 l cold, instead of words which found no way,
 him the pledge of peace. And thus the maid
 away as if in slumber laid.

LXX.

he perceived the gentle spirit flown,
 lost the vigor gathered for a space,
 ielded him completely to his moan
 ich ran already wide of reason's trace,
 rung his heart, and, life being almost gone,
 ued with death his senses and his face.
 anguishes the living like the dead,
 nce, posture, hue, and gory bed.

LXXI.

And sure his lone and scornful soul had tried
To force through its frail tenement a door,
And follow the fair spirit which, untied,
Had spread its wings a little while before :
But hither a Frank squadron chanced to ride
In search of water, or some other store ;
And with the maid the cavalier they bear
Scarce living in himself, and dead in her :

LXXII.

And since their chief e'en from afar descries
The Christian warrior by his crest and mail,
Hence he runs thither, and at once espies
The lovely slain ; and grieves at the strange tale :
And will not leave the beauteous corpse a prize
For ravenous wolves, although her creed were frail ;
But has them both upon men's shoulders sent,
Himself accompanying, to Prince Tancred's tent.

LXXIII.

The wounded warrior in that motion slow
And gentle has not quite his senses won ;
But feebly groans, and hence his bearers know
That all his vital passage is not done :
But the other body stirless, as they go,
And silent, shows well that the spirit is gone.
Thus are the two borne onward on such bier,
And placed in chambers separate, but yet near.

LXXIV.

The pitying squires around the prostrate knight
Already minister mid hopes and fears ;
His languid eyes already own the light,
He feels the healing hand, the words he hears.
But doubtful still of its returning might,
Astonished and suspense his mind appears.
*Stupid he looks around him, and at last
Sorrowing and hoarse, says, conscious of the past :*

LXXV.

“ Do I still live and breathe? and still behold
 The hateful beams of this ill-omened day?
 Day which attests misdeeds that are untold,
 And chides me for my faults! Ah! why delay,
 Thou timid hand and slow! why art not bold,
 Thou that art skilled to wound in every way,
 Thou minister of death with horror rife,
 To cut the thread of this iniquitous life?

LXXVI.

“ Transfix this breast, and let thy steel withal
 Smite fiercely where my heart's blood it may drain:
 But thou, p'rhaps, used to actions which appall,
 May deem it pity thus to end my pain.
 I'll live 'mong those remembered, then, by all,
 Sad prodigy of love unblest and vain,
 Sad prodigy whose monstrous guilt can claim
 Its right reward but in a life of shame.

LXXVII.

“ Yes! I'll live on mid torment and mid care,
 My righteous furies, wandering as one blind;
 Shall dread the lone and gloomy shades, which e'er
 Will bring my primal fault before my mind;
 And shall detest the sun because it there
 Discovered my misfortunes as it shined:
 I e'en shall fear myself, and, though I fly
 Myself for ever, have myself still nigh.

LXXVIII.

“ But where, O hapless me, O where repose
 The remnants of the body fair and chaste?
 That which escaped the fury of my blows
 The fury of wild beasts e'en now may waste.
 Alas! too noble prey! too sweet for those,
 Too dear, and ah! too precious a repast!
 Luckless! 'gainst whom the shades and woods have
Me first, and afterwards the wolfish herd. [stirred

LXXIX.

“ Yet will I seek you out, and by my side,
 Beloved remains, ye shall for ever be.
 But if your lovely members have supplied
 Food for the wild beasts in their savagery,
 Then the same mouth for mine shall open wide,
 And the same gulf which holds them close o’er me.
 Happy the tomb, and deemed an honor high,
 Where’er it be, if but with these I lie.”

LXXX.

So speaks that wretched one, and then he hears
 They have the fair corpse here for which he sighs.
 His gloomy aspect in a moment clears
 Like clouds thro’ which the lightning cleaves and
 And from the quiet of the couch he rears [flies;
 His limbs, a mass infirm and slow to rise ;
 And, dragging with great pain his weary frame,
 Thither with vacillating steps he came.

LXXXI.

But when, arrived, he saw the cruel wound,
 Work of his own hand, in that bosom dear,
 And face with hue like what at night is found
 In skies which tranquil, but not bright appear ;
 He shook so that he had sunk upon the ground,
 If faithful succor had not been so near.
 Then said he : “ O thou face, which canst make sweet
 E’en death, but not the doom which I must meet ;

LXXXII.

“ O fair right hand, which gently didst apply
 To mine the pledge of friendship and of grace,
 What do I find thee now ? and what come I ?
 And ye, fair members, can I fail to trace
 These sad and deadly marks, which raise a cry
 Against my passions tiger-like and base ?
 O eyes as pitiless as the hand that strook ;
 It made the wounds, and ye can bear to look.

LXXXIII.

“ Look ye unmoistened ? Let my blood then plash,
Since tears rebel thus against sorrow's pow'r.”
Here breaks he off his words, and, moved by rash
And desp'rate wish to hasten his last hour,
Tears bandages and wounds, and from each gash
Thus exacerbated he rains a show'r :
And had destroyed himself but this sharp grieving
By dragging him from self preserved him living.

LXXXIV.

Placed on the bed, home to its mortal shroud
And odious duties came the flitting soul.
But babbling fame tells evermore aloud
His hapless fortune, and remorseful dole :
It draws the pious Godfrey, and a crowd
Of anxious friends, the worthiest of the whole :
But neither grave advice, nor gentle pray'r,
Avail to soothe his soul's obdurate care.

LXXXV.

As when a gentle limb is wounded sore,
A touch provokes it and augments the pain,
So in such ill their sweet persuasive lore
But makes his medicined heart feel greater bane.
But holy Peter, who regards him more
Than the good shepherd does the lamb half slain,
Rebukes in gravest words his vain excess,
And wisely counsels him in this distress :

LXXXVI.

“ O Tancred, Tancred, from thyself so riven,
So false to thine own reason's just decree,
Who deafens thee thus ? what cloud of darkness driven
Athwart thine eyes causes thee not to see ?
This misery is the messenger of Heaven :
Seest thou not it, nor hear'st its warning plea ?
Which cries and calls thee back, and bids thee stray
No more from the lost track, and points the way ?

LXXXVII.

“Thy former services it seems to claim,
Those worthy of a Christian cavalier,
Which thou hast left—what an exchange of shame!—
To make thyself a godless maiden’s fere.
A happy sorrow, and a wrath whose aim
Is mercy, lash thee for thy mad career
With gentle rod, and make thee fainting choose
Thyself to heal thee; and dost thou refuse?”

LXXXVIII.

“Dost thou refuse, ungrateful one, to own
God’s saving gift, and ’gainst Him vent thine ire?
Wretch, whither runn’st thou, heeding thus alone
Thine own unbridled and insane desire?
Thou’rt there e’en now, and falling hang’st and prone
O’er the dread gulf, and seest thou not the fire?
Behold, I pray; collect thyself; put by
That grief which will compel thee twice to die.”

LXXXIX.

He ceased; and fear of death with endless pains
Made Tancred wish that other death the less.
His heart admits their comforts, and he reins
The internal impulse of intense distress;
Yet still he groans at intervals, and strains
Of lamentation cannot all repress,
Now talking to himself, now to the soul
Unloosed and list’ning from its starry goal.

XC.

Her when day dawns, her at the hour of rest
He calls with weary voice, prays and deplores;
So the poor nightingale, who finds her nest
Robbed of its young by heartless peasant, pours
Her thrilling sorrows, lonely and distressed,
All the night long, and fills the woods and shores.
*At last he closes, when the stars grow faint,
His eyes awhile, and sleep creeps o’er his plaint.*

XCI.

And cinctured see with starry vest appear
In a deep dream the friend for whom he sighs :
More lovely far, but splendor heav'nly-clear
Adorns her, yet inwraps not in disguise :
And wiping from his mournful cheek the tear
With a sweet air of pity, thus she cries :
"How fair I am become, how joyful, see,
Dear faithful one ; and calm thy grief in me.

XCII.

"Such am I, thanks to thee : 'twas thou didst rend
My spirit through error from its mortal shrine :
Thou, pitying, mad'st me worthy to ascend
Into God's bosom mid His saints divine.
Here blest I joy in love ; and in the end
Here hope I that thy soul will meet with mine,
Where at the mighty sun in endless light
Its charms, and mine, shall fill thy ravished sight.

XCIII.

"Unless thou envy thyself Heav'n, and reel
From the true path through vain imagining,
Live on, and know, I love thee, nor conceal
Love great as one may bear created thing."
Thus speaking, she becomes inflamed with zeal,
And from her eyes fires more than human spring ;
Then to the depths of her own rays she drew,
And vanished ; and on him shed peace anew.

XCIV.

Consoled he wakens, and without a moan
Submits him to the learned leeches round.
Meanwhile the much loved limbs from which had flown
That noble life, consigns he to the ground ;
And if the tomb were not of richest stone,
And choicest, and engraved by hand renowned,
The stone and he who shaped it into grace
Were what was yielded by the time and place.

XCV.

Hither with noble pomp and a long line
Of torches lit, he had her body borne ;
And, as a trophy, hung on a bare pine
Above the grave the arms which she had worn.
But soon as his bruised members could resign
Their needed rest upon the following morn,
Full of deep reverence, and with pitying moans,
He visited her urned and honored bones.

XCVI.

Reaching the tomb in which most dolorous bower
Heav'n bade henceforth his living spirit abide,
Cold, pallid, mute, and scarcely with the power
To move him, on the stones his eyes were tied ;
At length discharging a long tearful shower,
He burst into a faint alas ! and cried :
" O stone so loved, which memory so endears,
Who hast my fires within, without my tears !

XCVII.

" Not death but living ashes find in thee
A dwelling place, where Love now lies at rest.
I feel from thee his wonted torch, ah me !
Less sweet but not less glowing in my breast.
O take my sighs, these kisses take, and see
How all are bathed with moisture unsuppressed,
And these present thou, since I'm not allowed,
To the beloved remains within thy shroud.

XCVIII.

" Present them thou, for if her spirit e'er
Shall on its own fair spoils bend down its eyes,
She will not scorn thy pity, nor my pray'r,
Since hate and rage are banished from the skies.
My fault she pardons and mid such despair
My heart upon this hope alone relies.
*She knows the hand sinned only, and grants that I
Who lived to love her, loving her may die.*

XCIX.

“ And loving will I die : O happy day
 Whene’er it be ; but happier far, Heav’n knows,
If e’en as now around the pile I stray,
 Within thy bosom I may then repose.
O may our souls in Heav’n united stay,
 And may one tomb our ashes here enclose :
Let death at last have that which life hath not.
O could I hope for this, how proud my lot ! ”

C.

Meanwhile, confus’dly, whisperings of the bale
 Thus wrought through all the leagured region glide ;
Then ’tis assured, and published, and the tale
 Roves through the startled city on every side,
Commingled with loud cries and women’s wail,
 As if ’twere ta’en in war, and ruin wide
Told all were lost, and fire and impious foe
Flew through the temples, and the homes below.

CI.

But all eyes seek Arsetes in whose mien
 And groans the deepest misery is confessed.
He does not like the rest dissolve his teen
 In tears, for ’tis too hard to be expressed,
But sprinkles and befouls with dust unclean
 His silver locks, and rends his face and breast.
Now while he thus is gazed at by the crowd,
Forth comes Argante, and thus speaks aloud :

CII.

“ Much wished I when I first perceived the maid
 Shut out through her returning back too late,
To follow her at once as honor bade,
 And speedily I ran to share her fate.
What did I not ? said not ? or how not prayed
 The king that he would make them ope the gate ?
Me praying and contending all in vain
His will kept back which here supreme must reign.

CIII.

“ Ah ! had I then gone, either I had led
Safe back the championess from perilous maze ;
Or else, where she has made the pavement red
Had closed with memorable end my days.
But what more could I? the designs have sped
Of men and gods upon opposing ways.
She died as fate appointed ; and the debt
Now due from me I never shall forget.

CIV.

“ Hear thou, Jerusalem, what I promise : hear,
O Heav’n ; and let thy bolts where’er I hide
Fall on my head, if here I fail. I swear
Revenge upon the Frankish homicide,
Whose death from me, repaying hers, is near ;
Nor ever shall this weapon quit my side
Until it pass through Tancred’s heart, and throw
His branded carcase to the wolf and crow.”

CV.

Thus spake Argante, and the popular gale
Followed his latest words with plausible tones :
And all, as seeming even now to hail
The wished revenge, temper their tears and moans.
O foolish oath ! how soon effects prevail
Reverse to those which hope so fondly owns,
And he must fall in equal combat slain
By him whom now he makes subdued and ta’en !

CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.

Hell's habitants in woodman's shape and hues
 Roam through the wood (Ismene so works by spell).
 The guilty troop with mocks and fears abuse
 Such Franks as thither come the trees to fell.
 The unconquered Tancred comes, and soon subdues
 That error's fierce deceit, subduing Hell,
 When pity him subdues, and fear restrains;
 And from the skies the fields have sweetest rains.

I.

SCARCE had the wall's dread foe, the huge machine,
 Sunk into ashes, ere in thoughtful mood,
 To make the city more secure, Ismene
 Begins on many a new device to brood,
 And hence contrives he that the Frank shall glean
 No more material from the neighb'ring wood;
 So that 'gainst Sion, battered now and maimed,
 No other tow'r can possibly be framed.

II.

Not far whom where the Christian tents are spread
 Soars the tall forest in a lonely vale,
 Most tangled with huge trees antique and dread,
 Which scatter all around them shades of bale.
 Here when the sun's rays are most brightly shed,
 The light is yet uncertain, sad, and pale;
 Such as in cloudy skies affects the sight
 When *night succeeds to day*, or *day to night*.

III.

But when the sun departs, soon night and cloud
Darkness and horror blend together here,
Which seem to equal those of hell, and shroud
The eyes in blindness, fill the heart with fear.
Shepherd nor herdman guides or fleecy crowd
Or drove for food, for shade, here all the year:
Nor trav'lers unless lost approach its waste;
But point it out afar, and pass in haste.

IV.

Here do the witches gather, and her mate
Comes with each one of them in night's obscure,
Comes on the clouds; some like a dragon great,
And some like a misshapen goat impure.
Infamous council, whom the treach'rous bait
Of seeming good can evermore allure
To celebrate with pomps unclean and vain
The impious nuptials, and the feast profane.

V.

Thus 'twas believed; nor habitant was known
Ever to pluck from the drear wood a spray;
But the Franks ventured there, since it alone
Supplied them tall machines for siege array.
Now hither came the Mage, when deep was grown
The silence of the night, more fit than day,
(The night which followed next) and formed his round
Of magic, and scored signs upon the ground.

VI.

On one foot bared, into the circular trace
He stopt, and the most pow'rful spells he tried.
Three times he turned toward the East his face,
Three times tow'rd where the solar rays subside;
Three times he waved the rod which wont to chase
Dead bodies from the tomb, and make them glide;
Three times with shoeless foot he stamped the earth;
Then with a dreadful cry his speech came forth:

VII.

Hear, hear, O ye who from the stars were cast
 Precipitate by the pealing thunder's blow :
 Both ye who move the tempest and the blast,
 Erratic tenants of air, and ye below
 This earth, who minister in prison vast
 To lost and wicked souls eternal woe ;
 Tell's people, I invoke here all your quire ;
 And thee, too, lord of the impious realms of fire.

VIII.

Come guard this forest, and at my behest
 These trees of which I know the number true.
 As body is of soul the abode and vest,
 So let each plant become to one of you :
 That Franks may fly it, or at least arrest
 Their blows at once, nor brave your rage anew."
 He spake, and horrid notes he added then
 Which none but impious tongue can tell again.

IX.

At this harangue the torches which adorn
 The calm of night are all discolored o'er ;
 The moon is troubled and inwraps her horn
 In curling clouds, and is beheld no more.
 Enraged, his cries redoubles he in scorn :
 " Ye spirits invoked, heed ye not yet my lore ?
 Why such delay ? Perchance ye wait the thrill
 Of sounds more potent or more secret still.

X.

Though long unpractised, I have yet retained
 The cruel arts' most efficacious aid ;
 And know to utter with a tongue bloodstained
 That grand name at which all things are dismayed,
 Which never Dis was deaf to, nor disdained,
 And Pluto's self has carefully obeyed.
 Why thus ? why thus—" Yet more was in his thought,
 But here *he was aware* the spell had wrought.

XI.

Infinite spirits come, nor lack
 Those who in upper air abide and stray,
 Nor those who issuing from the foul and black
 Abysses of the earth emerge to day;
 All wait by the injunction too held back
 Which forbade them from using armed array;
 But now the coming hither now allows,
 To arms the troops and mid the boughs.

XII.

Having thus achieved aright
 The king to the king with glee:
 "Come, let us sit; let thy heart be light,
 And thy regal seat shall be;
 Renew the might
 Of our machines as they decree."
 And then, part by part,
 The magic art.

XIII.

"The work besides ensue
 Shall be as that what is done.
 And shall we view
 The work with the sun;
 And when once begun:
 The skies give out
 As it is light.

And when once begun:
 The skies give out
 As it is light.

And when once begun:
 The skies give out
 As it is light.

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 As it is light.

And when once begun:
 The skies give out
 As it is light.

XV.

seated shalt be victor, and no more,
n, should'st tempt thy fortune in the plain.
ie proud Circassian who is sore
repose, and views it with disdain,
ste and importune thee as before,
thou some mode to hold him to the rein :
e time shall lapse ere Heav'n bestow
pon thee, and war upon the foe."

XVI.

ard, the king assumes a cheerful air,
ars of the foe's pow'r being all effaced.
ls in part had undergone repair
e shaken by the ram's impetuous haste :
all this he slackened not his care
ght whate'er was broken or displaced.
n crowds burghers and bondmen swarm
ar, and the quick work waxes warm.

XVII.

neantime the pious Bouillon willed
ike not at the pow'rful city in vain,
is greater mass he could re-build,
ome few more machines make sound again :
he wood sent sappers who were skilled
oose out timbers of right shape and grain.
; the dawn betook them to the wood ;
en they saw it, all dismayed they stood.

XVIII.

ung child dares not uncloset its eyes
e some unwonted sight may meet its gaze ;
dreads when night obscures the skies
pectres which its own quick fancies raise :
lk they without having a surmise
at it is that strikes them with amaze ;
tis fear that cheats them till each thinks
worse shapes than Gorgon there, or Sphynx.

XIX.

The crowd return ; and timidly they stand
And vary and confound so fact and tale,
That they are ridiculed on ev'ry hand,
And none believe the things at which they quail.
The Chief then sends a brave and pow'rful band
Of well-selected warriors to the vale,
To escort the others and to give them heart
In executing their appointed part.

XX.

These drawing nigh to where the spirits of ill
In sylvan horror had ta'en up their rest,
No sooner viewed the dark shades than a chill,
Colder than ice could gender, shook their breast.
And yet they went on further, keeping still
Under a bold face villain fear suppressed ;
And they advanced so far that little space
Now severed them from that enchanted place.

XXI.

A sudden sound comes from the forest hoar
As 'twere the rumble of an earthquake there,
The south wind seems to murmur from some shore,
And waves to moan on rocks as in despair :
Hark to the serpent's hiss, the lion's roar,
The wolf's long howl, the growling of the bear ;
Hark to the trump, and thunder's dreadful stound :
Such various sounds are uttered in one sound.

XXII.

Then grow the cheeks of every warrior pale,
And by a thousand signs they show dismay :
Nor discipline nor reason can prevail
To make them venture on, or even stay ;
Since from the hidden force at which they quail
But meagre and unfit defence have they.
At last they fly, and one of the troop seeks
The pious Bouillon, and, excusing, speaks :

XXIII.

“No one of us will venture, Sire, I own,
 To cut the wood which so secured one sees
 That I believe and swear it, Pluto’s throne
 And pow’r must be translated to those trees.
 Thrice must his heart be girt with more than stone
 Who can regard them, and with fear not freeze :
 Nor sense has he who ventures in the abyss
 To hear how thunder blends with roar and hiss.”

XXIV.

Thus did he speak. Alcasto, mid the crowd
 By chance was present, when all this was told ;
 One stupidly and fiercely rash, who avowed
 Contempt for men and death ; and from of old
 Had feared no beast however fierce and loud,
 Nor monster formidable to the bold,
 Nor earthquake, nor wild wind, nor thunder hurled,
 Nor aught beside most violent in the world.

XXV.

He shook his head, and smiled as thus he spake :
 “I dare do what to this man dreadful seems :
 Alone to cut that wood I undertake
 Which is become a nest of turbid dreams.
 We shall no horrible phantasma shake,
 Nor roar of forest, nor of birds the screams :
 Although amid that dark and frightful dell
 Be shown to me the passage down to Hell.”

XXVI.

He vaunts he to the Chief with wonted heat,
 And, leave obtained, sets out to brave the worst ;
 He views the wood, and near its dark retreat,
 Listens to the echoing roar thence newly burst :
 Therefore turns he back his daring feet,
 As it is secure and scornful as at first :
 Soon had trodden the forbidden ground :
 Flames, or seeming flames, in front are found.

XXVII.

The grand fire grows, and like two walls on high
Its turbid and smoke-rolling flames extend,
And girding the whole forest, they defy
Those who attempt to fell the trees, or rend.
The larger flames to the spectator's eye
Like haughty castles toweringly ascend :
And all the rocky heights of this new Hell
With warlike instruments are furnished well.

XXVIII.

What countless monsters, armed to guard them, rise
O'er the tall ramparts ! with what dreadful face !
Some of them gaze on him with twisted eyes,
Some clash their arms, and threat with sword and mace.
He flies at last ; yet still he slowly flies,
Like lion who withdraws him in the chase,
But still 'tis flight, and fear too shakes his breast,
Passion which ne'er till then had been its guest.

XXIX.

While there, he knew not that it had struck root,
But when far off, he well perceived the smart,
And stunned and angry felt the tooth acute
Of deep repentance gnawing at his heart.
And burning now with sorrowing shame, and mute,
Turned in astonishment his steps apart,
For to lift up that face, of late so proud,
He dared not in the light, and mid the crowd.

XXX.

Summoned by Godfrey, he delays, and draws
From every thing excuse, however lame ;
Yet goes, though slowly ; and his lips he gnaws,
Or reasons like a dreamer without aim.
The Captain read the failure of his cause,
Defeat, and flight, in that unwonted shame.
*Then said he : " What is this ? Must we imply
Illusions here, or nature's portents high ?*

XXXI.

“ But if there be in whom high thoughts arise
And noble wish to seek yon dark abode,
Let him go forth and undertake the emprise,
And bring back news at least in surer mode.”
He spake, and tow’rd the wood where horror lies
The noblest of his warriors took the road
Upon the three succeeding days ; and yet
There was not one who shrank not at its threat.

XXXII.

Meanwhile Prince Tancred had gone forth to inhume
His much-loved friend in solitary vale :
And though his languid face had lost its bloom,
And he ill fit to carry helm or mail,
Yet when he hears the need, and sees the gloom,
Neither the risk nor toil can make him quail ;
For from his lively heart such strength flows o’er
Into his frame, that it too has good store.

XXXIII.

Forth, self-collected, went the valorous knight,
Silent and cautious, to the risk unknown ;
And of the wood endured the dreadful sight,
The earthquake’s motion, and the thunder’s tone,
Nor was dismayed ; and in his heart but slight
Commotion felt, and that was quickly flown.
Onward he passed, and lo ! in that wild wood
The city of fire at once before him stood.

XXXIV.

He stops, and somewhat doubtful makes a pause,
Thus thinking : “ Here ’gainst what can weapons aim ?
Shall I go throw me into monsters’ jaws,
Or the deep throat of this devouring flame ?
Let none spare life whene’er a noble cause,
Based on the common good, that life shall claim ;
But let not brave man squander breath away ;
And *this does he who spends it in this fray.*”

XXXV.

“ Yet what will the host say if I come in vain ?
What other forest can they hope to hew ?
Neither will Godfrey let this pass remain
Untried still : if, then, others should win through ?
Perchance the flames which issue may give pain
Less dread than what they threaten to the view :
But let what will result.” And thus declaring
He leapt within : O memorable daring !

XXXVI.

Nor seemed he underneath his arms to feel
Or warmth, or burning, as from fire intense.
But if the flames were spectral, or were real,
Could not so soon be judged of by the sense :
Because almost ere touched they seemed to wheel
At once from sight ; and clouds obscurely dense
Came wafting night and storm ; and the storm too
And shadows in a little time withdrew.

XXXVII.

Tancred, astounded but intrepid, stays ;
And when he sees that all is in repose,
Secure upon the soil profane he lays .
His foot, and spies whate’er the woods disclose.
Nor more perceives he visions to amaze,
Nor finds he aught to stop him or oppose,
Save that the plants all thick and tangled rise
To clog his footsteps, and to veil his eyes.

XXXVIII.

At last he views a large and circular space
Whose surface not a plant appears to mark,
Save that there soars up from the centre as base,
Like some tall pyramid, a cypress dark.
Thither he hies, and as he looks can trace
Odd characters imprinted on the bark,
*Like those which in mysterious Egypt’s clime
Were used for writing in the olden time.*

XXXIX.

Amid the unknown characters, some he read
In Syria's tongue of which he had mastery meet :
"O thou who in the cloisters of the dead
Hast dared, audacious knight, to place thy feet,
Ah, if not pitiless as valiant, tread
Disturbingly no more this lone retreat.
Pardon the souls for ever robbed of light :
The living ought not with the dead to fight."

XL.

So spake the motto. All intent was he
To strip the hidden sense of its disguise.
But through the leaves and sprays of every tree
The wind meanwhile continually plies,
And draws from them a sound which seems to be
The sad concent of human sobs and sighs,
And pours into his heart what scarce I know
Of pity, and of terror, and of woe.

XLI.

Yet draws he at last his sword, and with huge might
Strikes the tall tree. O marvel ! Blood has sped
From the dissevered bark, and, hideous sight !
It makes the earth around it vermeil red.
He shudders, and yet once more does he smite
Resolved to see the end, however dread ;
Then, as if issuing from a tomb he hears,
A dubious sound of mingled moans and tears,

XLII.

Which, soon distinct, exclaims : "Ah ! thou too far
Hast wronged me, Tancred ! Add no heavier load.
Me from that body thou didst erst unbar
Which with and through me lived, my sweet abode :
This wretched trunk why also wilt thou mar
Where fate has fixed me in so hard a mode ?
Cruel, dost thou desire to wound thy foes
E'en after death, where their remains repose ?

XLIII.

“ I was Clorinda : nor do I alone,
Locked in these rough and rigid branches, dwell ;
But each beside, as Frank or Pagan known,
Who underneath the lofty ramparts fell,
Into such body, or such grave, is thrown,
I know not which, by new and wondrous spell.
Endued with sense is every trunk and bough,
If wood thou cut, a murderer art thou.”

XLIV.

As the sick man who in a vision spies
A dragon or chimæra girt with fire,
Though he suspects, and partly too descries,
That 'tis a phantom, and not truth's attire ;
Yet longs to fly, such fears in him arise
At the apparition horrible and dire :
So the poor lover deems those false deceits
Not wholly true ; yet fears them, and retreats.

XLV.

By various passions is his heart so swayed
That it grows cold and trembles there outright,
And in that strong commotion his good blade
Falls from his hand, and lack in him is fright.
His senses go : he seems to view the maid
Wounded and moaning o'er her piteous plight :
Nor can endure to gaze at that red stain,
Nor hear those groans from one oppressed with pain.

XLVI.

And thus no shape of terror could appall
That heart which e'en in front of death was bold ;
But him, whom only Love could make a thrall,
False image cheated, and vain tears controlled.
By furious blast the sword which he let fall
Meanwhile from out the wood was swept and rolled ;
*Hence he retired subdued ; and on the road
Re-found his weapon, and resumed the load.*

XLVII.

Yet he returned not, nor presumed to espy
The hidden causes of these things anew :
And after he had joined the Chieftain high,
Composed his mind, and gained the balance due,
“Sire,” he began, “the messenger am I
Of things deemed false, and which can scarce be true.
All which they told us of those sounds of dread,
And sights of horror, was correctly said.

XLVIII.

“Across my path a wondrous fire there came
But unsubstantial, in an instant near,
Which rose up, and dilating seemed to frame
A wall defended by strange shapes of fear :
Yet passed I, for I was not scorched by flame,
And none opposed my path with sword or spear :
Tempest and darkness next ensued ; and day
With peaceful skies returned with short delay.

XLIX.

“I say too that in every tree is found
A human spirit that feels and reasons : well
By proof I know it : I have heard the sound
Which echoes in my heart yet like a knell.
The trunks gush out with blood at every wound,
As if soft flesh were underneath their shell.
I could not, no, me vanquished I avow,
I could not strip the bark, nor rend a bough.”

L.

So saith he, and the Captain to and fro
Is tossed on thoughts which whelm him in distress.
He ponders if himself shall thither go
To essay the enchantment, for it seems no less ;
Or shall provide him other trunks that grow
More distant, but are easier of access.
But from the depths of thought in which he stays
The *Hermit* calls him forth, and after says :

LI.

“ Abandon the bold project ; other hands
Must rend the plants from yonder sylvan dale.
Now, now the fated ship on the lone sands
Abuts its prow, and furls its golden sail.
Now from the shore, loosed from unworthy bands,
The expected warrior hurries with the gale.
Not distant hence is the appointed hour
When Sion shall be ta'en, its host shall cow'r.”

LII.

Thus did he speak while all his features burned,
And rang his voice with more than mortal tone.
And to new thoughts the pious Godfrey turned,
Not willing to be stirless as a drone.
But in the heav'nly Cancer now discerned
The sun brought heat such as had not been known,
By which his troops were vexed, his plans were marred,
And all fatigue was made intensely hard.

LIII.

Of each benignant lamp the skies are bare,
And every cruel star triumphant glows,
Whence influences rain that stamp the air
With traces fierce and fell. Now widening grows
The baneful heat, and, ever slow to spare,
More deadly falls on these parts and on those.
More hurtful night succeeds to hurtful day,
And day is worse when night has passed away.

LIV.

The sun comes forth blood-sprinkled and enchained
With belts of bloody vapor every morn,
So that to all is legibly explained
The mournful presage of a day forlorn :
Nor sets he save with spots of red bestained
That threaten equal harm at his return.
Exasperating all the ills passed o'er
With certain fear of future woes in store.

LV.

While from above his baleful rays prevail,
Whithersoever wanders mortal eye,
It sees the flow'rs fall off, the leaves grow pale,
The thirsty herbage languishingly lie,
The earth gape widely, and the waters fail;
All subject to the anger of the sky:
And barren clouds thin scattered o'er the air
Appear to some like flames to curl and and glare.

LVI.

Heav'n seems as a black furnace to expand,
Nor aught appears to gladden e'en the eyes.
Mute in its cave remains the zephyr bland,
And all the prattling of the breezes dies:
There only blows from off the Moorish sand
A wind that from hot torches seems to rise,
And with its ponderous blast is felt to wreak
From time to time its spite on breast and cheek.

LVII.

The shades of eve no better cheer inspire
But with the borrowed sun's heat seem replete;
And Night inweaves her veil with beams of fire,
With comets, and all tissues that give heat.
Nor, sad and thirsty earth, to thy desire
Will the avaricious moon her dewdrops mete;
And herbs and flow'rs on mountain and on plain
Long for their vital humors all in vain. •

LVIII.

From nights unquiet, gentle sleep exiled
Fled far, and wretched mortals had no skill
To win it back, for 'twould not be beguiled.
But yet the thirst was the most grievous ill,
Because Judæa's tyrant had defiled
With juice and poisons that torment and kill
More than e'en Acheron or the Stygian flood,
Each fount, and turned it to a livid mud.

LIX.

And the small Siloa which had giv'n the Frank
With glee its pure and glittering wealth before,
In tepid wavelets o'er its channel shrank
Almost to naught, and scarce refreshed him more.
Yet not the Po when wrestling with his bank
Had seemed to bring down a sufficient store,
Nor Ganges, nor e'en Nile when, waxed too grand
For his seven homes, he floods green Egypt's land.

LX.

If any e'er, embow'ed in beeches tall,
Had marked the liquid silver sleep below,
Or viewed the living water headlong fall
Down rocks, or stray through grass with motion slow,
These to his fond desire would he recall
And minister material to his woe :
Because their cold and moistened image brought
Dryness and heat, and simmered in his thought.

LXI.

The limbs of warriors once robustly bold,
Whose might nor roughest travel could abate,
Nor iron load around their members rolled,
Nor steel intent to execute their fate,
Lo ! burnt with heat, and listless, on the mould
They now lie, to themselves an useless weight ;
And hidden fire dwells in their veins, and gnaws
The structure slowly but without a pause.

LXII.

The steed, once fiery, droops, and with' disdain
Regards the herbs on which he loved to feed :
His feeble foot now stumbles, and his mane,
So proud before, hangs down like withered weed :
No memory of his palms does he retain,
Nor more to glory's thrilling call give heed :
*He seems to hate and spurn the conquered spoils,
And trappings rich, as weights that swell his toils.*

LXIII.

The faithful dog droops, and forgets all care
 Of the loved home, nor e'en his lord will greet;
 He lies extended, and transmits new air,
 Evermore panting, to the internal heat.
 Though Nature's end in breathing be to bear
 Excess of warmth out of the heart's retreat,
 Few springs but small or no refreshment thence,
 That which is breathed so heavy is and dense.

LXIV.

Thus the earth languished; and in such a state
 Did wretched mortals vexed with sickness lie;
 And the good faithful folk, grown desperate
 Of victory, feared the last of evils nigh;
 And in these tones was heard now to dilate
 On every side the universal cry:
 What more hopes Godfrey? what more does he crave,
 Hence all his camp hies onward to the grave?

LXV.

Ah! with what force expects he to see mined,
 Or scaled, the tall defences of our foes?
 Hence win machines? Is he the sole one blind
 To the deep wrath which Heav'n so plainly shows?
 That it has now become to us unkind
 A thousand signs and prodigies disclose;
 And Heav'n so burns that the Indian e'en requires,
 And Ethiop, less refreshment from its fires.

LXVI.

Does this man deem that it should nothing weigh
 That to hard death we, a poor neglected train,
 Despised and useless souls, become a prey,
 Provided he secure a sceptered reign?
 Then the lot of him who holds the sway
 Supreme so blest that he will still retain
 Thus greedily the prize at every cost,
 Though all his subject people shall be lost?

LXVII.

“ See the kind forethought, the warm heart of one
Surnamed “ the pious ” by the general cry :
To care not how his people are undone,
If but his empty fame still soar on high :
And while for us no brooks nor fountains run,
To bring from Jordan e’en his own supply ;
And, mid a few seated at cheerful board,
Sip Cretan wine in pure fresh water poured ! ”

LXVIII.

Thus did the Franks cry. But the Grecian chief,
Weary of following their flag so long,
Said : “ Why die here, and hopeless of relief,
Expose my gallant band to loss and wrong ?
If Godfrey be so madly blind, the grief
Be upon him, then, and his Frankish throng :
Why hurts he us ? ” And without leave procured
He quits when all is silent and obscured.

LXIX.

The example moves when day reveals it more,
And some resolve to follow it ; and they
Who with Clothaire and Ademar came o’er
And the other chiefs who now are bones and clay,
Since the allegiance which to these they swore
Is loosed by that which sweeps all ties away,
Already treat of flight ; already some
Move off by stealth when the dark shadows come.

LXX.

All this does Godfrey hear and see with grief ;
And has the sharpest remedies at hand ;
But shuns and hates them ; and with that belief
Which could make mountains move and rivers stand
Devoutly prays the world’s great Sov’reign Chief
To make the fountains of His grace expand.
*He joins his hands, and lifts his words and eyes
Sparkling with jealous fervor to the skies :*

LXXI.

“ Father and Lord, if ever Thou didst show’r

Upon Thy host in deserts the sweet dew,
If e’er to mortal hand Thou gavest pow’r .

To burst the rocks, and from the mount cleft through
Draw living streams, repeat Thou at this hour

Such acts for these ; and if their merits be few
O let Thy grace their scanty measure fill,
And aid these who are named Thy warriors still.”

LXXII.

Not laggingly such pray’rs as these arise,

Sprung from just meek desire, but, prompt and fast
As are the feathered birds, they mount the skies,

And up to the high throne of God have passed.
The eternal Sire receives them, and His eyes

With pity on His faithful troops are cast.
And of their risks and their fatigues so grave
Repents He, and exclaims in tones that save :

LXXIII.

“ Till now, misfortunes perilous and intense

Upon the cherished camp have wreaked their spite ;
’Gainst it with arms and arts that cheat the sense

Hell and the world in bristling bands unite.
Let a new order of affairs commence,

For it revolving prosperous and bright.
Let rain drop ; and return its hero now,
And Egypt’s host arrive to crown his brow.”

LXXIV.

He, speaking, moved His head ; wide Heav’n around

Shook with its stars, the fixed and those that stray,
Shook, too, the reverent air, and seas profound,

The mountains and abysses hid from day.
Upon the left thunder was heard to sound,

Was seen at the same time the lightning’s ray :
Accompanying the flashes and the thunder
The people *raised a shout of joy and wonder.*

LXXV.

Lo sudden clouds, and not from earth on high
Drawn up by virtue of the solar ball,
But swiftly falling downward from the sky
Which opens and unlocks its portals all:
Lo night unlooked for makes the day soon die
Wrapt all around in an extended pall:
Impetuous rain comes; and the brook is fed
So largely that it issues from its bed.

LXXVI.

As when in summer time there falls a store
Of welcome rain from Heav'n after long lack,
A troop of babbling ducks on the dry shore
Glad wait its coming with hoarse murm'ring quack,
And spread their wings to the cool show'r, nor pour
Reluctantly the moisture o'er their back,
And where 'tis gathered in more copious pool,
They dive and make their thirsty passion cool:

LXXVII.

Thus these with loud salutes their joy attest
At the boon rain which Heav'n in pity gave;
Each is delighted even o'er his vest
To sprinkle it, and all his hair to lave.
Some drink in glasses, some in helms, with zest;
Some hold the hand immersed in the fresh wave;
Some wet the face and some the temples o'er;
Some prudent fill the vase for future store.

LXXVIII.

Nor cheerful only is the human race,
And sweet relief from all its woes obtains;
But earth, so late in sad and languid case,
And clov'n with fissures throughout all its plains,
Gathers the rain in, and renews its face,
And draws it to its most internal veins,
*And ministers the moisture's nourishing powers
Unsparingly to plants and herbs and flowers.*

LXXIX.

Such the sick maid, when vital balms appease
The internal fever vexing her of late,
And chasing off the cause of that disease
To which her members had been food and bait,
Cheer and restore, and make her beauty please
As erst in her most fresh and youthful state;
So that forgetting all her sorrows dire,
She dons her garlands and her glad attire.

LXXX.

Now stops the rain; the sun relumes his light;
But darts a temperate and kindly ray
Full of all vigor—such as cheers the sight
’Twixt April’s end and coming in of May.
O gentle faith! who worships God aright
Can chase from the air each mortal harm away,
Make seasons change their order and their state,
Subdue the rancor of the stars and fate.

CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Guelph for the good Rinaldo's pardon prays
 According to what Hugo's ghost had shown ;
 The pray'r so forcibly with Godfrey weighs
 That to Heav'n's pleasure he conforms his own.
 Then taught by Peter, who the path portrays,
 Two messengers seek where the knight has flown :
 To these a sage at last the skill imparts
 To conquer artfully Armida's arts.

I.

FORTH issued from the soft and freshened breast
 Of her great mother now the Night obscure,
 Wafting along light breezes from the West
 And a large cloud of dewdrops rich and pure,
 And, shaking the moist border of her vest,
 Sprinkled them o'er the flow'rs on lawn and moor.
 And gentle breezes, moving now and then
 Their wings of down, allured the sleep of men.

II.

And these had bound in sweet oblivion's ties
 Each varying thought which day is wont to raise :
 But watchful amid light that never dies
 The Almighty sat to govern the world's maze,
 And on the Frankish Leader from the skies
 Looked down with favorable and joyous gaze ;
Then sent to him a quiet dream to be
The revelation of His high decree.

III.

Near to the golden gates whence comes the sun
A gate of crystal in the East is placed,
Whose wont it always is to be undone
Ere the new day has from its barrier paced.
Through this go forth the dreams which God speeds on
Propitious to the mind that's pure and chaste ;
From this now does the one which downward springs
To Godfrey stretch tow'rd him its golden wings.

IV.

To none did nightly vision e'er supply
Such winning images so full of grace,
As this to him which opened to his eye
The secrets of the Heav'n and starry space ;
Whence, as 'twere in a glass, he could descry
That which is in them truly face to face :
He seemed translated to a fair serene
Where golden fires adorned and filled the scene.

V.

While in this lofty place he stayed to admire
The lights, the movements and the harmonious frame,
Lo, girt with rays of splendour, girt with fire,
A cavalier advancing tow'rd him came ;
And with a sound to which the sweetest lyre
On earth had seemed but hoarse, was heard to exclaim :
“ Am I not welcome, Godfrey ? wilt thou spend
No word on Hugo ? know'st thou not thy friend ? ”

VI.

And he replied to him : “ That aspect new
Which seems with sunbeams wonderfully crowned,
So from my mind its ancient lore withdrew
That scarce e'en now that lore again is found.”
Then with a sweet affectionate zeal he threw
His arms three times that knightly neck around ;
And three times, girt in vain, did the image fly
Like a light dream, or vapor wandering by.

VII.

It smiled and said: "I'm not as thou art prone
To think me, girt still with an earthly vest:
Thou seest but simple form, bare spirit alone,
In the heav'nly city citizen and guest.
This is God's temple; here the seats are strown
Of His true knights; 'mong whom shalt thou have rest."
"When shall this be?" he cried. "This mortal gear
Loose now, if it prevent my staying here."

VIII.

Responded Hugo: "Soon shalt thou regain
The glorious home of this triumphant band:
But thou must first in war pour out like rain
Both blood and sweat on yonder earthly strand.
By thee, too, from the Pagans must be ta'en
Ere then the empire of the Holy Land,
In which thou shalt a Christian kingdom found,
Where afterward thy brother must be crowned.

IX.

"But that thou more may'st quicken thy desires
For Heav'n above, look now where it reveals
Those lucid dwellings, and those living fires,
Which the everlasting Mind informs and wheels;
And hark! the saintly Syrens tune their lyres;
O how the diapason sweetly peals!"
Then said he, pointing where the earth stood clear;
"Look down on what is locked in that last sphere.

X.

"How vile the cause which is down yonder found
Reward and spur to human enterprise!
In what a puny ring your pride is bound!
In what a naked solitude it lies!
The seas inclose it like an isle around:
And what ye name the ocean from its size
Has nought which to that title can respond,
But is a low marsh and a shallow pond."

XI.

So spake the one; the other with a bland
Contemptuous gaze looked down on the low sphere;
For a mere point he saw seas, rivers, land,
Which seem so variously distinguished here:
And wondered how we foolish men could stand
O'er shadows fixed, o'er fumes which disappear;
Could seek for slavish pow'r, and fame but dumb,
Nor mark how Heav'n invites and calls us home.

XII.

Whence he replied: "Since God then deems it meet
That in this earthly prison I shall abide,
Tell me, I pray, the road of least deceit
Among the errors of yon world of pride."
"That is the true way," said he, "which thy feet
Have pressed till now; thence turn not thou aside.
All that I need advise thee to have done
Is to recall from exile Bertold's son;

XIII.

"Since if a lofty Providence chose thee
Chief Captain for an enterprise so grand,
He was appointed by the same decree
Supreme executor of thy command.
Thine is the first part; his was fixed to be
The second: thou art head, and he the hand
Of yonder camp; to bear his office proud
None else has pow'r and thou art not allowed.

XIV.

"He only can successfully attack
The wood defended by yon sorceries;
From him thy camp, which seems unfit through lack
Of people for adventure of such size,
And has almost been driven to turn back,
Will gain more force for a new enterprise;
He will surmount the walls, although increased
In *might, and rout the pow'ful host of the East.*"

XV.

He ceased, and Godfrey said: "O if the knight
Were but returned, how sweet were my content!
Ye, who perceive each thought withdrawn from light,
Know if I love him, or untruth invent.
But tell me whither, and with what aim, 'tis right
The messenger who seeks him should be sent.
Shall I beseech him, or command? Declare
How such an action can be right and fair?"

XVI.

The other then replied: "The eternal King
Who honors thee so highly every way,
Would have those whom He placed beneath thy wing
Still honor thee, and reverence, and obey:
Then ask not, for perchance to ask the thing
Were scarce consistent with the imperial sway;
But yield when asked, and stoop to pardon soon
Whenever others' pray'rs entreat the boon.

XVII.

"Guelph shall intreat thee (him shall God inspire)
To absolve the fiery youth from that sad wrong
Which he fell into through excess of ire;
So that he shall re-seek the camp ere long,
And his own fame. And though he now desire
But ease afar, and list but to love's song,
Yet doubt not that ere many days proceed
He shall return in time for the grand need:

XVIII.

"Since Peter on whom Heaven has bestowed
The lofty knowledge of its hidd'n intent,
Will know how to direct to the right road
For certain news of him those who are sent:
And these too will be taught the arts and mode
To set him free and lead him to thy tent.
*Thus shall thine every wand'ring fere be led
By Heaven at last to join thy banner dread.*

XIX.

‘ Now will I close my words with one brief sign,
To which thou’lt listen as to boon of grace :
His blood shall be commingled soon with thine,
And thence shall spring a bright and glorious race.”
It ceased, and vanished like a vapor fine,
Or filmy cloud which melts and leaves no trace ;
And sleep, deserting him, left on his breast
Mixed feelings of amaze and joy impressed.

XX.

The pious Bouillon opens then his eyes,
And sees the day born and increasing fast ;
Whence from repose he lifts him, and applies
The armour to his limbs, a burden vast.
And soon into his tent of ample size
For wonted sojourn all the chiefs have passed
To sit in council, what is wrought elsewhere
Being usually before resolved on there.

XXI.

And here the noble Guelph whose bosom glowed
With the new thought infused into his mind,
Beginning first the converse, in this mode
Addressed the Chief : “ O clement Prince and kind,
I come for pardon which will be bestowed
On fault still new (to this I am not blind):
Whence the request which I would fain procure
May hasty seem, perchance, and immature.

XXII.

“ But thinking that such pardon is desired
From pious Godfrey for so brave a knight ;
And that I, too, who have so far aspired,
Am not an intercessor vile or light ;
I deem the boon will quickly be acquired
Which will fill every heart here with delight.
Ah ! grant he may return and spend his blood
To amend *his error for the public good.*

XXIII.

“ And who has, if not he, the spirit so great
As to dare fell the plants which daunt us all?
Who will go forth against the risks of fate
With breast more constant, whatsoe’er befall?
Thou shalt behold him batter down the gate
And dreadly shake, and foremost mount, the wall.
Ah! render to thy camp him we require,
Him who is all its hope, and its desire.

XXIV.

“ To me a nephew, to thyself restore
One brave and prompt to execute thine aim;
Nor suffer him to bask on pleasure’s shore,
But render to him back again his fame.
Let him attend thy conquering flag once more:
Yield him the witness which his virtues claim:
Let him do worthy deeds which all may see,
And hail a master and a chief in thee.”

XXV.

Thus prayed he, and a loudly-favoring cry
Succeeded to the pray’r from all the rest;
Whence Godfrey then, as though he would apply
His mind to theme ne’er mooted in his breast,
Exclaimed: “How can I possibly deny
What all of you desire thus and request?
Let rigor yield, and reason and law be found
In that which is the choice of all around.

XXVI.

“ Rinaldo may return: let him restrain
Henceforth more wisely the impulse of his ire;
And answer with his deeds to the hopes which reign
Respecting him, and to the camp’s desire.
But thine ’tis, Guelph, to call him back again:
His steps, I deem, will tarry not nor tire.
*Choose thou the messenger and point the road
Thou think’st will lead to the brave youth’s abode.*”

XXVII.

Then rose and said the knight from Danish land :

“ I ask to be the messenger who goes :
In order to present this honored brand

I dread no length of way, no let from foes.”

This man is most robust of heart and hand,

Whence gladly with his offer does Guelph close :

him wills he to be one, and the other who hies

He Ubald, a man wary skilled and wise.

XXVIII.

Ubald had seen and searched out in his youth

All various customs, various lands, and sights,
Traveling to realms where heat reigns without ruth

From the most frozen climes where winter bites,
And, as one trafficking for sense and truth,

Had learned their tongues, and usances, and rites ;

Then in mature age was received by Guelph

Among his friends, and cherished as himself.

XXIX.

To these was giv'n the honor to recall

The lofty champion, task for them most meet :

And Guelph directed them toward that wall

Within whose ring is Boemond's regal seat ;

Since public fame and the surmise of all

Had pointed to this spot as his retreat.

But the good Hermit, who their error sees,

Now enters and cuts short their words with these :

XXX.

O cavaliers, if ye will thus confide

In cries which spring but from the vulgar brain,

Ye will pursue a rash and faithless guide.

Which will mislead and make you roam in vain.

Now hie to where a river pours its tide

Through Ascalon's near shore into the main ;

Here will ye find a man whom I love well :

him trust ; *what he shall tell you, that I tell.*

XXXI.

“He has himself much seen, much heard from me
Of your illustrious voyage which I foreshowed
Long time ago ; I know that he will be
Courteous as wise ; such ever is his mode.”
Thus spake he, and Charles asks no more, nor he
Who went to share with him his task and road,
But both obeyed the words which all opined
God’s Spirit was wont to dictate to his mind.

XXXII.

Then took they leave, and their desire gained force
So mightily that they delayed no more,
But bent at once tow’rd Ascalon their course
Where the near sea impinges on the shore :
And scarcely had they heard as yet the hoarse
And curling breakers of the ocean roar,
When they attained a stream whose waters stood
Higher than wont, swoll’n by a recent flood,

XXXIII.

So that it could not keep within its bed,
And, like an arrow, takes its nimble flight.
While in suspense they stand, with silvery head
A venerable old man comes in sight,
Crowned with beech leaves, and in a robe which spread
Profuse and pure, of linen which is white :
He waves a rod, and treads with feet unwet
The river against which his course is set.

XXXIV.

As, when the winter near the polar space
Inwraps the rivers in its icy fold,
Over the Rhine the rustic maidens trace
In troops the gliding curve, securely bold ;
So comes he now o’er the unstable base
Of waters which are neither hard nor cold :
And soon arrives where the two warriors gaze
Intent upon his form, and then he says :

XXXV.

Ye follow, friends, a quest where toils and pains
 Are rife, and much ye need a skillful guide;
 Since on inhospitable and treach'rous plains
 Far off does he for whom ye seek abide.
 O what a task for you there still remains!
 What shores have ye to cross, what oceans wide!
 And e'en 'tis meet your searching should extend
 Beyond the confines of our world in the end.

XXXVI.

But deign to enter the secluded cave
 In which my safe abode is well concealed;
 There shall ye hear from me of matters grave,
 There all which ye would know shall be revealed."
 He spake, and to the waves his bidding gave
 To let them pass; the waves retire and yield,
 And curled on this side, and on that, in guise
 Of mountains hang and 'twixt them a path lies.

XXXVII.

Into the inmost depths beneath the stream,
 Taking them by the hand, he leads the twain.
 The light is there a weak and flickering gleam,
 Like that amid the woods from moons that wane.
 Yet see they ample caves, charged to the extreme
 With waters from whence comes to us each vein
 Which leaps in fountains, or in river takes
 Its course, or stagnates, or expands in lakes.

XXXVIII.

And they can see from whence the Po is sped,
 Whence Ganges, Ister, and Euphrates glide,
 Hydaspes and the Tanais: and its head,
 Obscured so much, not Nile itself can hide.
 Still lower down a stream is found to spread
 Pure sulphur and quicksilver from its tide:
 These then the sun refines and gently strains
 The pulp into white mass and golden veins.

XXXIX.

And they behold all round the precious stream
Most costly stones upon the margin strewed ;
Hence, as if lit by many a torch's gleam
The spot shines forth, and darkness is subdued.
Here, sparkling with a pure cerulean beam,
The heav'nly sapphire and jacinth are viewed :
There rubies flame, and solid diamonds shine,
And lovely emeralds laugh in glittering line.

XL.

The knights astounded went ; and every thought
Was so intent upon that strange display
That they were mute. At last good Ubald sought
Instruction from the escort of their way :
“ Pray, father, tell us whither we are brought,
And whither go ; and thine own state portray :
Because I know not if I wake or dream,
Such wonder reigns within my heart supreme.”

XLI.

He answered : “ Ye are in the womb immense
Of earth which genders all ; and 'twere denied
That ye should e'er have pierced into its dense
And darksome bowels, were I not your guide.
I escort you to my palace ; not far hence
Lit with a wondrous radiance 'twill be spied.
I was a Pagan born, but, thanks to Heaven,
The holy font a second birth has given.

XLII.

“ Nor think by virtue of the spirits of Hell
My marvelous and studied works are done :
Ah ! God forbid I should use fume or spell
To force Cocytus dire or Phlegethon !
But on their traces I go searching well
From herb or fount what virtue may be won,
*And contemplate the other secrets deep
Of Nature, and the stars where'er they sweep ;*

XLIII.

ise not always far from heav'nly light
subterranean cloisters do I stay ;
on Lebanôn and Carmel's height
my mansion make a long delay.
Mars and Venus offer to my sight
out a veil their every phase and ray ;
see how the others wheel and race,
fit or slow, with kind or threat'ning face.

XLIV.

beneath my feet clouds, dense or rare,
darkened, and now painted o'er with bows ;
rains and dews I note with busy care
formed ; and how the wind obliquely blows ;
lightnings kindle, and what paths in air
tortuous take ere quenched in dark repose :
I mark, and many another fire
; that sometimes I myself admire.

XLV.

ceased was I with self that I could deem
knowledge the sure measure of the whole
could be wrought by Nature's Lord supreme,
of earth and all the spheres that roll.
Then your Peter in the holy stream
washed my locks, and washed my spotted soul,
raised my looks higher, and made me see
mean and short they in themselves must be.

XLVI.

knew I that to the prime Truth our mind
the bird of darkness to the sun ;
myself I laughed, and at the blind
visions into which my pride had run.
I follow, as His will designed,
arts and uses which were thus begun :
than what I was I me discern :
and I hang on Him, to Him I turn,

XLVII.

“ In Him find rest. He bids and teaches too,
Master at once and Lord supremely grand ;
Nor by our means does He disdain to do
Works worthy sometimes of His own right hand.
The unconquered knight whom distant barriers mew
Shall through my care soon reach the Syrian strand ;
For He imposed the task ; and I have been
Long waiting your approach, through Him foreseen.”

XLVIII.

Thus parleying with them to the spot he came
In which he had his sojourn and repose.
This was in form a grot within whose frame
Chambers and halls, spacious and grand, arose :
And all of richest which the earth may claim
To nourish in its veins did it disclose ;
And yet in such a manner 'twas arrayed
That native was each ornament, not made. •

XLIX.

Nor want there scores of ministers who prepare
To serve the guests with speed, nor in untold
Abundance on the board are wanting there
Vessels of silver, crystal, and of gold.
But when their natural desire to share
The rich repast was o'er, and thirst controlled,
“ 'Tis time,” the wizard to the warriors said,
“ That your more large desire should now be fed.”

L.

He then commenced : “ Armida's deeds and lies,
In part at least, yourselves know well enough :
How to the camp she came, and in what guise
Enticed so many knights, and led them off.
Ye know that then with more tenacious ties
She bound them, hostess bounteous but in scoff ;
And sent them thence to Gaza under charge
Of guards, and they midway were set at large.

LI.

“ What next occurred there I will now display,
True tale of which as yet ye know no page.
When the bad witch saw wrung from her the prey
Which she had managed with such art to encage,
She bit both hands for grief, and 'gan to say
Within herself, inflamed with scornful rage :
' Ah ! be it never true that he may boast
Of having rescued from me such a host !

LII.

“ ‘ If he loosed others, let him serve, and bear
The pains reserved for them and the long woe.
Nor this contents me : let all the others share
The general ill whose coming is not slow.’
To herself thus speaking, means she to prepare
This wicked scheme which ye shall shortly know.
She comes to where Rinaldo met her train
And vanquished it, and part of them were slain.

LIII.

“ Here putting his own arms off he encased
Himself in Pagan ones which he had found,
Perchance because he wished to go untraced
Under device less known and less renowned.
The Sorceress took the arms, and in them placed
A headless trunk, and threw them on the ground
Close to a river's bank tow'rd which would draw
A troop of Franks ere long, as she foresaw.

LIV.

“ And this in truth she could foresee right well,
For she has spies all round from whom is learned
News often from the camp, and she can tell
Who has departed last, and who returned :
Besides she parleys oft with spirits of Hell,
And with them for long time has she sojourned.
She placed the mangled corpse then in the part
Most opportune for her deceitful art.

LV.

“ A most sagacious page was hither led
And stationed near, in pastoral dress arrayed.
To him she taught what should be done or said
With cunning fiction, and she was obeyed.
He parleyed with your troop, and thus was spread
The seed of that mistrust whence grew the blade
And fruit of strifes and discords, which at last
Almost to riot and sedition passed :

LVI.

“ For now Rinaldo, just as she designed,
Was thought by Godfrey’s means to have been slain :
Although that wrong suspicion from each mind
Retired at last when truth began to reign.
Such was Armida’s artifice refined,
The first she used, as I have made it plain.
Now shall ye also hear how she pursued
Rinaldo, and what afterward ensued.

LVII.

“ She waits Rinaldo with a hunter’s guile
Beside the ford. He comes to Orontes’ side,
Just where its waters part to form an isle
And reunited soon together glide.
And on the bank a fair columnar pile
He sees, and near it a small vessel tied.
He stops at the white marble to behold
The elaborate work, and reads in lines of gold :

LVIII.

“ ‘ O thou, whoe’er thou art, whom chance or will
Has now induced along these banks to stray,
No marvel of the East or West can thrill
Thy soul like what this islet can display.
If thou would’st view it, pass.’ Incautious still,
He soon is lured to cross the watery way :
And since the bark is ample but for one,
He quits his squires, and ferries o’er alone.

LIX.

‘ Having arrived there, eagerly he flings
His looks around, yet nothing do they meet
Save flow’rs and herbs and plants and grotts and springs,
Whence deems he all is an abusive cheat.
But yet the spot so joyous is, and brings
So much allurements, that he finds a seat,
And then disarms his brow, and cools it there
In the sweet breathings of the placid air.

LX.

‘ Meanwhile he listened as the river surged
With a new sound ; thither he turned his eyes,
And saw midway advancing, as if urged
By its own self, a wave of larger size ;
And out of it some auburn hair emerged,
And then a maiden’s face was seen to rise ;
Then neck and breast, until there stood revealed
Half of her form ; the rest the waves concealed.

LXI.

‘ Thus from the floor of the nocturnal scene
A nymph appears, or Goddess, with slow motion.
This one, though Syren truly none, but e’en
A magic sprite, yet shadowed forth the notion
Of those who had beside the shore Tyrrhene
Inhabited of old the treacherous ocean :
Nor was her voice less sweet than beauty fair,
And thus she sang, and soothed the sky and air :

LXII.

“ O youths, while yet your April and your May
Clothe you with flow’rs and leaves which are not sere,
Ah ! let not fame’s nor virtue’s treacherous ray
Draw off your tender soul in its career.
Sole wise is he who says not pleasure nay,
And plucks when ripe the fruit of every year.
This Nature cries. Will ye then steel your mind
Against her dictates which are ever kind ?

LXIII.

“ ‘ Insane, why throw away the precious prize
Of tender age which scarce survives its birth?
Mere names and idols, unsubstantial lies,
Are what the world has called renown and worth.
The fame which makes so sweet a music rise
In proud men’s hearts, and shines so fairly forth,
An echo is, a dream, a shadow frail,
Which vanishes and flies at every gale.

LXIV.

“ ‘ Secure indulge the body, and let the soul
Sate the frail sense in objects calm and fair,
Forget past ills, nor hasten its own dole
By pond’ring on anticipated care.
Though Heav’n flash lightning, and its thunder roll,
Let it threat on, and all its darts prepare.
This is true knowledge ; this is life indeed ;
Thus Nature teaches, and thus bids us read.’

LXV.

“ So sings that impious one, and lulls to sleep
The youth with her most sweet and artful strain.
O’er every sense that sleep begins to creep
By slow degrees and fixes firm its reign :
Nor could the very thunders make him leap
From that repose where death is imaged plain.
Out of her ambush then the false witch wends,
And o’er him, eager for revenge, she bends.

LXVI.

“ But when she sees him without fear or guile
Breathing so tranquilly there all alone,
And marks his lovely eyes which seem to smile
Though closed, ah ! what if their full orb were shown?
She stops, suspense, and in a little while
Sits near him, and feels all her anger flown
While gazing ; and as o’er that lovely look
She hangs her, seems Narcissus at the brook.

LXVII.

“ And she received the living dews that came
 Over his brows upon her veil’s fine fold,
 And with a gentle fanning helped to tame
 The summer heat which else were uncontrolled.
 Thus (who will credit it?) the sleeping flame
 From hidden eyes melted away that cold
 Which in her heart had hardened more than stone,
 And foe no more, a lover has she grown.

LXVIII.

“ Of woodbines and of lilies and of roses,
 Which flourish all along those pleasant plains,
 Blended with novel art she then composes
 Her flexible but most tenacious chains :
 In these neck, arms, and feet she then incloses,
 And him who thus is taken thus retains.
 Then while he sleeps she has him borne to lie
 Upon her car, and swiftly cleaves the sky.

LXIX.

Nor bends she tow’rd Damascus her career,
 Nor to where her castle mid the waves abides?
 Not jealous of a pledge become so dear,
 Ashamed too of her love, herself she hides
 The vast ocean whither seldom steer,
 Or never, any barks from our sea-sides,
 Yond our utmost coasts ; and here she chose
 Islet for her seat and lone repose ;

LXX.

Let on which with other such in sight
 Name derived from Fortune has been laid.
 Thus she climbs up a steep mountain’s height
 Unpeopled, and obscure, and dark with shade :
 It covers o’er with snow by magic sleight
 Its sides and shoulders, and its head is made
 Numbered with no snow, all green and fair,
 Near a lake she founds a palace where

LXXI.

“ He whom she doats on in perpetual spring
Now leads with her a life of love and joy.
From goal so hidd’n and distant must ye bring
Back to the camp the long-misguided boy ;
And foil the guards whom round the mountain’s ring,
And near her roof, her jealous fears employ :
Nor shall ye lack for the grand task a guide,
Nor one by whom fit arms shall be supplied.

LXXII.

“ Ye’ll find, when ye re-pass the stream but now,
A maiden young in looks, yet old in years,
Known by long ringlets curling on her brow,
And various tint which on her robe appears.
With her the depth of ocean shall ye plough
Swifter than eagle on the wing careers,
Or flies the thunderbolt ; nor will she be
Less faithful guide when ye re-cross the sea.

LXXIII.

“ At the mount’s foot beneath the witch’s lair,
New Pythons hissing will be seen to glide,
And boars to raise their backs with horrid hair,
And bears and lions open the mouth wide ;
But when ye shake this rod of mine in air,
Where’er it sounds, at once they’ll shrink aside.
Then greater far, if truth be weighed aright,
Ye’ll find the peril on the mountain height.

LXXIV.

“ A fountain rises there so fair and pure
That all grow thirsty who behold it play ;
But in its cooling crystals an obscure
And execrable venom lurks away ;
For e’en the smallest draught of it is sure
To intoxicate the heart, and make it gay :
Then laughter is induced ; and this will rise
At last to such a pitch, that the man dies.

LXXV.

“Let your disdainful mouth at once disown
Those deadly waters, and afar retreat;
Nor be enticed then by the viands strown
On verdant bank; nor for one moment greet
The treacherous maids whose soft and flattering tone,
And mien that smiles and woos, are all deceit.
But mind that ye despise their skillful baits
Of glance and word, and enter the tall gates.

LXXVI.

“Within, inextricable walls arise,
And in a thousand curves confus’dly wind,
But this brief chart I give you shall apprise
Of every cheat that can mislead or blind.
In the mid labyrinth a garden lies,
Whose very leaves breathe love into the mind:
Here bosomed on the freshest herbage green
The cavalier and maiden will be seen.

LXXVII.

“But when abandoning her lover dear
She shall have turned her to some other place,
Then must ye show yourselves to him, and rear
The adamant shield I give you to his face;
So that he may behold his image clear,
And the soft dress which wraps him in its lace:
That at such sight shame and disdain may wrest
His most unworthy passion from his breast.

LXXVIII.

“No other thing remains which need be told
Save that ye may with confidence proceed,
And penetrate each inmost turn and fold
Of that abode, from every hindrance freed:
Because no force of magic can withhold
Your footsteps, not at all retard your speed;
Nor even shall Armida’s art foresee
Your coming, of such pow’r your guide shall be.

LXXIX.

“ Nor less securely shall ye quit the pests
Of her retreat, and homeward speed aright.
But now the hour is come when Nature rests ;
And ye must rise to-morrow with the light.”
Thus spake he to them ; and then led his guests
Where they might make their sojourn for the night.
There leaving them rejoiced yet thoughtful too,
The good old man to his repose withdrew.

CANTO XV.

ARGUMENT.

When the brave pair of messengers have scanned
 The notes and counsels of that good man old,
 Under the wond'rous pilot's skilled command
 O'er waves and perils is their shallop rolled.
 But heaped already on the shore and sand
 The Egyptian tents and vessels they behold;
 Then, having crossed, with well-armed breast advance,
 Spite of the wild beast and the winning glance.

I.

ALREADY the first ray, serene and fair,
 Had called to toil each creature of the field,
 When the sage coming to the knightly pair
 Brought them the golden rod, the chart, and shield.
 "For the grand voyage," he exclaimed, "prepare,
 Ere day which dawns e'en now be more revealed:
 Lo, here is what I promised you last night,
 And what will overcome all magic sleight."

II.

Already had they ris'n, already braced
 Their armour on the vigorous limb and breast;
 Hence along paths uncheered by day with haste
 They followed that old man: and now they pressed,
 Returning, the same track o'er which they paced
 At first on coming to that place of rest.
 But when they had attained his river's bed,
 "I bid you adieu; go prosper, friends!" he said.

III.

The stream received them where it deeply sank,
And gently thrusting, made them upward glide,
As it is wont to raise light bough or plank

Which force has pushed far down into its tide :
It left them then upon the grassy bank.

Hence they beheld the already promised guide :
They marked a pinnacle ; and the fatal maid
Who should escort them at the rudder stayed.

IV.

Upon her forehead graceful curls are seen,
And courteous, kind, and tranquil is her gaze :
And she resembles angels in her mien,

Such sparkling light illumed her with its rays.
Her robe seems azure now, and now 'tis green,
Now vermeil, tinted in a thousand ways ;
Whence one perceives her of a different hue
How oft soever one returns to view.

V.

Thus does the plumage which surrounds the tame
And amorous dove's neck with coruscant scheme
Not for one moment show itself the same,

But takes all colours in the solar beam :
Now like a necklace in which rubies flame,
Now in a light where verdant emeralds gleam ;
Now mingling every hue diverse and bright,
It pleases in a hundred ways the sight.

VI.

“ Enter,” she said, “ ye blest, this bark of mine
With which secure I cross the ocean's road,
To which all breezes blow with favouring sign,
All storms are calm, and light is every load.

To serve and guide you has my Lord divine
Sped me with haste ; to Him this grace is owed.”
Thus spoke the maid ; then nearer to the bank
She made the curving pine present its flank.

VII.

Soon as it has received the noble pair,
She thrusts the shore, and lets the cable slack ;
And having loosed the sail to the light air,
She seats her at the helm, and rules the track.
The torrent is so swoll'n that it would bear
The largest burdens now upon its back :
But this one is so slight that stream less great
From recent moisture would uphold its weight.

VIII.

Swift beyond nature's use the breezes urge
The bounding bark on tow'rd the salt sea shore ;
The waters become white with hoary surge,
And cleft behind how musical their roar !
Lo now they reach where, as the banks diverge,
The river runs more calmly than before,
And, spread in the broad vortex of the sea,
Is lost at last, or so appears to be.

IX.

Scarce had the wond'rous bark arrived to brave
The ocean's fringe, then stormy to the view,
Ere disappeared the gloom and ceased to rave
The blast presaged from clouds of sombre hue :
The sweet air levels down the mountainous wave,
And only curls the bosom of the blue :
And Heav'n, which ne'er beheld itself more clear,
Is laughing with a sweetly tranquil cheer.

X.

The pinnacle ran beyond Ascalon, and passed
Leftward toward the West : and soon was found
Near to that Gaza's walls careering fast
Which was the port of Gaza once renowned ;
But, on this other's ruin, growing vast
Became a city whose pow'r stretched far around :
And on its shores were now observed to stand
Almost as many men as grains of sand.

XI.

The mariners turned their glances to the land,
And saw tall tents arise, a countless store :
They marked both horse and foot in many a band
Go and return from city to the shore ;
By laden camels, too, and elephants grand,
The sandy path was pressed, and trampled o'er,
Then saw they vessels move from port, and ride
At anchor in its gulf profound and wide.

XII.

Some spread the sail, and others, nimble and fleet,
Employed the oar, and moved along with grace ;
And oar and prow smote on the watery sheet
Until it foamed in almost every place.
Then said the maiden : "Although thus replete
Be shore and sea with yonder felon race,
Yet is e'en now the pow'rful tyrant far
From having gathered all his troops of war.

XIII.

"These are from Egypt only, and countries near :
He waits now till the distant ones are sent ;
For tow'rd the East and South far o'er the sphere
His mighty empire stretches in extent.
So that I hope to finish our career
And back return, ere he shall move a tent :
He, or the person who shall fill the post
Instead of him of Captain o'er the host."

XIV.

While speaking, as the eagle is wont to fly
Mid other fowl securely through the air,
And soaring tow'rd the sun mounts up so high
That not an eye can mark it in the glare :
Thus does her little vessel seem to ply
'Twixt ship and ship ; and has no fear nor care
Lest any should arrest it or pursue,
And speeds afar from them and quits their view.

XV.

And instantly to Raffia has it flown,
A Syrian city which to those who steer
From Egypt appears first: thence to the lone
And barren shore it comes of Rhinocere.
And then not distant far a mountain cone
Is seen o'er sea its haughty locks to rear,
And bathes its foot in the unstable wave,
And Pompey's bones have in its breast a grave.

XVI.

They view Damietta then; and how the Nile
Pours through its seven famed channels without pause
Rich tribute to the sea, and adds the while
More through a hundred other minor jaws:
And on they sail beyond the citted pile
Founded by the brave Greek with Grecian laws;
And beyond Pharos, known of old to stand
An isle far off, now joined to the main land.

XVII.

Far tow'rd the pole are left both Rhodes and Crete,
Then coast they Afric, which near ocean's bed
Is tilled and fruitful, but within replete
With only barren sands and monsters dread.
Past Marmarique they near Cyrene's seat,
Once honored by five cities as their head.
Here Ptolemais lies; then they behold
Lethe's calm waves, renowned in fables old.

XVIII.

The larger Syrtes, which the seaman flies,
Being left near shore, far tow'rd the deep they go,
And see behind them Cape Judecca rise,
And into ocean mark the Magra flow.
Now Tripoli decks the coast, and Malta lies
Hid opposite among the waves, and low:
Then at the other Syrtes' back they spy
Alzerbe, erst home of the Lotophagi.

XIX.

Then Tunis in a deep curve comes in view,
With mountain flanking the bay's either shore;
Tunis, rich honored seat, than which but few
Or none has Libya celebrated more.
Opposite Sicily crowns the waters blue,
And the grand heights of Lilybæum soar.
Now thence to the two knights the maiden shows
The spot where Carthage formerly arose.

XX.

Carthage is fallen: scarce can the eye survey
A trace on shore of all its ruin wide.
Cities and kingdoms pass into decay,
And sand and grass conceal their pomp and pride:
Yet man disdains to be of mortal clay.
What haughty longings in our mind reside!
Next comes Biserta, and with onward flight
They have Sardinia's isle upon the right.

XXI.

Past the Numidian plains the bark then ran,
Where wand'ring men led pastoral lives of yore,
Past Bugia and Algiers both under ban
As corsairs' nests, and Oran's onward shore:
Then skirted they the coasts of Tingitan,
Where elephants abound, and lions roar,
Where now Morocco's realm, and Fez, are spread;
And past Granada's opposite domes they sped.

XXII.

Now flows the sea with land on either flank,
Huge way which Hercules was feigned to hew;
And once, perchance, a long continuous bank
Was there, which some deep ruin cleft in two.
There ocean forced its way: and Abila shrank
To this side and to the other Calpe drew;
Libya and Spain were reft by narrow sluice.
Such mighty change can lapse of time produce!

XXIII.

Four times the sun had in the East appeared
Since first the bark had left the shore's retreat;
Yet ne'er, nor need required, to port had steered
Though so much voyage already was complete.
Ent'ring the short strait now, so quickly cleared,
It gulfs itself where endless billows beat.
If here, where locked in shores, the sea be grand,
What is 't where it embosoms all the land?

XLIV.

Among the lofty waves e'en now are lost
Rich Cadiz, and the other two so nigh.
All lands are left behind, and every coast;
The sky bounds ocean, ocean bounds the sky.
Then Ubald said: "O maiden, who bestow'st
Thy guidance o'er this endless main, reply,
Has other e'er been here, and are there found
Habitants in the world to which we are bound?"

XXV.

She answers: "Hercules, when his right hand
Had slain the brutes of Libya and of Spain,
And had o'errun and conquered all your land,
Dared not attempt the dangers of the main.
He marked the bounds, and in too narrowly spanned
A cloister human wit did he restrain:
Those marks of his, Ulysses, urged by vast
Desire to see and know, depised and passed.

XXVI.

"He passed the Columns in his bark nor quailed
To attempt the open sea with oary speed;
But him no skill among the waves availed,
For he was swallowed up by ocean's greed;
And with his body there lies also veiled
His grand mischance, which now ye scarcely heed.
If winds e'er drave out others o'er these waves,
They came not back, or found here watery graves.

XXVII.

“ Thus the grand tides thou plough’st are all unknown ;
A thousand unknown isles and realms they hide ;
The lands are fertile, too, as are your own,
And habitants upon the soil reside.
This last is rich, nor can the virtue strown
By solar beam unfruitful e’er abide.”
“ Tell me,” said Ubald then without a pause,
“ What cult this hidden world adopts, what laws ?”

XXVIII.

She answered him : “ In divers parts befall
Diversities of uses, tongues, and rites.
Some worship beasts, some the great mother of all,
And some the sun and all the lesser lights.
There are who feast on viands that appall
With cruel and unnatural appetites.
In short as hence from Calpe we recede,
All are of barbarous modes, of impious creed.”

XXIX.

“ And will that God,” replied the cavalier,
“ Who came down to illume this earthly chart,
Suffer no ray of truth then to appear
In this of the whole world so large a part ?”
“ Nay,” she replied : “ the faith of Peter here
Shall flourish soon, and every civil art.
Nor shall it be that the long way shall sever
These races of the West from yours for ever.

XXX.

“ Soon shall industrious mariners despise,
As merest fable, Hercules his bound ;
And seas now nameless, and each realm that lies
Unknown shall e’en ’mong you become renowned.
Yes ! the most gallant of all argosies
Shall gird and search whate’er the sea girds round ;
And o’er the globe, tremendous mass, shall run
Victorious and the rival of the sun.

XXXI.

“ A Genoese shall be the first to explore
With daring heart the course unknown and wide.
Nor shall the threat’ning wind’s tempestuous roar,
Nor seas inhospitable, nor clime untried,
Nor aught of perilous and of dreadful more
Which any among men have yet defied,
Make one so generous calm his soul elate
Inside of Abila’s forbidden strait.

XXXII.

“ Columbus, thou shalt spread thy fortunate sail
On tow’rd a pole so far removed from sight,
That Fame with myriad eyes and plumes shall fail
Almost to follow with those eyes thy flight.
Bacchus and Hercules still grace her tale;
Of thee as yet her tidings may be slight:
But these though slight will yield a memory long
Most worthy both of history and of song.”

XXXIII.

She spake ; and Westward made the vessel run
O’er billowy paths, and toward the South she bent ;
And o’er against them setting fell the sun,
And shone behind them on its re-ascent.
And just as fair Aurora had begun
To sow the rays and dews around, intent
They looked afar, and saw a mountain shroud
Its lofty forehead in a wreath of cloud.

XXXIV.

And they perceived it, as they drew more nigh
And it had wholly lost its cloudy vest,
Resembling a sharp cone athwart the sky,
Large in the mist, and fine toward the crest ;
And it appeared to send up smoke on high,
Like the one upon Euceladus his breast ;
Whose nature ’tis to smoke while day is bright,
And then illumine the skies with flames at night.

XXXV.

Lo other isles together, and they came
To other slopes at last, less steep and tall ;
These were the Happy Islands, by which name
The former age had been induced to call
A group so favored by the skies (thus fame
Made men believe) that here the lands would all
Bring forth spontaneous, and without the plough,
And vines untilled yield sweeter fruits than now.

XXXVI.

Here olive blossoms did not vainly teem,
Here honey dropped out from the hollowed ash ;
And down from every mountain hied the stream
With sparkling water and with murmuring plash :
And breeze and dew so tempered the sunbeam
That none here ever feared its fervent lash ;
Here were the Elysian Fields ; and here arose
The famous homes where blessèd souls repose.

XXXVII.

To these the maiden came : “ And now,” she cried,
“ Your journey’s end will not be long deferred.
These are the Isles of Fortune at our side,
Whose great but doubtful fame ye must have heard.
With every wealth and charm are they supplied,
But o’er the truth is much of falsehood slurred.”
While she was speaking thus, she swiftly neared
The one which foremost of the ten appeared.

XXXVIII.

Then Charles began : “ If it will not impede
The grand adventure, lady, which thou show’st,
Let me debark awhile here and proceed
To see these unknown shores, to see the host
Of habitants, the method of their creed,
And all which a wise man will envy most
When it shall please me to narrate elsewhere
What I saw new, avouching ‘ I was there.’ ”

XXXIX.

answered : " The demand is worthy thee ;
 but what can I, or how so far aspire,
 the inviolable and severe decree
 If Heav'n be adverse to thy fair desire ?
 yet the space which God ordains to flee
 ere grand discov'ry come is not entire ;
 may ye bring o'er ocean's deep abyss
 your own world true knowledge home from this.

XL.

o you through grace, beyond the use and art
 Of mariners, 'tis given to cross this tide ;
 And there debark where the knight's chained apart,
 and bring him back to the world's other side.
 this suffice ; on more to set thine heart
 Vere to contend with fate through human pride."
 she ceased she, and already the first isle
 lay low, and the second rose the while.

XLI.

shows them how the group to Eastward stands,
 extending forth in one long ordered line ;
 And that betwixt each pair of them expands
 an almost equal space of billowy brine.
 even they see the homes and cultured lands
 Of dwellers there, and many another sign ;
 see lie deserted, and in rocks and fens
 And beasts have there the safest of all dens.

XLII.

spot in one of these three one descries
 Where the shore curves itself in such a sort
 that two long horns emerge, and midway lies
 a rock which, making of the gulf a port,
 turns its front inward, while its back defies
 the outward waves and cleaves them as in sport.
 on crags, on this side and on that one, soar,
 and leads to mariners far out from shore.

XLIII.

Below them hushed reclines the guarded wave :

Above, the scene is dark with gloomy trees ;
And in the midst of them there lies a cave

Where ivy shades and crystal waters please.
Here cable ne'er was tied, nor anchor drave

Its tooth to rein the tired bark in the breeze.
Entered the maid this spot so calm and lone,
And gathered in the sails which had been strown.

XLIV.

" Behold," she said then, " on that mountain's breast
The lofty mass tow'rd which your eyes are sweeping :

There amid feasting, leisure, tale, and jest,
The champion of the Christian faith is sleeping.

Up yonder steep your path shall be addressed
Soon as the sun once more from the East is leaping :

Nor vex at the delay : each hour, I know,
Save that of morn would augur only woe.

XLV.

" Well with the daylight which will yet ensue
Ye may pass onward to the mountain's base."

They having bid their noble guide adieu,

Along the wished-for shore began to pace ;
And found the path so easy, and so new,

That of fatigue they felt not e'en a trace :
And when they reached their journey's end, the car
Of Phœbus lingered still from ocean far.

XLVI.

They see that over crag, through ruin bare

One must ascend those heights that proudly tower ;
And that the paths are scattered everywhere

With snows and frosts ; and then come herb and
Near to the hoary chin the verdant hair [flower.

Shoots forth, and ice appears to have no power
O'er tender rose and lily : magic spell
E'en against nature can succeed so well.

XLVII.

the wild darkly-shaded spot at night,
 close to the mountain's foot, the warriors choose ;
 when the sun, eternal fount of light,
 begins to streak the skies with golden hues,
 "up!" both cry, and full of hope and might
 begin their journey through the morning dews,
 whence I know not, came athwart their path,
 cold and fierce, a serpent hissing wrath.

XLVIII.

Its breast and head inscaled with squalid gold
 lifts up, and its neck is swell'd with ire :
 fumes dart flames, beneath its belly cold
 the paths are hid, it breathes out poison and fire ;
 it enters it itself ; now forward rolled
 over itself, it spreads the knotty spire.
 It appears on its accustomed guard ;
 yet the warriors' steps does it retard.

XLIX.

He comes with the sword at once attacks the snake :
 but the other cries : "Hold, hold ! what folly is this ?
 Force of hand, with weapons of such make,
 think'st thou the guardian serpent to dismiss ?"
 He gives he to his golden wand a shake
 that the speckled monster hears it hiss ;
 flying swiftly from the dreaded sound,
 leaves the pass free, and cowers upon the ground.

L.

Upon them next they see a lion roll
 his savage eyes ; he roars, unsheathes his claws,
 shows his locks, and opens and shows the whole
 tremendous gulf of his voracious jaws,
 lashing with his tail inflames his soul.
 But when the rod is shown, he makes a pause,
 secret terror freezes in him quite
 his native courage, and he takes to flight.

LI.

Still onward swiftly move the knightly pair.

But warlike animals, a dreadful host,
Varying in voice, in motions, and in air,
Rise up before them to defend the post.

All wild and monstrous things that have their lair

"Twixt Nile and where the Atlas bounds the coast,
Seem here collected, and whatever broods
Hercynia rears, or dark Hyrcanian woods.

LII.

But yet so vast and savage an array

Thrusts them not back, nor e'en disputes the ground;
Yea, miracle unheard of, flies away

For momentary sight and trifling sound.

The pair victorious thus in every fray

Surmount the height, nor further lets are found;
Excepting that the rugged ways impede
With cold and steepness, and retard their speed.

LIII.

But after they have traversed o'er the snows,

And have o'ertopped the rough and steep, they gain
A sweet and tepid climate at the close,

And on the mount the broad and open plain.

Here breezes, fresh and scented like the rose,

Are breathing forth with no uncertain strain;

For not as elsewhere does the orb of day,

Wheeling around here, wake them or allay;

LIV.

Nor reign here cold and heat alternate pow'rs,

Nor first the cloud, and then the clear one sees:

But still the skies inwrapt throughout all hours

In purest splendor neither flame nor freeze,

And rear for meads their herbs, for herbs their flow'rs,

For flow'rs their scent, eternal shade for trees.

The gorgeous palace on the lake is found,

And lords it o'er the hills and seas around.

LV.

The knights felt somewhat wearied by the ascent,
So lofty and so rough, which they had made ;
Hence slowly through that flowery path they went,
And now they moved their steps, and now they stayed :
When lo ! a fount which asked them to content
Their thirsty lips fell down in a cascade,
Whose one large vein and myriad jets of spray
Sprinkled with drops the herbage on its way.

LVI.

But soon united all its waters glide
In a profound canal mid banks of green ;
And while the trees o'erarch them from each side,
Hie murmuring cold and sombre through the scene,
But so transparent that they do not hide
One beauty of their bed distinctly seen :
And on the banks the herbage mounts aloft,
And makes a seat there ever fresh and soft.

LVII.

“ Lo here the stream of laughter hies along,
Lo here the fount so full of perilous spite.
Now must we rein well our desire though strong,
And cautious be to the utmost of our might.
Close we our ears to the sweet guilty song
Of these fallacious Syrens of delight.”
Thus went they till they saw the river take
More broad and graceful sweeps, and form a lake.

LVIII.

And here a board of viands rich and dear
Is spread beside the bank upon the mead ;
And merrily playing through the water clear
Two garrulous and wanton damsels speed,
Who sprinkle faces now, and now appear
To strive which first shall reach a mark agreed :
And then they dive ; and then their head and back
Emerge at last after the hidden track.

LIX.

The swimmers in their naked beauty dressed
Moved somewhat the knights' bosoms albeit rude,
So that they stopped to look at them : the jest
And every winning way these yet pursued.
Meanwhile one raised herself and showed her breast
And all of that by which the sight is wooed
From the waist upward in the open air ;
Her other limbs the lake veiled softly there.

LX.

As issues from the wave the star of morn
Dewy and dripping ; or as from the spray
Of teeming ocean burst, when newly born,
The Goddess of Delight, as fables say :
Thus does she seem ; thus crystal drops adorn
Her auburn hairs and down her shoulder stray.
She next looked round, and feigning then to see
Those two for the first time, shrank modestly :

LXI.

And downward from her head at once she threw
The hair which in a single knot she wore ;
And robed with long thick locks of golden hue
The yielding ivory which was seen before.
O what a lovely sight was lost to view !
But not less lovely was what veiled it o'er.
Thus hidden by the waters and her hair,
She turned to them with glad and bashful air.

LXII.

She smiled and blushed at once ; the smile was shown
Amid the blush with more exceeding grace,
And mid the smile the blush, now richly strown
E'en to her chin o'er all her delicate face.
Then spake she in so sweet and kind a tone
As would have won all others in their place.
" O happy pilgrims ye, allowed to come
To this felicitous and tranquil home !

LXIII.

“ This is the haven of the world ; here rest
From all its cares is found ; and here behold
That pleasure which an ancient race possessed
Without restriction in the age of gold.
Your arms, till now perchance a needful vest,
Henceforth ye may put off, securely bold,
And hallow them to quiet in this grove ;
For here ye shall be champions but of Love ;

LXIV.

“ A bed of herbage softened by the dew
Shall be your sweet arena for the fight.
We'll lead you to our lady, royal and true,
Who gives all bliss for service that is slight ;
And she will add you to the chosen few
Whom she has destined for her own delight :
But wash away the dust first in this flood,
And at this table deign to taste of food.”

LXV.

So spake the one ; the other concordant still
Accompanied the words with acts and glances,
As when one to the sound of chords with skill
Swiftly sometimes, and sometimes slowly, dances.
But the knights have their bosoms deaf and chill
To all their false and treacherous advances ;
And the persuasive look and the sweet tone
Remain outside, and soothe the sense alone.

LXVI.

And if such sweetness ever be intruded
Where it can generate the least desire,
Soon reason, in its armour safe included,
Roots out and carves away the nascent fire.
One pair remain there vanquished and deluded ;
The other without taking leave retire.
These sought the palace : in the water these
Dived down ; so much did their repulse displease.

CANTO XVI.

ARGUMENT.

See here Armida's gardens, see remain
 The gallant youth immersed in soft delight :
 But see him loosened from that impious chain,
 And taking from those charmed gates his flight.
 The Sorceress, that her prize she may retain,
 Implores, allures, and threats in varied plight :
 But nothing gains ; hence fierce her passions glow,
 Her palace melts in smoke, herself in woe.

I.

THE glittering pile is round ; and most recluse
 Within its breast, and central to the round,
 A garden lies adorned beyond the use
 Of all which ever flourished most renowned.
 Demon artificers had raised abstruse
 And trackless colonnades there as its bound ;
 And, girded by that treacherous array
 Of paths oblique, impenetrable it lay.

II.

Straight through the larger entrance on they went,
 Although a hundred oped in that vast hold.
 Here gates of richly sculptured silver leant
 On creaking hinges of relucant gold.
 They fixed on the carved shapes their gaze intent,
 For here the work more than the metal told.
 These lack but speech, else were they living quite ;
Nor lack e'en this, if thou believe thy sight.

III.

ld, amid Mæonian handmaids here
sides prates, and at the distaff toils ;
though he vanquished Hell, and poised the sphere,
w twirls the spindle : Love looks on and smiles.

Iole with feeble hand uprear
; homicidal arms with jesting wiles ;
ion's hide is on her back, and seems
ough a burden for such tender limbs.

IV.

. is opposite ; and its azure main
aming with hoary billows ye behold :
ed in the midst behold a double train
ships and arms ; the arms yield sparks ; with gold
vaves flash ; and o'er all Leucate's chain
hills the fire of battle seems to have rolled.
Cæsar leads the Romans ; Antony
East there, Egypt, Ind and Araby.

V.

say that the upturn Cyclades must float
ong the waves, and rock with rock must jar,
st the impulse with which one side smote
e other in its tow'ring ships of war.
dy darts and torches fly, and note
at new-made havoc strews the seas afar.
ld, yet neither way inclines the fight,
ld the barbarous queen has ta'en to flight.

VI.

Antony flies too, and can give o'er
; hopes of the world's empire, once his aim :
ies not, no, but her who flies before
sues, dragged on by that enchanting dame.
him, like one within whose bosom's core
; burning at one time love, rage, and shame,
ate eye the battle now, whose scales
oubtful still, and now the flying sails.

VII.

Then hid in the recesses of the Nile,
He seems upon her breast for death to wait;
And with the rapture of a lovely smile
Consoles himself for his unhappy fate.
Adorned and sculptured in so rich a style
Was the bright metal of the regal gate.
The warriors, when they had withdrawn their gaze
From the fair scene, entered the doubtful maze.

VIII.

As its uncertain course Mæander plies
In sportful mood, now mounts, and now descends,
Now tow'rd its source, and now tow'rd ocean hies,
And meets itself returning while it wends:
Such and in more inextricable guise,
These paths are; but the mage's chart now lends
Its ready succor, and defines each spot
So clearly that it soon resolves the knot.

IX.

When they had issued from the tortuous round
They saw the joyous garden bright with dew.
Unruffled pools, crystals with murmuring sound,
All kinds of trees and herbs, flow'rs of each hue,
Smooth sunny slopes, valleys with shade embrowned,
Dark woods and caves, all burst upon their view.
And, what adds grace to works, and is their pride,
The art which has wrought all is not descried.

X.

Most natural seems each ornament and site,
So blent together are neglect and care.
It looks like Nature's art, who for delight
In sport mocks that which mocks herself. The air
And aught beside is framed by magic sleight;
The air which makes the trees all blossom there.
Both flow'rs and fruit for evermore endure,
And while the one buds the other grows mature.

XI.

same trunk, in the same leafy line,
 the nascent fig, the fig grows old.
 The old apple and the new decline
 from one bough, this green, and that of gold.
 The fig creeps on high the twisted vine,
 The fig, upon the garden's sunnier mould,
 Here unripe in flow'r, and there profuse
 And ruby, loaded now with juice.

XII.

The green boughs full many a charming bird
 Give its wanton notes as if in spring.
 As the gale, and leaves and waves are stirred
 Andattle, for its force is varying ;
 Singing loudly when no birds are heard,
 And beating lightly whensoever they sing.
 The al breeze, whether from chance or art,
 As their strain, and now responds apart.

XIII.

The rest is one with varied dyes
 And o'er her plumes, and with a purple bill ;
 A quick tongue so featly she unties,
 And it articulates with human skill.
 She continued in such artful guise
 In eloquence that the marvel made one thrill.
 Intently mute drank in the sound,
 The wind ceased its whispers all around.

XIV.

"ark," she sang, "the virgin rose unfold
 The modest blossom from amid the green,
 Half yet hidden, and only half unrolled,
 Ere she shows for what is left unseen.
 She it bares its naked breast, grown bold ;
 She droops then, how unlike what it has been !
 What once a myriad maids and swains
 Sought so much, and sought with eager pains.

XV.

“Thus passes with the passing of a day
The flow’r and verdure of the life of men;
Nor, though young April may return, and May,
Reblossoms ever, nor grows green again.
Pluck we the rose then in the morning ray,
For the day’s calm may fail we know not when;
Pluck we love’s rose: for love now let us yearn
While, loving, we too may be loved in turn.”

XVI.

She ceased: the feathered choir, as if they graced
The words with their consent, took up the song.
The doves renewed their kisses, and embraced,
All creatures felt them borne by love along.
And seemed the obdurate oak, the laurel chaste,
And all the leafy tribes, an ample throng,
Seemed earth, and flood, to form and to respire
The sweetest sense and sighs of warm desire.

XVII.

Amid the melodies which so softly waken,
And mid such flatt’ring and alluring wiles,
That pair speed on; and rigid and unshaken
Steel them against each pleasure that beguiles.
When lo their glance, nor can it be mistaken,
Sent onward pierces through the leafy aisles,
And sees the lover and the maid adored,
Him on her bosom laid, her on the sward.

XVIII.

Her bosom through the drawn veil meets the view,
And in the warm breeze her loose hair is roving:
She languishes with joy, and her cheek’s hue
Seems brighter beneath drops of heat unmoving.
As ray through wave, a sparkling smile shines through
Her liquid eyes now tremulous and loving.
O’er him she hangs; his head assumes a place
On her soft breast with face upturned to face.

XIX.

And while his hungry looks greedily reap
 From her their food, he wastes himself in sighs.
 He stoops and snatches from his lips a heap
 Of kisses now, now sips them from his eyes :
 And at that point he heaves a sigh so deep
 That he imagines : " Now my spirit flies
 And travels o'er to her ! " The knightly pair,
 Well hidden, watch those amorous actions there.

XX.

Down from the lover's side, O strange attire !
 There hung a crystal furbished all and bright.
 He rose and held it forward for her nigher,
 The chosen minister of Cupid's rite.
 Her laughing eyes, and his lit up with fire
 See but one object present to the sight :
 He makes the glass her mirror ; he, poor elf,
 Within her tranquil eyes glasses himself.

XXI.

He boasts a slave, the other a queen, to be ;
 She doats on self, and he on her no less.
 " Turn," cried the cavalier, " O ! turn on me [bless.
 Those eyes with which thou'rt blest, and me canst
 I O ! my fires, though this thou dost not see,
 Limn to the life thy beauty's whole excess.
 Thy bosom shows far better than thy glass
 That image which no marvels can surpass.

XXII.

Though me thou may'st regard with scorn, yet there
 Thou canst at least behold thine own fair face,
 For thus thy look, which is not pleased elsewhere,
 Turned tow'rd itself may joy at its own grace.
 No mirror can display a form so fair,
 Nor Paradise in little glass find space.
 No mirror should be Heav'n whose orbs of light
 None reflect thy loveliness aright."

XXIII.

Armida smiled at this, but still pursued
Her self-delight and pretty toils of old.
When she had wov'n her hairs, and had subdued
With graceful discipline their errors bold,
She curled the smaller locks and 'mid them strewed
Rich flow'rs which seemed enamel upon gold :
And o'er her bosom's native lilies pale
Flung foreign roses, and composed her veil.

XXIV.

Nor beauteous thus the peacock when his store
Of bright-eyed plumes in conscious pomp is dight :
Nor Iris when she gilds and purples o'er
Her curved and dewy bosom to the light.
But fairer than aught else the cest she wore,
Which she kept ever round her, e'en by night.
Body to bodiless things did she affix ;
And mixed to make it what none else may mix.

XXV.

Tender disdains, rebukes mild and discreet,
Endearing arts, and concords full of bliss,
Smiles, little words, and drops of sorrow sweet,
And broken sighs, and many a gentle kiss :
All these she fused, and tempered them with heat
Of sluggish torches which was kept remiss ;
And formed of them that admirable cest
Which now around her lovely side was pressed.

XXVI.

Her wooing done at last, she bids adieu
To the fond youth, kisses him and departs.
Each day she is wont to go forth and review
Her own affairs, and search her magic charts.
He stays ; for never may he thence pursue
His path, or moment spend in other parts,
And, save when occupied with her, he roves
A lonely lover 'mong the beasts and groves.

XXVII.

But when with friendly silence the deep shade
 Calls to their thefts anew the expecting pair,
 They spend the hours of night in rapture, laid
 Within those gardens under one roof there.
 Now when, as her severer duties bade,
 Armida left the spot and her sweet care,
 The two, who mid the boughs had been concealed,
 Displayed themselves in pompous armour steeled.

XXVIII.

As the ferocious steed which has been ta'en
 From toilsome feats of battle crowned with praise,
 And loose in vile repose along the plain
 Among the herds a wanton husband strays ;
 If wakened by the trumpet's warlike strain,
 Or flash of steel, quick turns to it, and neighs ;
 Longs for the lists, and, carrying on his back
 The man, to rush along the thundering track :

XXIX.

So does the youth when suddenly he sees
 Athwart his eyes the flash of armour sweep :
 O, such a warrior, whom but war could please,
 Feels at that flashing all his spirit leap ;
 Though languid in the midst of morbid ease,
 And amid pleasures drunken and asleep.
 And meanwhile advancing has revealed
 On his sight the adamant shield.

XXX.

He turns his glance to the bright mirror there,
 Which shows him what he is ; and with what pride
 Delicacy adorned, his dress and hair
 Beat the wanton odors that would grace a bride :
 His sword, yes, e'en his sword, made fair
 Too much feminine luxury at his side :
 Useless ornament thus decked it seems,
 Like a weapon that for battle gleams.

XXXI.

As one by deep and heavy sleep oppressed
After long dream regains his wonted lore,
So by that glance his senses were redressed :
But he can gaze upon himself no more.
Down falls his glance, and, timid and depressed,
Shame keeps it fixed upon the grassy floor.
He'd plunge in ocean, into fire would creep,
To hide himself, aye, seek the central deep.

XXXII.

Then Ubald seized the moment to exclaim :
“ In arms all Asia and all Europe stand ;
Whoever adores Christ, or longs for fame,
Now toils in warfare in the Syrian land.
Thou only, son of Bertold, idly tame
Art locked out from the world on this small strand
Thou only art not moved by the grand whirl
Of war, egregious champion of a girl.

XXXIII.

“ What sleep, what lethargy so long enthralls
Thy valor ? what vile quest does it pursue ?
Up ! thee the camp, and thee, too, Godfrey calls ;
Fortune awaits thy sword, and victory too.
Come, fatal warrior, end the task which falls
For thee to achieve, and let the rebel crew,
Whom thou didst shake erewhile, be lowly laid
Struck down by thine inevitable blade.”

XXXIV.

He ceased ; the noble youth, confused a space,
And without voice or gesture, made a pause.
But when shame yielded up to scorn its place,
Scorn the fierce champion here of reason's cause,
And following up the redness of his face
A new fire came which burnt with fiercer jaws ;
He tore those empty ornaments away,
Those poms unworthy, slavery's base array ;

XXXV.

And hastened, as one even now too late
Forth from that tortuous labyrinthine chain.
Meanwhile Armida at the regal gate
Marked on the ground its fiery guardian slain.
She guessed at once, and soon she knew her fate,
That her beloved had broken from the rein ;
And sees him turn his back, ah ! cruel sight !
On that delightful home in hasty flight.

XXXVI.

She wished to cry : “ Ah leav’st thou me alone,
O cruel one ? ” but sorrow stopped the sound ;
So that her lamentable words were thrown
Back to re-echo in her heart’s profound.
Wretch ! pow’r and knowledge greater than her own
Have snatched the joys with which she had been
She sees it well, and yet in vain she strives [crowned.
Still to retain him, and her arts revives.

XXXVII.

What notes profane were ever heard to peal
From foul Thessalian lips in horrid gloom,
Whatever can arrest each heav’nly wheel,
And drag the shades from out of the deep tomb,
All this she knew ; yet made not Hell reveal
The slightest answer from its dreary womb.
She quits her magic, and will prove if warm
And suppliant beauty be the greater charm.

XXXVIII.

She runs, and cares not for her honor’s stain.
Where are her triumphs now, and vaunted skill ?
She had before turned and o’erturned Love’s reign,
How grand soever, with a nod at will ;
And as her pride surpassed not her disdain,
Loved to be loved, yet hated lovers still :
Prizing but self, in others she could prize
Nothing except *the effect* of her fine eyes.

XXXIX.

Neglected now, and scorned, and in despair,
She follows him who flies her, and who spurns :
And strives with tears to make appear more fair
The proffered loveliness from which he turns.
She goes, and takes amid the ice no care
For tender foot, no ruggedness discerns :
And she sends cries as messengers before,
Nor reaches him ere he has reached the shore.

XL.

Madly she cried : " O thou who bear'st away
Part of me with thee, leavest part behind ;
Take one, or yield the other back, or slay
At once the two : hold, hold thy flight unkind,
Only to catch the latest accents, nay,
Not kisses : these to others be assigned
More worthy. Wretch ! what fear'st thou if thou stay'st !
Thou canst refuse e'en then, for fly thou may'st."

XLI.

Then Ubald said to him : " O Sire, 'twere wise
Not to refuse the boon her words implore.
Now comes she armed with beauty, and with sighs,
And sweetest pray'rs with bitter plaint strewn o'er.
Were it not braver then with ears and eyes
To foil the Syrens, as did he of yore ?
Thus will thy reason on the senses bind
Its peaceful yoke, and be itself refined."

XLII.

Then did the cavalier remain : and she
Breathless and full of tears, o'ertook them there ;
Mournful indeed as none beside could be,
But not more desolate than she was fair.
She eyes him fixedly, yet makes no plea :
Whether she scorns, or thinks, or does not dare.
He looks not tow'rd her, and if he bestow
One glance, 'tis furtive, and abashed, and slow.

XLIII.

As an expert musician, ere in song
Come from his tongue the liquid notes full-flown,
Prepares for harmony the list'ning throng
With prelude sweet attuned in a low tone :
So she who e'en in bitter grief and wrong
Forgets no arts nor cheatings ever known,
Makes of her sighing first a brief concert
To soothe the soul for which her words are meant :

XLIV.

Then she began : " Expect me not to pray,
Cruel, as lovers should to lovers do.
Such were we once : if this thou now gainsay,
And e'en the memory of our love eschew,
Yet hear me as a foe : since others stay
To hear sometimes what e'en a foe may sue.
Well canst thou grant the boon which I desire,
And yet preserve thine anger still entire.

XLV.

" Yes, if thou hate me, and enjoy that hate,
I come not to deprive thee of such glee.
Thou deem'st it just, and be it so ; for great
My hate was of the Christians, nay, of thee.
A Pagan born, I used all means of weight
That your whole empire might be crushed through me.
I followed, seized thee, and afar from arms
Dragged thee to spot unknown and full of charms.

XLVI.

" Add to this, too, what will be worse endured,
And what will cause thee greater shame and heat,
I cheated thee and to our love allured.
Foul flattery sure, iniquitous deceit,
To let one's flow'r be plucked when scarce matured,
To make thee lord of all I had of sweet ;
To offer what old lovers thought their due,
And were denied, a free gift to the new.

XLVII.

“ Be this among my frauds, and let the roll
Of all my faults against thee so prevail
That thou wilt hence and with a careless soul
Quit the sweet home which once thou lov'dst to hail.
Go ; cross the sea, fight, toil, destroy the whole
Of those who own our creed ; I speed thy sail :
Why said I ours ? ah, mine no more ! for now
To thee, alone, stern idol, do I bow.

XLVIII.

“ That I may follow thee is all I pray :
E'en from a foe this is a small request :
The robber does not leave behind his prey ;
The victor goes, the captive does not rest.
Amid thy spoils me let the camp survey,
And to thy praises add now this, the best :
That thou hast scorned the scorner, while to me
Thy finger points, a slave of low degree.

XLIX.

“ For whom shall I preserve amid my shame
This hair which in thy sight is now so vile ?
I'll have it shorn ; for to a servant's name
'Tis fit to add a servile dress and style.
Thee will I follow when the battle's flame
Is hottest all through hostile hate and guile.
More spirit have I and vigor than appears ;
Enough to lead thy steeds, and bear thy spears.

L.

“ Thy shield bearer, or shield, if thou desire,
I will not spare myself in thy defence.
Each blow shall pass, ere thou shalt feel its ire,
Through this bare bosom, at this throat commence.
And haply none will e'er be found so dire
As to attempt thee harm at my expense ;
*But give up his desired revenge in war
To these neglected charms, such as they are.*

LI.

Oh me ! do I still vaunt ? and still suggest
 My slighted charms which win for me no grace ?”
 He had said more, but tears withheld the rest,
 Issuing like fountains from a rocky base.
 He seeks to take his hand then, or his vest,
 With suppliant act. And he retreats a pace,
 He sists, and wins : and is as a redoubt,
 Where love can go not in, nor tears go out.

LII.

Love enters not his bosom to relume
 That ancient flame which reason has made cold.
 But at least pity enters in its room,
 Love's comrade, but more modest and less bold ;
 And moves him deeply so that in their womb
 The sympathising tears he scarce can hold.
 But still that soft emotion he restrains,
 And, as he can, adjusts his mien, and feigns ;

LIII.

He answers he : “ Armida, deep regret
 I feel for thee : and if I could do so,
 I could ease thy soul of burning passion yet !
 In me nor hates nor angry passions glow ;
 Revenge I wish not, and offence forget,
 Thou neither art a servant nor a foe.
 Thou hast erred, 'tis true, and thine excess was great
 Now in pursuit of love, and now of hate.

LIV.

What then ? the faults are human, and oft known :
 Thy native creed, sex, years, are each a plea.
 I too erred, and if I would have shown
 Truth to myself, I must not condemn thee.
 And dear and honored memories will I own
 Thee ever both in sorrow and in glee :
 I will become thy knight far as my vow,
 The Asian war, and honor will allow.

LV.

“ Ah, let the errors which I so deplore,
And, if it please thee, let our shames pass by ;
And in this distant solitary shore
Entombed for ever let their memory lie.
This only mid my deeds be heard no more
In Europe and the two great regions nigh.
Ah, wish not to imprint ignoble stains
Upon thy charms, thy worth, thy queenly veins.

LVI.

“ Remain in peace : I go. Make no essay
To come with me, for this my guide denies.
Remain, or go some other happier way ;
And pacify thy counsels as thou’rt wise.”
She, passionate and unquiet, scarce can stay
With patience while the warrior thus replies.
Some time she eyes him with disdainful brow,
And bursts into abusive language now :

LVII.

“ Thee not Sophia bore, nor art thou born
Of Azzo’s blood : thee ocean’s wave insane
Produced, and icy Caucasus forlorn,
And thee did milk of tigress’ teat sustain.
Why still dissemble I ? this man of scorn
Has never shown one trait that is humane :
Did he change colour ? did he at my cry
Shed tears at least ? or breathe a single sigh ?

LVIII.

“ What things do I omit, and what tell o’er ?
He calls him mine, then quits me and flies hence :
Like a kind victor, heeds the crimes no more
Of guilty foe, and pardons all offence.
Hear him discourse on love ! what modest lore
This chaste Xenocrates displays ! what sense !
O Heav’n ! O Gods ! on such why scarcely frown,
Yet strike the tow’rs and your own temples down !

LIX.

“Go, cruel ; with that peace be thou repaid
Which thou leav’st me ; go hence with treachery black !
Me soon thou’lt have bare spirit, sequacious shade,
Never to be disjoined, behind thy back ;
A fury new with snakes and torch arrayed,
Much as I loved thee, henceforth will I rack.
And if it be thy fate to quit the sea,
Shun rocks and waves, and in the battle be ;

LX.

“There lying faint mid blood and corpses high
Thou shalt repay, fierce knight, mine every tear.
Oft shalt thou call, ere breathing thy last sigh,
Armida’s name : and this I hope to hear.”
No more the sad one’s breath could here supply,
Nor did she make her latest accents clear ;
But fell half dead, and icy dews reposed
Upon her features, and her eyes were closed.

LXI.

Thine eyes are closed, Armida : Heav’n denies
Too greedily the comfort to thy woe.
Open, poor wretch, thine eyes : why in his eyes
View’st thou not now the bitter tears that flow ?
O ! could’st thou hear, how sweetly would his sighs
Fall on thine ear with music soft and low !
He gives thee what he can, and, though untrue
Thou deem it, looks a pitying last adieu.

LXII.

What should he do ? upon the bare sea-side
Ought he to leave her in this helpless plight ?
Mere courtesy withheld him, pity tied,
But hard necessity compelled his flight.
He parts ; the hair of her who is his guide
Already fills with zephyrs fair and light.
The golden sail o’er the deep ocean flees :
He eyes the shore ; and lo ! no shore he sees.

LXIII.

Recovered from her swoon, she with a start,
Perceived all desolate and mute around.
“Is he then gone?” she said; “and had the heart
To leave me here in seeming death-sleep drowned?
Nor would remain one moment, nor impart
Small aid to me while smitten to the ground?
And yet I love him still? and on this shore
Still unrevenged I seat me and deplore?”

LXIV.

“Of what avail are tears? Can I not wield
Worse arms, worse arts? The wretch will I pursue:
In no abyss shall he remain concealed,
Nor Heav’n’s own temple hide him from my view.
I reach, I seize him, and his heart have peeled,
And hang his limbs to scare the unfeeling crew.
A master he in cruelty: I will seek
To exceed him. . . . But where am I? and what speak?”

LXV.

“Wretched Armida, then thou should’st have ta’en
Revenge, and never could it be too dire,
When he was yet thy thrall: now slow disdain
Inflames thee, and thou idly mov’st thine ire.
If beauty and quick wit be not in vain,
I will not yet be balked of my desire.
O loveliness despised, I will assign
To thee the vengeance, for the wrongs are thine.

LXVI.

“This beauty as a prize shall be inrolled
For him who cuts off the detested head.
O my brave lovers, for your swords behold
A grand and honorable task, though dread.
I who am heiress of rich lands and gold
Offer in guerdon of revenge my bed.
*If I be worthless purchase at such fee,
An useless gift then, beauty, must thou be.*

LXVII.

“ O hapless gift, I spurn thee, and detest.
At once to be a queen, and be alive,
And ever have been born : sole hope and zest
Of sweet revenge persuades me to survive.”
In broken words her rage she thus expressed,
And turned her footsteps from the shore’s acclive,
Showing her fury in her scattered tirc,
Distorted eyes, and face inflamed with ire.

LXVIII.

Arrived at her own home with dreadful tongue
She called three hundred Deities of bale.
With inky clouds at once the skies are hung,
And grows the grand eternal planet pale ;
The wind blows, and the Alpine tops are wrung :
Lo ! underneath, Hell’s caverns roar and wail.
Far as the palace winds, by anger stirred
The hiss, the roar, the bark, the howl, are heard.

LXIX.

Shades deeper than of night, in which no ray
Of light is mixed, hang looming all around ;
Save ever and anon when lightnings play,
Illuming momentarily the black profound.
Then cease the shades : the sun regains his sway,
But pale : nor cheerful yet the air is found :
The palace is dispersed, nor e’en appear
Its traces, nor can one declare : ’twas here.

LXX.

As a huge mass of clouds, on air reclined,
Mark out a shape, which is in a short space
Fused in the sun, or scattered by the wind ;
As dreams dissolve which sick men’s fancies trace :
So the pile vanished, and but left behind
The Alps and natural horror of the place.
She, seated on her ready car, then hies,
And lifts herself as usual to the skies.

LXXI.

She treads the clouds, and through the gale careers,
Girt with the tempest and the whirlwind's roar;
Passes the coasts where the other Pole appears,
And the unknown habitants of many a shore;
Passes the bars of Hercules, nor nears
The soil of the Hesperian or the Moor;
But holds her flight suspense o'er seas profound
Until she has attained the Syrian bound.

LXXII.

She seeks not thence Damascus: on its flank
She passes her own country, once so sweet,
And turns her car to that unfertile bank
Where frowns her castle o'er the watery sheet.
Arrived here, from her maidens all she shrank,
And from her slaves, and sought a lone retreat,
And amid various thoughts is whirled in doubt;
But shame soon yields to rage, and is thrust out.

LXXIII.

"Yes, I will go," she cried, "ere Egypt's king
Shall hitherward his Eastern armies wheel,
All arts once more to aid me will I bring
And into each unwonted shape will steal;
Use bow and sword, and be a servile thing
To those in pow'r, and stir them up to zeal.
Be but a part of my revenge descried,
Let both respect and honor stand aside.

LXXIV.

"Let not my guardian Uncle cast the blame
On me but on himself, for 'twas his will.
He made my daring soul and frail sex aim
At offices which they should ne'er fulfil:
He set me wand'ring; he unloosed my shame,
Spurred on my courage, and increased my skill.
On him alone be laid what ill I e'er
Have done for love, or shall do for despair."

LXXV.

This said, she gathered lady and cavalier
And every page and sergeant in all haste ;
And in their brilliant gowns and haughty gear
Displayed her regal fortune and her taste.
Then she set forth, nor slept on her career,
But evermore by sun and moon she paced
Till come to where the friendly host's array
Cov'ring the sunny plains of Gaza lay.

CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.

The Egyptian host from Gaza's sandy plain
 Already move, and furl their canvas lairs ;
 And o'er the camp Emirene holds the rein,
 And 'gainst the Faithful now his march prepares,
 When comes Armida, and the prize insane
 Against Rinaldo adds to her warm pray'rs.
 But he is safe ; and in the fatal shield
 Beholds the glory of his race revealed.

I.

PLACED at Judæa's confine, on the way
 That leads toward Pelusium, Gaza stands
 Close to the ocean's rim ; and near its bay
 Are spread immense and solitary sands,
 Which, e'en as south winds lift the briny spray,
 The rushing whirlwind lifts ; hence on the land's
 Unstable floor, when swept by stormy winds,
 The pilgrim hardly escape or refuge finds.

II.

This is the king of Egypt's frontier fort,
 Ta'en from the Turks by him in days of yore ;
 And being so opportune and near a port
 For the grand scheme which he had pondered o'er,
 He quitted Memphis, his illustrious court,
 And hither moved his seat, and had before
 Assembled an innumerable host
From various provinces upon this coast.

III.

O Muse, what was the season, what the course
Of those events now bring thou to my mind,
What arms had the grand Emperor, what force,
What subject nations, what allies defined,
When from the South and utmost Eastern source
He moved to war the pow'rs and kings combined :
The troops and chiefs, and half the world inrolled
In arms, thou only to me canst unfold.

IV.

When Egypt shook off the imperial claim
Of Greece, and changed the creed it used to own,
A warrior sprung from Mahomet's blood became
Its sov'reign lord, and founded there his throne.
He was called Caliph, and by the same name
All who succeeded to his pow'r were known.
So Nile beheld in lengthened order rise
Her Pharaohs first, and then her Ptolemies.

V.

As years rolled on, the state began to stand
Securely, and so grew that it spread o'er
Asia and Libya, from Cirene's land
And Marmarique far as the Syrian shore ;
And stretched beyond Syene up the grand
Mysterious course through which Nile's waters pour ;
Thence to Sabæa's wide unpeopled plains,
And on to where the vast Euphrates drains.

VI.

Upon the right and left it comprehends
The rich sea and the spicy coasts around ;
And past the Erythræan far extends
O'er against where at morn the sun is found.
Grand forces in itself the empire blends,
And he who rules it makes them more renowned ;
Supreme by blood, but still more by desert,
In regal and in warlike arts expert.

VII.

Oft with the Turks, oft with the Persian state
This monarch warred ; provoked, and crushed their
Now lost, now won ; and still in adverse fate [pride ;
Greater than e'en in vict'ry was descried.
When pressing age could bear no more the weight
Of arms, he loosed the sabre from his side ;
Yet passed his warlike genius not away,
Nor his vast thirst for honor and for sway.

VIII.

Still wars he, seated in his capital,
And in his mind and speech such force appears,
That monarchy's grave burden seems to fall
As no excessive mass upon his years.
All Afric scattered into kingdoms small
Dreads his great name, and the far Ind reveres ;
Some voluntary yield him troops inrolled
For warfare, others tributary gold.

IX.

The king thus made, thus great, unites his pow'r,
Or rather, now united, hastes to lead
Against the fortunes of the Frank which tow'r
Too proudly, and have sown suspicion's seed.
Armida comes the last just at the hour
Appointed for reviewing man and steed.
Outside the walls upon the spacious plain
Passes before him all the martial train.

X.

He haughty sits upon his lofty throne
To which a hundred ivory steps ascend ;
And o'er him a grand silver sky is strown ;
Purple and gold beneath his feet extend.
Crisp with barbaric ornaments are shown
His royal robes in which all riches blend ;
White linen twisted into many a fold,
Strange diadem, around his hair is rolled.

XI.

He holds his sceptre in his hand, and seems
Severe and venerable from beard now grey ;
And from his eyes unchanged by age there gleams
The vigorous courage of an earlier day :
And truly in his every gesture teems
The majesty of years and regal sway.
Apelles, perhaps, or Phidias in such guise
Limned Jove, but Jove when thund'ring from the skies.

XII.

There stand upon his left hand and his right
Two greater satraps ; the more worthy bears
The naked sword with rigor prompt to smite ;
The less the seal, badge of official cares.
Guardian of secrets is the one, with might
To rule in civil cause the state's affairs :
The other over all the hosts is lord
With ample power to punish and award.

XIII.

Girding the throne Circassians are descried,
His dense and faithful guard, with spears displayed ;
Each has a hauberk too, and at his side
Suspended is a long and curving blade.
Thus did the Tyrant sit, and thus he eyed
From lofty point his various tribes arrayed.
The troops in passing at his feet let fall,
As if adoring, arms and banners all.

XIV.

The Egyptians first in order pass in show,
And under four great leaders they defile ;
Two from the upper land, two from the low
Which is the gift and product of the Nile :
Rich mud usurped where waves were wont to flow,
And good for culture was the gathered soil :
Thus Egypt grew. O ! how far now inland
Is *what the ships once grazed on as a strand !*

XV.

In the first squadron are the people who pressed
The fruitful soil of Alexandria's plain ;
Brought from the shore which faces to the West
And touches upon Africa's domain.
Araspes is their chief, a chief possessed
Of vigor not so much of hand as brain :
Egregious master he in furtive war,
And skilled in Moorish arts beyond compare.

XVI.

Those dwelling tow'rd the East are second, they
Who close to the Asiatic bounds were placed :
Arontes led them, one whom not a ray
Of worth or virtue lit, but titles graced.
Him never helmet soiled in heat of day,
Nor morning trumpet from his slumber chased ;
Ill-starred ambition calls him for a while
From shades and leisure to a life of toil.

XVII.

In the third post, and filling field and shore,
No squadron, but a countless host, one sees.
Sure Egypt never mows or ploughs with more ;
And yet from one sole city come all these,
City which counts of communes fifty score,
And rivals or exceeds the provinces :
I speak of Cairo : ill-disposed to arms
Were those from thence ; and Campson led the swarms.

XVIII.

Under Gazel came those who mow the blade
Upon the neighb'ring fertile fields around,
And higher up to where in grand cascade
The river takes its second headlong bound.
The Egyptian crowd, with bows and swords arrayed,
Nor bear cuirass, nor are with helmet crowned.
Their dress is rich, and hence do they convey
To foes not fear of death, but greed for prey.

XIX.

Bare and almost unarmed from Barca's sand
A crowd then passes whom Alarcon leads ;
On solitary plains their hungry band
Long time sustained them by the robber's deeds.
With troops less bad, but still unfit to stand
In battle firm, Zumara's king succeeds ;
Then he of Tripoli ; and each of these
Is skilled and nimble in combat as he flees.

XX.

Then those come who have Araby for their seat,
Both that Petraea named, and Felix too,
Which latter never feels the excess of heat,
Or cold, if all which Fame asserts be true ;
Where incense grows, and every odor sweet,
And where the immortal Phoenix springs anew,
Which tomb and cradle has mid odorous flow'rs,
Culled for its natal and its funeral hours.

XXI.

Less richly than the Egyptian these are dressed,
But are equipped with arms in the same mode.
Lo ! other Arabs next, who never rest
The stable occupants of one abode.
Perpetual travelers, their homes compressed
And wand'ring towns are dragged on the wild road.
These have but feminine voice, and feminine height,
With long black hair, and faces black as night.

XXII.

They arm long Indian reeds with points of steel ;
And had ye seen their coursers, ye had said
A whirlwind bare them onward in its reel,
If ever whirlwind have so swiftly sped.
Syphax commands the first to halt and wheel,
The second have Aldino for their head ;
Albiazar leads the third, a robber mere
And murd'rer he, and not a cavalier.

XXIII.

Then from from the isles, around whose margin swells,
The Arabian wave, a crowd comes next in rank,
Accustomed to dive down and gather shells
Pregnant with precious pearls from the deep bank.
With these the negroes come, a race that dwells
Near the Erythræan sea on its left flank.
Those Agrigalt, and these Ormida guides
Who scorns all creeds and every law derides.

XXIV.

From Meroe next the Ethiops appear,
Meroe which the Nile and Astrabore
Shape to an island, whose capacious sphere
Holds two religions, and of states one more.
Canario guided these and Assimere,
Both kings and followers of Mohammed's lore,
And subject to the Caliph : but the third
Was of a holy faith, nor thither stirred.

XXV.

And then two other subject kings defile
Their squadrons armed with quivers and with bows:
Soldan of Ormus one is, round whose soil,
Noble and fair, the gulf of Persia flows;
And one of Boëcan, also an isle
When to full height the tidal rising grows;
But when the ocean waves again retreat,
The pilgrim passes there with unwet feet.

XXVI.

Nor, Altamore, could a loved wife's request
Avail to hold thee in her modest bed.
She wept, she smote her auburn hair and breast
In vain to turn aside thy fatal tread.
"Are then, unkind," she cried, "my features dressed
In meaner charms than the sea's face of dread?
Is to thine arm the shield a dearer weight
Than the young boy with all his pretty prate?"

XXVII.

This is the mighty king of Samarcand :
Whose free crown wins him least of men's esteem,
So skilled is he in arms, and such a grand
Adventuous spirit he joins to strength supreme.
This the Frank people well will understand ;
And him dread now they may with reason deem.
His warriors on their back have iron case,
Sword at their side, at saddle-bow the mace.

XXVIII.

Lo from far Ind and from Aurora's track
A fiery warrior next, Adrastus hight,
Who dons a snakeskin, green with spots of black,
As coat of mail upon his bust in fight ;
And sits upon an elephant's huge back,
As horsemen use, a man of giant height.
He guides a race from this side of the Ganges,
Who lave in seas tow'rd which the Indus ranges.

XXIX.

In the succeeding troop the flow'r elect
Of all the regal body-guard proceed,
Who, graced with largess, and with honor decked,
Had both for war and peace been richly fee'd ;
Who armed for safety, and for dread effect,
Come mounted each upon a pow'rful steed ;
Heav'n glitters with their mantle's purple fold,
And the bright flashing of their steel and gold.

XXX.

Mid these is fierce Alarco, and Odemar
Grand marshaler of troops, and Idraote,
And Rimedon, for reckless spirit in war,
And scorn of death, renowned in lands remote ;
Tigranes, and Rapoldo the corsair
Lord of the seas, and Ormond, knight of note ;
And Marlabust Arabicus, thus named
From the Arabies, whose rebels he had tamed.

XXXI.

Orindo, Arimon, Pirga, with Brimart,
Besieger of the cities, come; Syphant,
Tamer of steeds, and in the wrestler's art
A mighty master, thou too, Aridamant;
And Tisaphernes, Mars' electric dart,
To equal whom none yet could ever vaunt,
Whether on foot or saddle he appear,
Whether he wield the sword, or tilt with spear.

XXXII.

These an Armenian guides, who in life's spring
Went o'er to Paganism from holy creed,
Whose name as Clement once was known to ring;
To that of Emirene he now gives heed:
Else warrior true and dear to Egypt's king
Beyond all those who sit for him on steed,
And famous as a leader, and a knight,
For heart, for wisdom, and for manual might.

XXXIII.

No other now remained; when unforeseen
Appeared Armida, and displayed her train.
Succint in dress, and quivered, the fair queen
Came seated high upon her mighty wain.
And with the native sweetness of her mien
Was mingled now so much of fresh disdain
As gave her vigor; and in cruel mood
She seemed to threat, and e'en in threat'ning wooed

XXXIV.

Her car on which all priceless gems abound
Resembles that which bears the God of day:
And to the elaborate yoke in couples bound
Four unicorns the skillful rein obey.
A hundred maids and hundred youths around
Down from the shoulder let the quiver sway;
*All sit on milk white steeds that proudly pace,
Prompt for the wheel and nimble for the race.*

XXXV.

Her troop succeeds, and Aradine with those
Whom Idraote in Syria had inrolled.
As when the bird unique, regenerate, goes
To visit his own Ethiops as of old,
Various and fair in plumage with rich rows
Of necklace and a native crown of gold:
The world is awed, and near him and behind
Fly marveling armies of the feathered kind:

XXXVI.

So passes she, and with delight are viewed
Her dress, her features, and her graceful arts.
No soul is so inhuman there, nor rude
To touch of love, as not to feel its darts.
If scarcely seen, and in disdainful mood,
She won so many and such different hearts,
What will she when with joyous face she tries,
With lovely smile, and sweetly flatt'ring eyes?

XXXVII.

The king of kings, soon as she quits the ground,
Commands to come before him Emirene,
Since to prefer him o'er the chiefs renowned
And make him general Chieftain does he mean.
He, prescient now, to honors justly found
Comes forth with brow exalted and serene.
The tall Circassian guard disparts, and lends
A passage to the throne, and he ascends;

XXXVIII.

And bending head and knees, joins to his breast
His right hand; then to him the monarch said:
Thee with this sceptre, Emirene, I invest,
To thee commit the host; rule in my stead;
And, rescuing yon king now sorely pressed,
Bring down my vengeful ire on the Frank's head.
Go, see, and conquer; and let none remain
Invanquished; and bring hither those unslain."

XXXIX.

So speaks the tyrant : and the honored knight
Assumes the rod of sov'reign pow'r, and cries :
" I take, Sire, from a hand of matchless might
The sceptre, and go forth to high emprise ;
And Asia's grave affronts I hope to right
Beneath the auspices of one so wise :
Nor save as victor will I e'er return ;
And loss shall meet with death, but not with scorn.

XL.

" I pray to Heav'n, if it ordain the worst,
Though such I cannot deem is its decree,
That on my head the fatal storm may burst,
On mine alone, how dread soe'er it be ;
And safe may these return, and rites be first,
Triumphant and not sorrowing, paid to me."
He ceased, and there ensued a mighty sound
Of barbarous horns blent with loud shouts around.

XLI.

And 'mid the stound through noble crowds and dense
The king of kings departs ; and in his wide
Pavilion at the festal board immense
Receives the chiefs, and seats himself aside,
Whence food now, and now words, he can dispense,
And leave no part with honors unsupplied.
Armida finds a place here where she best
Can ply her arts 'mid merriment and jest.

XLII.

The tables being gone, the lovely cheat,
Who sees all eyes on her alone intent,
And marks by well-known signs her poison sweet
Infused in every mind there as she meant,
Turns to the king, while rising from her seat,
With air at once both proud and reverent,
And magnanimity and rage are thrown,
Much as she can, into her face and tone.

XLIII.

“Dread king,” she cried, “I too would take a part
For creed and country in this martial scene.
A lady am I, but with a queenly heart :
And war is not unworthy of a queen.
Who wills to reign should use each regal art :
In the same hand the sword and sceptre lean ;
And mine, unshrinking from the steel, shall know
To strike, and, striking, make the life-blood flow.

XLIV.

“Nor deem, O Sire, that this is the first day
Such high and noble aim has filled my thought :
Since for our law, and thine imperial sway,
Long time ago, and often, have I fought.
Thou should’st remember if the truth I say,
For thou hast heard a part of what I wrought ;
And know’st how many champions I held bound,
Of all who bare the cross the most renowned.

XLV.

“I took them, and secured them by my might ;
And sent them as a splendid gift to thee :
And they had been for ever shut from light
In guarded prison, had such been thy decree ;
And thou hadst now been in securer plight
To end successfully thy mighty plea ;
Had not the fierce Rinaldo, who had slain
My gallant warriors, set them free again.

XLVI.

“Rinaldo is well known, and here there ring
Of his adventures histories loud and long.
This is the cruel one who dared to fling
Affront on me, nor have I venged the wrong ;
Hence rage to reason adds its galling sting,
And makes me prompt to join the martial throng.
Hereafter all my wrongs will I avow :
Let this suffice, I wish for vengeance now,

XLVII.

“ And will procure it ; for not vainly sped
 Are all its shafts through air ; and Heav’n’s right hand
 Not seldom guides the righteous hand to shed
 The guilty blood. But if one here there stand
 Who will cut off the cruel wretch’s head,
 And will present it to me, for such grand
 Revenge I evermore will grateful be,
 Although ’twere nobler were it wrought by me :

XLVIII.

“ So grateful, that to him shall be denied
 Not e’en the greatest boon I can concede.
 Me dow’red with gold, and with myself beside,
 In wedlock shall he have, if thus he plead.
 In this my promise firm will I abide,
 And this I swear by our most holy creed.
 If any one then deem our prize is worth
 The risk, let him avow it, and come forth.”

XLIX.

While thus the lady spake with wonted art,
 Adrastus gazed on her with greedy glow.
 “ Forbid it Heav’n,” he cried, “ that thou one dart
 Upon the barbarous homicide bestow ;
 For all unworthy is a villain heart,
 O beauteous archer, to receive thy blow.
 Apt minister of thy revenge am I,
 And at thy feet his head shall quickly lie.

L.

“ I will pluck out his heart, and to the host
 Of vultures give his mangled limbs ere long.”
 Thus spake that Indian chieftain ; and his boast
 To Tisaphernes sounded like a wrong.
 “ And who art thou,” he cried aloud, “ who show’st
 Such pride before the king, before this throng ?
Perchance there is one here who may refute
 Thy mighty vaunts with deeds, and yet is mute.”

LI.

The Indian answered: "I am one whose tongue
Is not so pow'rful as his hand, nor fast:
But if elsewhere thy meddling speech had rung,
That speech of thine had surely been thy last."
Worse tempest had ensued; but the king flung
His sceptre 'twixt the two and stayed the blast.
Then to Armida said he: "Gentle dame,
Great is thy heart, and manly is its aim;

LII.

"And worthy thou to whom they both should yield,
As offered gifts, their anger and their pride,
That these thou then may'st at thy pleasure wield
Against yon pow'rful felon homicide.
There will they best be employed; and there a field
Be found, on which their claims may best be tried."
This said, he ceased: and once more either knight
Offered to venge her cause with all his might.

LIII.

Nor these alone; from each of the most dread
The bold and ready vaunt assails the ear.
All offered them, and on his hateful head
All swore to take revenge with sword and spear:
So many arms she moved, such wrath she sped,
Against the warrior who was once so dear!
But he, as soon as he had left the strand,
Auspiciously commenced the voyage grand.

LIV.

Over the self-same paths which the sea-car
Had traced in coming, backward hence it goes:
The breeze, too, which had sped the sail afar,
Not less propitious for returning blows.
The youth now marks the Bears and Polar star,
And now what other lucid orbs disclose
The path of Night opaque; and rivers now,
Now mounts which lift o'er sea their alpine brow.

LV.

The state now of the camp, now of each race
The various laws and customs he inquires ;
And so far o'er the briny spume they pace,
That the fourth Sun from the East emits its fires.
And when of this one's light there stays no trace,
The ship attains the land of their desires.
The lady then exclaimed : " Lo, here extend
The Syrian shores ; this is our journey's end."

LVI.

She lands then the three warriors on the shore,
And disappears sooner than word can fall.
Meanwhile the night arises dark to pour
One aspect o'er the face of Nature all :
And on those lonely sands which they explore
With searching glance, they spy nor roof nor wall ;
No trace of man or steed do these display,
Nor aught beside which can point out the way.

LVII.

When they have stood awhile by doubts controlled,
They move their steps, and from the sea repair ;
And, lo, far off in front their eyes behold
Something, but scarcely know I what, of glare,
Which with its silver ray and flash of gold
Illumes the night, and makes the shades more rare.
They go then tow'rd its light, and soon detect
What 'tis that has produced the bright effect.

LVIII.

They see suspended on a giant pine
New armour by the radiant moon revealed ;
And brighter than the stars the jewels shine
Upon the golden helm and mail annealed :
And by that light observe they a long line
Of sculptured figures traced on the grand shield.
There sits as if on guard an old man near,
Who comes to meet them soon as they appear.

LIX.

The pair of warriors quickly recognize
The venerable face of their sage friend.
But when the greetings which in joyful guise
Pass 'twixt the two and him have reached their end,
He turns his converse tow'rd the youth whose eyes
In fixed attention tow'rd him mutely bend ;
And, "Sire," he says, "thee only I await
All lonely here, and at an hour so late ;

LX.

"For I'm thy friend, though this thou may'st not know ;
Ask these how I have toiled in thine affairs ;
For led by me they crushed each magic foe,
And brought thee from a life of shame and snares.
Now hear my words, nor let thine anger glow
Though they resemble not the Syren's airs ;
But keep them in thine heart till tongue more pure
And wise than mine shall make their truth more sure.

LXI.

"Not under shade, on soft plain, with the rill
And flow'r around, and Nymph and Syren nigh,
But on the lofty top of virtue's hill
Painful and steep, our good is known to lie.
Who bears not heat and cold, nor rears him still
From pleasure's path, can never reach so high.
Wilt thou so far then from the summit quail
Beneath, like soaring bird in a low vale ?

LXII.

"Nature upraised thy forehead to the skies,
And breathed a gen'rous spirit into thy frame,
That thou might'st upward look and win the prize
For matchless deeds, and thus exalt thy name.
She gave thee also passions quick to rise,
Not to be spent on brawls or civil flame,
And not that they might feed the hungry maw
Of hot desires, and break through reason's law ;

LXIII.

“ But that thy valor armed with these might speed
To assail external foes with more effect ;
And that with greater force each lust and greed,
Fierce enemies within, might thence be checked.
Then for that end to which they are meant to lead
Let the wise ruler use them and direct,
And at discretion make them cool or glow,
Now spur them onward, and now keep them slow.”

LXIV.

He spake : the other deeply list'ning caught
Each warning word of censure or of praise,
And stored it up, and quite subdued, and fraught
With much of shame, turned on the earth his gaze.
The sage old man marked well his secret thought,
And added then : “ My son, thy forehead raise,
And fix thine eyes henceforth upon this shield,
Where the actions of thy sires are all revealed.

LXV.

“ See thine ancestral honors there made plain,
A long career on rough and lonely ground.
Slow runner far behind dost thou remain
Along these lists of glory so renowned.
Up, up, bestir thee : all thy valor strain,
And whip and spur in what I paint be found.”
So spake he : and the knight intently viewed
The shield while the other his discourse pursued.

LXVI.

On narrow field the carver's subtle skill
Has graved in countless forms a vast design.
Azzo's illustrious blood is seen to fill
The space in one unbroken glorious line.
That blood is seen to trace its every rill
From ancient Roman fountain, pure and fine.
The princes stand adorned with crown of bays,
The old man shows their battles, and their praise.

LXVII.

ows him Caius, when on tott'ring base
 empire yields to foreign tribes a prey,
 se the bridle upon a willing race,
 d prince be first of Este's long array ;
 he less pow'rful near him seek his face
 shelter, over whom he holds the sway :
 when the savage Goth re-treads the ford,
 d by Honorius, with his horde ;

LXVIII.

when all Italy appears to have burned
 re fiercely with a barbarous conflagration,
 Rome imprisoned and enslaved has learned
 expect destruction e'en to her foundation ;
 ows Aurelius gathering those who yearned
 freedom into one well-governed nation.
 shows he Forest who assails the Huns,
 of the North illumed by scanty suns.

LXIX.

Attila's known mien, of cruel mould,
 een to be with dragon's eyes endowed,
 ace of dog, which when thou shalt behold
 ou'lt say he grins, and think he barks aloud.
 beaten in single fight, though fiercely bold,
 him retire among the mail-clad crowd ;
 n defence of Aquileia stand
 Forest then, the Hector of his land.

LXX.

eath is elsewhere painted ; and his fate
 omes his country's fate. His heir succeeds
 on, hight Acarine, who, not less great,
 intains Italian honour by his deeds.
 elds Altinum, not to the Huns, but fate :
 d then to a securer seat he speeds,
 ring a city from the homes which teem
 utterd towns along the Padine stream.

LXXI.

Against that mighty stream's impetuous rage
He banks it up; and hence the city rose
Within whose walls in many a future age
The chiefs of Este sought their royal repose.
He seems to rout the Alans, and then wage
A war with Odoacer full of woes,
And die for Italy. O noble death,
Which makes him sharer of his father's wreath!

LXXII.

With him falls Alphorisius; seen to fly
Are Azzo and his brother from their nest;
But mark them back with arms and counsel hie
Soon as the tyrant Erulus vails his crest.
Pierced with an arrow next through his right eye
Este's Epaminondas is expressed,
And dies with joy, since Totila the fell
Succumbs, and safe the shield he loved so well;

LXXIII.

I speak of Boniface: and then is seen
Valerian in the footsteps of his sire:
A child with manly strength and courage keen,
Who soon would make a hundred Goths retire.
Not far off, Ernest of most savage mien
Works on the Slaves deeds worthy of the lyre.
But before him see brave Aldoardo spring,
And from Monselce shut the Lombard king.

LXXIV.

Henry is next, and Berenger; and where
The great Charles then unfurls his banner dread,
He foremost seems to strike with falchion bare
When leading some emprise of worth, or led.
Then Louis follows, who incites him there
Against his nephew, Italy's crowned head:
Lo! he defeats him next, and makes him thrall.
And then comes Otho with his five sons all.

LXXV.

Almeric makes a marquissate his prize,
 t of the city mistress of the Po,
 er of churches, he regards the skies
 outly, wrapt in contemplation's glow.
 cond Azzo opposite defies
 ve Berenger and proves a pow'rful foe ;
 ong exposed to fortune's flickering gleam,
 or, and in Italy supreme.

LXXVI.

long the Germans his son Albert gains
 a high repute for worth in perilous hour,
 ing in tourney and in war the Danes,
 t Otho's daughter brings him a large dow'r.
 ugo next with hot blood in his veins
 e to break the horns of Roman pow'r,
 is of Italy thereafter called,
 om all Tuscany will be enthralled.

LXXVII.

Tibald, and then Boniface at the side
 his own Beatrice attracts the view.
 le heir to a heritage so wide,
 to a sire so grand, is seen to accrue.
 a followed and she well supplied
 whole defect in sex and number too ;
 r o'er every sceptre, every crown,
 ge and valorous dame could raise the gown.

LXXVIII.

fine features manly spirits reign,
 more than manly strength is in her eye.
 she defeats the Normans ; brave in vain
 scard, unmatched till now, is forced to fly.
 routs she the fourth Henry : in the fane
 n offers his imperial standard high :
 n the Vatican once more is shown,
 g the Pontiff king on Peter's throne.

LXXIX.

Then, as who loves and honors her, his place
Azzo the fifth takes at her side, or near.
But the fourth Azzo's kindly fertile race
Shoots into branches happier and freer.
See Guelph, his son and Cunegunda's, face
Tow'rd Germany which invites his young career:
And the good Roman germ, transplanted, bloom
In the Bavarian fields with prosperous doom.

LXXX.

With a grand Estian branch is grafted there
The Guelphic tree, which in itself is old.
This in its Guelphs is seen again to bear
More joyous sceptres, and more crowns of gold ;
And, favored by the heav'nly planets fair,
Goes shooting up its branches uncontrolled.
E'en now it reaches Heaven ; e'en now invades
Half Germany, and all of it o'ershades.

LXXXI.

Nor less in its Italian branches teems
The regal stem, and emulous aspires.
Mark opposite to Guelph how Bertold gleams.
See the sixth Azzo here renew his sires.
This is the chain of heroes, and it seems
To move along the brass with living fires.
Rinaldo rouses oft, while these he marks,
The spirit of honor from the native sparks.

LXXXII.

And stirred to rivalry, his haughty mind
Is set on fire, and he so heats his brain,
That what was in his thought alone defined,
The city scaled and won, and people slain,
As if 'twere present and the truth had shined,
He sees before his eyes no phantasm vain :
And arms in haste ; and with a hopeful brow
Usurps the victory, and forestalls it now.

LXXXIII.

Charles, who had detailed to him the mode
 which the royal heir of Denmark died,
 him the sword which had so long been owed.
 "Take it, and use it happily," he cried :
 "Be it on the Christian faith bestowed,
 Just and pure, not less than strong, abide ;
 Nobly venge its former master soon
 Who loved thee much, and who expects the boon."

LXXXIV.

The knight replied : "May Heav'n award
 To this my hand, which now receives the blade,
 With it take deep vengeance for its lord,
 And pay with it what justly should be paid."
 He turned with joyful aspect to accord
 Lengthened thanks in short discourse arrayed.
 Ere the noble sage advanced to haste
 On darksome journey o'er the dreary waste.

LXXXV.

"Here," said he, where Godfrey and the host
 Wait thee ; opportune thou com'st as day.
 "At once, for though all light be lost,
 I to the Christian tents I know the way."
 He took ; and on the car assumes his post,
 And takes them into it without delay ;
 With the reins to his good steeds released,
 Guides them, and directs their course to the East.

LXXXVI.

Through dark air mutely traversed they the ground ;
 When the old man turns him to the youth, and cries :
 "Thou hast beheld here of thy stem renowned
 The root sink deeply and the branches rise ;
 Though from the first age it has been found
 The her of heroes in such fruitful guise,
 It, nor shall be tired of bringing forth ;
 Never shall old age decrease its worth."

LXXXVII.

“O that as I have drawn from the dark breast
Of the ancient age thy primal sires unknown,
So might I also fully have expressed
Thy successors whom future years shall own ;
And mark them for the world ere yet this blest
And tranquil light upon their eyes be thrown !
For lines of future heroes shall expand
As lengthily, and their actions prove as grand.

LXXXVIII.

“But I could never through the future read
The truth, which lies within too dense a shroud,
Save dark and doubtful and obscure indeed,
Like flick’ring torch far distant through a cloud.
And if with an assertion I proceed
As if ’twere sure, my vaunt is not too loud,
For such I heard from one to whom ’tis given
To see without a veil the intents of Heaven.

LXXXIX.

“What was revealed to him by light divine,
To me by him, I to thine ear unfold.
There never was a Greek or barbarous line
Or Latin, now or in the days of old,
Rich with such heroes as ’tis Heav’n’s design
To have in thy posterity inrolled,
Equal to those of most illustrious name
Whom Sparta, Carthage, and old Rome can claim.

XC.

“I choose Alphonso,” said he, “from the array
Second in title, first, if worth decide ;
Who will be born when, aged and in decay,
The world will ill with great men be supplied.
He shall be such that none shall better sway
The sword or sceptre, none with nobler pride
Sustain the weight of arms or of the crown ;
Supreme of all thy kindred in renown.

XCI.

“ High valor shall he show, in all pursuits
Which mimic savage war, in childhood's days,
A terror to the forests and the brutes,
And in the lists adorned with the first praise,
Then from true battle shall he gather fruits,
Abundant booty, and victorious bays :
And often shall it hap that laurel now,
Now oaken leaves, now grass, shall wreathe his brow,

XCII.

“ Nor shall the glory of his riper hours
Be less august ; to establish peace and rest ;
Maintain his cities amid neighbouring pow'rs
And serried armies undisturbed and blest ;
Nurse arts and talents, and educe their flow'rs ;
Hold gallant games and pomps with joyful zest ;
Weigh vengeance and reward in just degree ;
Look forth afar, and all extremes foresee.

XCIII.

“ O ! if he ever hap as chief to go
Against the wretches who shall, unrestrained
O'er land and ocean in those times of woe,
Give laws to peoples of renown unstained,
To avenge the temples which they have laid low,
And the altars which their presence has profaned,
What just and deep revenge will he effect
On the grand Tyrant and that impious sect !

XCIV.

“ In vain against him would the Turk repair
From this side, or from that the Moor be inrolled :
For he beyond Euphrates' stream would bear,
Beyond the silver peaks of Taurus cold,
Beyond the realms with summers ever fair,
The Cross, the white bird, and the lilies gold ;
And then, baptizing many a dusky brow,
Discover Nile's grand head, though hidden now.”

XCV.

So spake the old man ; and his language won
Glad audience from the youth, who, mute a space,
Felt through his bosom thrilling raptures run,
While fixed in thought upon his future race.
Meanwhile the dawn rose, herald of the sun ;
And in the East the sky now changed its face :
And to their glance already were revealed
The pennons trembling o'er the tented field.

XCVI.

Once more the sage began : “ The orb of day
Is mounting yonder from his orient throne,
And clear to you by his befriending ray
The tents and plain and mount and city are shown.
Safe from all outrage, and from all delay,
Have ye been led till now through ways unknown :
Henceforth upon yourselves ye can rely,
Nor is't allowed me to approach more nigh.”

XCVII.

Thus took he leave, and then retraced the ground
Leaving the cavaliers on foot and free.
These tow'rd the quarter where the dawn is found
Pursue their path to where the tents they see.
Fame quickly carried and divulged around
The expected coming of the lordly three ;
And pious Godfrey left his regal seat
To welcome them, and pay them honor meet.

CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo, having his full pardon won,
 Confronts the wood which magic arts infold.
 News of the hostile camp now moving on
 By speeding fame are to the Christian told.
 Vafrine becomes a spy. Lit by hope's sun,
 Meanwhile, the people of Christ are prompt and bold
 To scale the lofty wall; the wall they scale;
 But meet there fierce debate and deadly bale.

I.

RINALDO, when arrived where Godfrey fain
 Would meet his coming, opened the discourse:
 "Sire, to revenge me on the warrior slain
 I was thrust on by jealous honor's force:
 And if I gave offence to thee, much pain
 I since have undergone, and much remorse.
 I come now at thy call, prompt to efface
 My fault by aught which may regain thy grace."

II.

Then humbly did he bow, and Godfrey threw
 His arms around his neck and made reply:
 "Let us no more the mournful theme pursue,
 But quite forget the things which have passed by:
 And for amends I only bid thee do
 What thou art used to, deeds that will not die;
 Since to annoy the foe, and for our good,
 Thou must subdue the monsters of the wood.

III.

“ For that most ancient wood from which the host
Has drawn material for machines before,
Whate’er the cause, is now the secret post
Of formidable spells and magic lore ;
Nor to cut down a tree can one here boast :
Yet ’twere unwise to assault the city more
Unaided by such instruments. Now here
Prove thou thy valor where the others fear.”

IV.

Thus spake he ; and with sparing speech the knight
Offered him to the risk and to the toil,
Yet though the words he uttered were but slight,
He promised much in that majestic smile.
And turned then tow’rd the others to requite
With hand and face the greeting kind and loyal.
Here Guelph, here Tancred, and here all the high
And chief among the host, had gathered nigh.

V.

When greetings frank and warm had been repeated
Ofttimes with those who were the more renowned,
Affably calm, and popular, he meted
His welcomes to the lesser folk around.
Nor him could war-shout more intense have greeted,
Nor denser crowd to gird him had been found,
Had he subdued the East and South in war,
And gone triumphant in his ornate car.

VI.

Thus onward to his dwelling he retires,
And sits there with the friends who love him well :
And much he answers them, and much inquires
Now of the war, now of the sylvan spell.
But when all quitted him, and e’en his squires,
These accents from the holy Hermit fell :
“ Mid weighty things, and o’er a lengthened way,
Wonderful pilgrim, Sire, thy journey lay.

VII.

“How much thou ow’st to Him who rules the sphere :
He has withdrawn thee from the enchanted hold :
He leads thee, wand’ring lamb, from thy career
Back to His flock, and shuts thee in His fold ;
And by the voice of Godfrey thou art here
The second minister of His will inrolled.
But ’tis not meet that thou should’st arm thy hand,
While still polluted, on His hests so grand.

VIII.

“For thou’rt by blackness of the world so stained,
And by the blackness of the flesh, that e’en
The Nile, or Ganges, or the seas if drained,
Would not have pow’r to wash thee fair and clean.
To make thy foulness pure can be obtained
From Heav’nly grace alone : on Heav’n then lean,
With rev’rence ask for pardon, and display
Thy silent faults, and mourn for them, and pray.”

IX.

He spake : the other in himself bewailed
At once his foolish love and haughty scorn,
Then, at his feet reclined, in full detailed
His youthful errors, sorrowing and forlorn.
Having pronounced the pardon which availed,
Heav’n’s minister exclaimed : “With early morn
Ascend for pray’r to yonder mountain’s height
Which turns its front toward the dawning light.

X.

“Thence hie thee to the wood from which there springs
So many a lying phantasm to amaze.
Thoul’t crush, I know, giants and monstrous things,
Unless some other weak mistake delays.
Ah ! let no voice that sweetly mourns or sings,
No beauty that may blandly smile or gaze
With tender flatt’ries ever bend thy heart ;
But spurn the looks, the pray’rs, which all are art.”

XI.

Thus does he give his counsel ; and the knight
Desiring, hoping, dons him to the emprise.
Thoughtful the day, thoughtful and sad the night
He passes, and ere dawn illumines the skies,
Girds on his noble armour, and has dight
An upper vest of new and rarer dyes ;
And all alone on foot, no greeting lent,
He quits his comrades, and he quits the tent.

XII.

It was the hour when not as yet to day
The night completely yields up all its bound,
But in the East is seen the rosy ray,
And still with a few stars the heav'ns are crowned ;
When tow'rd Mount Olivet he bent his way,
With eyes upraised contemplating around
The beauties incorruptible and divine,
Here the nocturnal, there the matutine.

XIII.

He thought within himself: "O ! what a quire
Of lovely lights the temple of Heav'n displays !
Day has its grand car, Night unfolds her tire
Of golden stars and the moon's silver rays.
Yet neither this nor these do we admire,
But at a turbid gloomy light we gaze,
Shown in brief compass of frail face awhile,
By glance of eyes, or flashing of a smile."

XIV.

Thus musing upward to the summit high
He clomb ; and kneeling there and reverent,
Lifted his thought above the topmost sky,
And fixed his glances on the East, intent :
" Regard with merciful and pitying eye
Mine early faults, and early life mis-spent,
Father and Lord, and pour Thy grace like dew,
And purging my old Adam, shape the new."

XV.

So prayed he ; and in front of him arose,
Already streaked with gold, the dawning red,
Which gilds his helmet and his arms, and throws
Its rays on the high tops around him spread :
And on his breast, and on his brow there blows
A most refreshing air, which o'er his head
Shakes from the bosom of the lovely dawn
A dewy cloud, and gems the verdant lawn.

XVI.

The dews of Heav'n fall down upon his mail
Which seemed of ashy tint, and so bestrew
The surface that it is no longer pale,
But has assumed a white and sparkling hue.
Thus does the withered flower adorn its frail
Faint leaves in matutinal cold anew ;
And joyous thus returns the serpent old
To handsome youth, and shines in recent gold.

XVII.

The lovely whiteness of his altered vest
Wins admiration even from the knight.
Then tow'rd the ancient forest are addressed
His footsteps in secure and conscious might.
He has arrived where the less brave arrest
Their progress from mere terror of the sight :
Yet not displeasing seems the wood to him
Nor fearful, but with grateful shadows dim.

XVIII.

He passes on, and hears meanwhile a sound
Which spreads itself in sweetest symphonies.
With murmuring plaint a brook is heard to bound,
Among the leaves a zephyr gently sighs,
The tuneful swan pours mournful notes around,
The nightingale bemoans her, and replies ;
Organs and harps and human notes in rhyme,
Such and so many sounds sound at one time.

XIX.

The knight thought that, as happened to his feres,
The air with peals of thunder would be rent;
And Syrens then instead, and Nymphs he hears,
Breezes and streams and birds, a sweet concent;
Hence stops he, wond'ring at what strikes his ears;
And then advances cautious and intent;
And finds that nothing else forbids him pass
Except a river, calm and clear as glass.

XX.

Each margin of the decorated tide
Sparkles and smells with odorous flow'rs and leaves.
It spreads its horn forth in a ring so wide
That in its curve the grand wood it receives:
Nor only as a garland round is plied,
But with a streamlet enters it, and cleaves.
It bathes the wood, and the wood shades the river,
With fair exchange of shade and moisture ever.

XXI.

While the knight searches for a ford, behold,
A wondrous bridge is suddenly displayed,
A glittering bridge upon whose arcs of gold
Most stable a broad pathway was surveyed.
He traversed the rich pass, which downward rolled
Soon as his foot on the other bank was laid:
And swiftly down the stream 'twas borne along,
The stream, once calm, now waxed to torrent strong.

XXII.

He turns him back and sees it widely spread,
And greatly swell'n, as if from loosened snows;
For voluble by its own self 'tis sped,
With myriad whirlpools which have no repose.
But he by love of novelty is led
To search among the thick trees as he goes;
And in those savage solitudes arise
New marvels ever to attract his eyes.

XXIII.

Where'er he treads in passing through the gloom,
There seems to gush or bud some fresh thing still.
There opes the lily, here the roses bloom ;
Here springs a fountain ; yonder hies a rill.
And o'er and round him the aged trees resume
Their youth and with fresh leaves their branches fill :
The barks grow softer, and a richer green,
And gladder, upon every plant is seen.

XXIV.

On every leaf is manna spread like dew ;
Drops honey from the bark of all the trees.
And that strange harmony is heard anew
Where song and plaint united sweetly please ;
But still the human choir escapes his view,
Accompanying the swans, the waves, the breeze,
Nor knows he whence those human notes are poured,
Nor where the tuneful instruments are stored.

XXV.

While he beholds, and what the sense descries
For truth, his thought cannot as such embrace,
He sees a myrtle near, and thither hies,
Where ends the path in a grand open space.
The mighty limbs of the strange myrtle rise
Prouder than palm or cypress from the base :
And over all the trees its leaves are seen :
And of the forest there it seems the queen.

XXVI.

The warrior pauses, and his brows are bent
At what seems the most monstrous thing on earth.
He sees an oak which, teeming and self-rent,
Opens its hollow bowel and brings forth ;
And out there comes, dressed in strange ornament,
A nymph of full-grown age, O wondrous birth !
And then he sees a hundred trees untomb
A hundred nymphs, too, from their pregnant womb.

XXVII.

As woodland Goddesses in scene displayed,
Or such as oft the limner's art expresses,
With naked arms, in gown succinct arrayed,
With graceful buskin, and disheveled tresses :
E'en such in mien was each fictitious maid
That issued from the sylvan bark's recesses,
Save that for bow and quiver this may hold
The lute or viol, that the harp of gold.

XXVIII.

And they begin with dances and with glees,
And range themselves into a ring and gird
The warrior, as a circle oft one sees
Drawn round a central point which is not stirred.
They gird the plant too, and in words like these
Their sweetly thrilling melody is heard :
"How welcome com'st thou to this cloistered grove,
Hope of our noble mistress, and her love.

XXIX.

"Thou com'st at last to heal the sick once more,
Scorched as she is, and torn by amorous thought.
This forest which was all so dark before,
Abode of sorrow from her sorrow caught,
Thou seest how at thy coming it flows o'er
With gladness, and to lovelier shapes is wrought."
Such was the song ; and then the myrtle gave
A most enchanting sound, and then it clave.

XXX.

A former age beheld with wond'ring zest
What from a rude Silenus was laid bare :
But that grand myrtle from its open breast
Showed images more lovely far and rare.
It showed a lady whose feigned looks expressed
A loveliness angelically fair.
Rinaldo gazes and is quick to trace
Armida's semblance, and her winning face.

XXXI.

She looks on him at once with joy and dole ;
A thousand thoughts seem mingled in one gaze.
“ I see thee, then,” she cries, “ at last thy soul
Seeks her from whom thou fledd’st o’er lengthened ways.
Why com’st thou ? with thy presence to console
My widowed nights and melancholy days ?
Or since thou hid’st thy face, and show’st thy fence,
Com’st thou to war with me, to chase me hence ?

XXXII.

“ Art lover, or art foe ? The bridge of gold
For adversary ne’er did I intend ;
Nor stream, flow’r, fount, for such did I unfold,
Removing briars and all which could offend.
Now doff this helmet, nor thy brows withhold,
Nor eyes from mine eyes, if thou com’st a friend ;
Join lips to lips, and heaving breast to breast,
Extend thy right hand forth to mine at least.”

XXXIII.

She spake on, and with piteous glance her eyes
Were turned on him, and pale her cheeks had grown :
She counterfeited still the sweetest sighs
And every gentle sob and tender moan :
So that incautious pity might arise
At these distresses in a heart of stone.
But here the knight, grown wise, not slow to feel,
Waits for no more, and draws the naked steel.

XXXIV.

He seeks the myrtle ; and her arms she strains
Round the dear stem, and, interposed, “ Ah no,”
She cries, “ deal not on me such grievous pains
As to inflict upon my stem one blow.
Lay down thy sword, or in Armida’s veins
First hide it, O inexorable foe !
Yes, through this breast, this heart, thy blade shall find
Sole pathway to the beauteous tree behind.”

XXXV.

He lifts the steel, and disregards her pray'r ;
But she transmutes herself, O marvel new !
As oft in dreams will melt into the air,
And be re-shaped, the forms which fancy drew ;
So swelled her limbs, grew dark her features fair,
And vanished the ivory and rosy hue.
She waxes a tall giant, and now stands
A Briareus with five-score armèd hands.

XXXVI.

She handles fifty swords, and makes resound
As many shields, and threat'ning fiercely glows.
Each other nymph, too, clothed in arms is found
A dreadful Cyclops : yet no fear he shows ;
But faster strikes the plant thus fenced around,
Which groans as if 'twere living, at the blows.
The fields of air are like the fields of Hell,
So many sprites appear, and monsters fell.

XXXVII.

Above, the thunders roll along the sky.
The earth is shaking fearfully below :
The winds and rains each other's might defy,
And on his face an angry storm they blow.
But yet the knight deals not one stroke awry ;
Nor can this fury make him e'en more slow.
He cuts the stem, and stem and myrtle are gone.
The phantoms vanish, and the charm is done.

XXXVIII.

The Heav'ns became serene, the air grew clear :
The wood assumed once more its natural state ;
Not terrible with spells, nor bright with cheer ;
Of horror full, but horror all innate.
The victor re-essays if he may shear
Wood where he will, and without more debate :
Then smiles, and says within himself : " O vain
Appearances ! how weak whom these restrain ! "

XXXIX.

Hence moves he tow'rd the tents ; and the anchorite,
Lone Peter, meanwhile from his station cried :
" The dark spells of the wood are conquered quite ;
E'en now the warrior comes with conquering stride.
Behold him." And afar in mantle white,
Venerable and proud is he descried ;
And with unwonted ray the sun illumines
His eagle with its dazzling silver plumes.

XL.

A high salute from all the tented space
Greeted him soon with echoes long unquelled ;
And then he was received with joyful grace
By Godfrey ; and no heart with envy swelled.
The knight said to the Chief : " I sought the place
So dreaded, as thou bad'st me, and beheld
And conquered all its charms. Thither may hie
The people now ; the paths in safety lie."

XLI.

They seek the ancient wood ; and thence is ta'en
Material such as the best judges will.
And though an artizan of vulgar vein,
Had framed their first machines of war but ill,
This time doth an illustrious artist chain
The beams together with surpassing skill :
William, Liguria's duke, who was before
A corsair, and supreme from shore to shore.

XLII.

Forced to retire then, he gave up the sway
O'er ocean to the mighty Saracen fleet,
And now had from the ships brought their array
Of arms and seamen to the camp's retreat.
With him could none most famous in that day
For genius in mechanic art compete :
A hundred wrights, too, of inferior kind
He had with him to effect what he designed.

XLIII.

This man began constructing not alone
The catapult, balista, ram, and vine,
By which to lay the strongest ramparts prone,
And crush the solid lofty mural line ;
But wrought a greater work : a tow'r unknown,
Which was within compact with fir and pine ;
And skins enwrapped the outside of the frame
To screen it from the far-hurled balls of flame.

XLIV.

It takes to pieces and unites again,
And into one with subtle joints will grow :
The beam, which has a ram's head, by a chain
Swings outward, butting from the parts below.
A bridge shoots from the midst, and oft will gain
The opposing battlement at the first throw :
And forth from it upon its loftiest floor
A lesser tow'r is made to emerge and soar.

XLV.

Lightly and smoothly o'er the facile ways,
Rolled on a hundred wheels, that engine tall,
Pregnant with arms and men, at once obeys
The movers' pleasure with exertion small.
The troops intent behold with deep amaze
The workmen's skill, and arts unknown to all.
And two more tow'rs are instantly begun
Drawn from the model of the former one.

XLVI.

Meanwhile the works conducted here with haste
Could not entirely 'scape the Saracen's eye ;
Because along the lofty walls were placed
At every nearer station guards to spy.
Grand loads of pine and ash by these were traced
From woodward to the host continually.
Machines they saw too ; but could scarce detect,
So far removed, their shape and their effect.

XLVII.

They also make machines, and with much art
Repair their tow'rs and walls where seen to fail ;
And have so raised them up in every part
Which is exposed to an assault, or frail,
That, as they think, no force of ponderous dart
To batter down or shake them can avail.
But above all defence Ismene with care
Concocted store of fires, unused and rare.

XLVIII.

The felon wizard into one caldron threw
Sulphur and pitch gathered from Sodom's lake :
And I believe he was in Hell and drew
Some from its grand nine-circled stream opaque :
Such stench and vapour from that mixture flew,
So fastened on the face the burning flake.
And much he hoped with such a fiery brood
To venge the felling of the precious wood.

XLIX.

While arming for assault the camp displays
Such vigor, and the city for defence,
A dove is seen cleaving the aerial ways
Above the Frankish squadron ; and from thence
Shakes not its rapid vans ; but only frays
The liquid path with wings outstretched and tense :
And now the pilgrim messenger descends
From the high clouds, and tow'rd the city bends ;

L.

When from I know not whence a falcon, lo !
Comes armed with crooked beak and talon great,
And 'twixt the camp and walls becomes her foe.
That cruel one's attack she does not wait.
He, swooping downward, thrusts her as by a blow
Tow'rd the grand tent ; and sure will clutch her straight ;
And has his foot over her tender crest,
She shelters her in pious Godfrey's breast.

LI.

The pitying Chief receives her, and defends ;
Then gazing at her, notes a singular thing :
That from her neck, tied by a thread, depends
A cartel closed, and hid beneath a wing.
He looses it, and opes, and comprehends
The words not lengthy trusted to the string.
“Health to Judæa’s Lord,” thus ran the scroll,
“Sends Egypt’s Captain. Reassure thy soul :

LII.

“Resist with all thy might, endure all woes
Until the fourth or fifth day from this date :
For I advance to free these walls from foes,
Whom thou shalt quickly see succumb to fate.”
This is the secret which the writing shows
Cyphered in letters of a foreign state,
And trusted to the porter of the air ;
Such couriers in the East were then not rare.

LIII.

The Prince then liberates the dove ; and she
Who had revealed what she was taught to hide,
Deeming herself a rebel dared not flee
Back to her lord, a messenger ill-tried.
But the grand Chief called those of less degree
And showed to them the scroll, and thus he cried :
“See how His Providence Who from pole to pole
Is Lord of heav’n, reveals to us the whole.

LIV.

“This is no time to loiter, to retard.
A road may be begun now new and wide,
And neither let fatigue nor sweat be spared
To oer-top the rocks upon the Southern side.
To make a path up there for arms is hard,
But possible ; the track I have espied :
And sure the wall which is secured by site
Is furnished less with arms and works of might.

LV.

“ A force with thee, good Raymond, at their head
To storm the wall there with machines shall wend ;
While the grand body of my force is sped
To where the Northern gate and walls extend ;
So that the foe may see it, and, misled,
Expect our greater onset at that end.
Then shall my mighty tow’r, soon rolled afar,
Move somewhat off, and elsewhere bear the war.

LVI.

“ Camillus, thou at the same time shalt guide
Near me the third of the great towers now wrought.”
He ceased ; and Raymond, seated at his side,
And, while he had been speaking, fixed in thought,
Exclaimed : “ The counsel Godfrey has supplied
Cannot be added to, nor shorn in aught.
I but commend besides that one be sent
To spy into the hostile camp’s intent ;

LVII.

“ And of its purpose and its force to inquire,
Far as he can, and certain truth disclose.”
Prince Tancred then subjoined : “ I have a squire
Whom for this office I may well propose :
One prompt and skilled, whose feet will never tire ;
Bold, but his boldness with discretion goes :
Who speaks in many tongues, and feigns a tone,
And apes a bearing, which are not his own.”

LVIII.

He came when called : and after he had heard
What Godfrey wished, and his own lord, then nigh,
He raised his face in laughter, and concurred
At once in all, and said : “ Now, now I hie.
Soon will I be where’er yon camp shall gird
Its tents with trench, an unsuspected spy :
Into that trench at midday will I speed,
And number every man and every steed.

LIX.

“What, and how great, the host is shall be viewed
And told you; what too is the leader's quest.
I boast me to find out his inmost mood,
And drag the secret counsels from his breast.”
Thus spake Vafrine, nor idle long he stood,
But changed his doublet for a longer vest,
And now he laid his neck all bare, and now
Removed the twisted folds from round his brow.

LX.

He dons the Syrian bow and arrowy quire,
And all his gestures breathe a barbarous style.
And then he speaks, and those who hear admire
In various tongues his fluency and guile.
Phœnicians take him for a man of Tyre;
Egyptians for a Memphian from the Nile.
He mounts him on a steed which in the race
Scarce prints upon the softest sand a trace.

LXI.

But the Franks, ere the third day had begun,
Had leveled down the steep and broken ways;
And the instruments by that time too were done;
For ever they toiled on with no delays;
Nor only wrought they lighted by the sun,
But at night also, turning nights to days:
And nothing more retards them at this hour
From acting with the extreme of all their pow'r.

LXII.

Much of the day before the assault begin
The Chieftain spends in pray'r, and to the priest
Bids that all others shall confess their sin,
And eat the bread of souls at the grand feast.
Machines and arms then shows he with more din
And number where he thinks to use them least:
And the deluded Pagan grows elate
Because he sees assailed the guarded gate.

LXIII.

Soon as the depth of night begins to lower
The agile vast machine is moved and sent
To where the wall curves least and has least power,
Presenting no part angular or bent.
And Raymond from the hill with his armed tower
Also o'ertops the city's whole extent :
Camillus his to that side has addressed
Which from the North turns somewhat to the West.

LXIV.

But when the sun's bright heralds were displayed
Illumining at morn the Eastern space,
The Pagans knew, and they were much dismayed,
That the grand tower had left its wonted place ;
And other masses here and there arrayed,
No longer seen where stationed erst, they trace :
And countless catapults are also seen,
Balistæ, rams, and many a dread machine.

LXV.

The crowd of Syria were by no means slack
In moving their defences, a huge load,
To where the Bouillon made the real attack,
Far from the spot where first his threat was showed.
But he, aware of having at his back
The Egyptian host, e'en now had seized the road ;
And, calling Guelph and the two Roberts near,
Exclaimed : " Be armed on horseback at the rear :

LXVI.

" And be it your charge that when I shall ascend
Where yonder wall appears to be most frail,
No squadron while we are engaged offend
Our backs and bring us sudden war and bale."
He ceased : and from three sides already wend
The three brave leaders horribly to assail.
And from three sides the king moves up his pow'r,
Resuming arms, long quitted, in that hour.

LXVII.

Upon his body trembling now with years
And heavy also from its natural weight,
He wraps his armour after long arrears
Of idlesse, and seeks Raymond for debate.
Solyman meets Godfrey, and Argante veers
Tow'rd good Camillus, along with whom has fate
Brought Boemond's nephew, that he now may slay
The foe long owed to him in mortal fray.

LXVIII.

The archers here begin to ply their bows,
And wing their mortal arms with venom stained,
And heav'n, as if with clouds 'twere shaded, grows
All darkened with the arrows which are rained.
But with more force come more ferocious blows
From the machines which to the walls are trained,
Whence huge and ponderous balls of marble reel,
And beams are launched with points incased in steel.

LXIX.

Like a dread thunderbolt each whirling stone,
When it strikes home, so crushes iron case
And members, that it rends not breath alone
And life, but shape, from body and from face.
A single wound stays not the lance when thrown;
After the blow it speeds on in its race:
Enters on one side, through the other hies,
And flying leaves destruction as it flies.

LXX.

The Paynim host, however, never quails
For all this fury, but resists the foe.
Against the strokes they hang down linen bales
And other things which yield them to the blow.
The impetus which falls on these then fails
To find resistance, and grows weak and slow.
They, where they see a crowd exposed and nigh,
Send forth with flying arms a rough reply.

LXXI.

otwithstanding this the assailants all
triple band keep moving up the height :
some march under pentice on which fall
dark show'rs of arrowy sleet with idle spite ;
some push up the tow'rs to the high wall
which thrusts them from itself with all its might.
tow'r attempts to launch its bridge, and now
it is butting with its iron brow.

LXXII.

do stands irresolute meanwhile
because that peril was not worth his care.
honor seems it with the rest to toil
for common ways, and common danger share.
looks around, and him can path beguile,
and that alone, at which the rest despair.
the most secured and high the rampart towers
stands in peace, will he essay his powers.

LXXIII.

turning him to those who had owned as guide
that lately Dudon, an heroic train ;
"hail to us that yonder wall," he cried,
"that all this war should still in peace remain.
risks may be by valor safely tried ;
the courageous every path is plain.
we the war then yonder, and oppose
shields in a dense tortoise to the blows."

LXXIV.

if them closed at once at this command :
all of them raised the shield above the head,
joining made an iron roof expand
to shelter them from tempest here so dread.
on under cover that intrepid band
moves rapidly, and nought arrests its tread ;
use the solid tortoise wards off all
that topples down upon them from the wall.

LXXV.

They reach the wall, Rinaldo rears on high
A ladder with two hundred steps, and sways
The mass as lightly as one may descry
The wind bend down a little reed, or raise.
Now lance or beam, now rocks or columns fly
Down from above: and yet he nought delays;
But, still unshaken, would speed on the more,
Though Ossa with Olympus tumbled o'er.

LXXVI.

Upon his back the darts and ruins rear
A forest; on his shield a hill is strown.
With one hand now he shakes the rampart near,
One in defence is o'er his forehead thrown.
The example urges on each gallant fere
To desperate deeds; nor mounts he up alone;
For many tread with him the steps elate;
But not the same their prowess and their fate.

LXXVII.

One dies, another falls: he ascends the height
Sublime; and these he cheers, and those he faces.
Now has he won so far with valorous might
That on the battlement his hand he places.
A crowd draws thither, strives to thrust, to smite,
To hurl him down, and yet not even chases.
Wonderful sight! one warrior poised in air
Resists a legion on firm footing there.

LXXVIII.

Yes, he resists, moves on, and stronger grows,
And, as the palm is wont when pressed with weigh
His valor is the greater for their blows,
Becoming from oppression more elate.
And in the end he conquers all his foes,
And beats down all their spears, and all debate;
And scales and tops the wall, and makes it clear
And safe for those who climb it in his rear.

LXXIX.

Godfrey's youngest brother who was spent
most, and just upon the point to fall,
stretched out his victorious hand, and lent
him aid to mount the second on the wall.
While elsewhere the Captain underwent
troubles that varied oft, but perilous all ;
not 'twixt men alone the fight was keen,
there machine, too, battled with machine.

LXXX.

Syrians on the lofty wall had slung
that had been a ship's mast in other days ;
o'er it crosswise a huge beam is hung
with head of steel made rough to strike and graze ;
this when by the cables backward swung
turns, and with a dread momentum sways.
When it enters tortoise-like its shell,
forth at times its neck will it propel.

LXXXI.

Huge beam butted ; and so hard the blows
on the opposing tow'r redoubling strook,
soon they caused its timbers to uncloset
their well-knit joints, and thrust it back, and shook.
The tow'r was armed with weapons to oppose
each peril, and two great scythes from out a nook
on the beam were made with art to fly,
to cut the ropes by which 'twas poised on high.

LXXXII.

From the huge crag which angry whirlwind brushes
from mountain top, or old age has untied,
headlong down, and carries off and crushes
the woods with cots and herds in ruin wide ;
from the dizzy height the dread beam rushes
through battlements, and arms, and men beside.
The tow'r nods once and twice at the loud sound,
the ramparts tremble, and the hills rebound.

LXXXIII.

The conquering Godfrey presses on still more,
And deems he now can occupy the wall :
But fetid flames with smoke are darted o'er
And wrap him quickly in a blazing pall:
Not Mongibello ever flung such store
Of reeking fires from out its sulphurous hall :
Nor Indian skies could ever yet dispense
Such burning mists in summer most intense.

LXXXIV.

Vases and rings and burning darts are cast ;
Here gloomy, and there bloody, flame offends.
The odor chokes ; the roar stuns, and the blast ;
The vapor blinds ; and the fire burns and blends.
The wet skin will be ill defence at last
For the tall tow'r, and scarcely now defends ;
Now it exudes and crisps, and all discern
That soon, if Heav'n defer its aid, 'twill burn.

LXXXV.

Foremost the generous Chieftain was descried,
Nor did he change his station or his hue ;
But cheered on those who poured out o'er the dried
And scorching skins the ready-hoarded dew.
The water had so copiously been plied,
That now the stores remaining were but few,
When, unforeseen, behold a wind awoke
And 'gainst its authors whirled the fiery smoke.

LXXXVI.

The rude blast meets the fire, which being rolled
Back tow'rd the Pagan bales of linen sere,
Seizes them with a fury uncontrolled,
And burns up all of such defensive gear.
O ! glorious Chief, who, howsoever bold,
Art guarded still by God, to God art dear !
Heav'n wars for thee, and at thy trumpet's cry
The obedient winds come trooping from the sky.

LXXXVII.

The wretch Ismene who saw the sulphurous flame
Against him turned by Boreas to his bale,
Would re-attempt his treacherous arts, and aim
To master nature and the adverse gale :
And seen by all upon the height he came
Betwixt a pair of ministering witches pale ;
Grim, black, and squalid, and with shaggy beard,
Like Pluto 'twixt two Furies he appeared.

LXXXVIII.

E'en now had Phlegethon and Cocytus whirled
In terror at his murmured sounds accurst ;
E'en now the air grew dark, and in the curled
And gloomy clouds the sun was all immersed :
When from the lofty-soaring mass was hurled
A mighty stone, part of a mountain erst,
Which struck them so that in one gory flood
Are crushed together all their bones and blood.

LXXXIX.

In this way their iniquitous heads were strown
In smallest bloody pieces on the ground,
So that beneath the ponderous rough stone
The beaten grain so fine is rarely found.
The three malignant spirits with a groan
Left the calm air and Heav'n's illumined bound,
And flitted to the impious shades of Hell.
Hence learn, O mortals, true religion well.

XC.

Meanwhile the tow'r, to which the wind supplies
A safeguard from the darted flame and ball,
So near the city draws, that now it plies
Its bridge and plants it firmly on the wall.
But Solyman, intrepid, thither hies
To cut the narrow pass, and make it fall,
And heaps his blows, and had successful been,
But suddenly another tow'r is seen.

XCI.

The mighty mass increasing seems to soar
Above the loftiest piles however vast.
The Paynims awe-struck at the sight, give o'er,
Seeing their city over-topt at last.
But the fierce Turk, though clouds of missiles pour
Upon him at his post, still holds there fast,
Nor yet despairs to cut the bridge away,
And cheers and rates the timid to the fray.

XCII.

The angel Michael then amid the stour
To Godfrey, but none else, appeared on high,
Girt with celestial arms, whose dazzling pow'r
Had quenched the sun though in a cloudless sky.
"Lo," said he, "Godfrey, is arrived the hour
When Sion shall escape from slav'ry's tie.
Bend not, O bend not down thine eyes dismayed;
See with what forces Heav'n bestows thee aid.

XCIII.

"Direct thine eyes to look at yon immense
Immortal army in the air arrayed;
For I will take from thee the cloud so dense
Of thy humanity which with its shade
Envelops and bedims the mortal sense;
So that the spirits shall naked be surveyed,
And thou sustain the rays for a brief space
Of those angelic forms in all their grace.

XCIV.

"The souls of those who fought for Christ attend
Above there, now made citizens of the skies;
These fight, and find them with thee at the end
And crowning point of this renowned emprise.
There where the waving dust and vapor blend,
And where the lofty piles of ruin rise,
Mid yon thick cloud Hugo puts forth his powers
And beats at the foundations of the towers.

XCV.

there how Dudon with his weapon shears
 Northern gate, and wheels the flame in air :
 ties the combatants with arms, and cheers
 rest to mount, and holds the ladder fair.
 on the hill in sacred vest appears,
 h sacerdotal crown around his hair,
 astor Ademar, pure soul divine,
 ll he blesses you, and shapes the sign.

XCVI.

higher up thy daring eyes and view
 whole majestic host of Heav'n combined."
 sed his glance and in one mass there flew
 umerable armies on the wind :
 crowded squadrons ; and each squadron drew
 lf into three ranks in curves defined ;
 e outer circles were the more increased
 nbers, and the inner were the least.

XCVII.

ank his vanquished eyes ; and when his sight
 urned, he saw no more that mighty show ;
 arking everywhere his army's plight,
 eived that victory smiled on every blow.
 l Rinaldo many a famous knight
 nb up ; he, up already, slew the foe.
 hief, who would no more inactive stand,
 ed the great standard from its bearer's hand,

XCVIII.

rst passed o'er the bridge : in threatening guise
 top his path the Soldan's form arose.
 ow passage ample field supplies
 boundless valor shown in a few blows.
 ife I offer up," the Soldan cries,
 save the lives of others ; wherefore close
 l me, friends, and cut the bridge away,
 re do I abide no easy prey."

XCIX.

But thither he perceived Rinaldo tend
With dreadful face, before which none remain.
“What shall I do? If here my life I spend,
I spend and lose it,” cried he, “quite in vain.”
And planning new defences, in the end
He left the Chief free passage o’er the lane,
Who threat’ning followed him, and on the wall
Planted the standard of the Cross o’er all.

C.

The conquering ensign proudly seems to veer
Around and in a thousand folds to sway :
And all the gales which breathe on it appear
More reverent ; o’er it brighter shines the day ;
Each arrow launched against it and each spear
With awe stops short of it, or turns away :
Glad Sion seems to worship it, and now
The mountain opposite to bend its brow.

CI.

Then all the squadrons raise the joyful cry
Of victory, and to the mighty chime
The hills resound, and oft and oft reply :
And Tancred almost at that point of time
Breaks through and conquers all defences nigh,
Spite of Argante’s valour, though sublime ;
And, launching forth his bridge with trifling loss
Leaps to the wall and rears on it the Cross.

CII.

But tow’rd the Southern wall where Raymond hoar
Encounters gallantly the Syrian king,
The Gascon warriors have not yet flung o’er
From tow’r to city the connecting wing,
The king being aided by his choicest corps
Who obstinate to their defences cling ;
And though the wall there be less firm, yet still
’Tis more protected by mechanic skill.

CIII.

Besides that the grand mass o'er path less trite
Than elsewhere was compelled to travel here :
And art could not effect that in the site
No trace of its rough nature should appear.
Meanwhile the lofty sounds of victory smite
On the defenders' and the Gascons' ear ;
And warn the Tolosan and Tyrant too
That tow'rd the plain the city is won through.

CIV.

Whence to his troops ; " The city now is ta'en,
O friends, in other quarters," Raymond cries ;
" Resists it, then, when won ? Must we remain
Alone no sharers in the great emprise ?"
But the king yielding, since it were in vain
To defend that part, to another hies,
A station lofty, and extremely strong,
Where hopes he to repel the assailant long.

CV.

Then entered all the victor camp in haste
Nor through the walls alone, but gates, they plied ;
For opened, battered, burnt, and made a waste
Is all of closed or strong which once defied.
The wrath of steel broke loose, and Death now paced
With Strife and Horror, comrades at his side.
The blood stood still in gory pools, and sped
In rivers filled with dying and with dead.

CANTO XIX.

ARGUMENT.

If, Tancred, the Circassian felt before
 Thy prowess, now it makes him bite the plain.
 But, if he fall, thou fallest, and no more
 Thy heart seems warm, thy feet their force retain.
 If thou arrive, Erminia, thou'lt deplore
 And cure at once him whom thou seest half-slain.
 And if thine arts, O Pagan, be complete,
 Thine arts the Faithful know and can defeat.

I.

DEATH, or design, or fear had now dispersed
 The Pagan force, and all defence had waned ;
 And only at the walls, thus rent and burst,
 The obstinate Argante still remained.
 Intrepid and secure as at the first
 He fought on cheerly though by foes enchained.
 Far more than death he dreaded seeming flying
 And fain would look unvanquished e'en in dying.

II.

But more than all the rest resolved and stern
 Came Tancred, striking him with deadly aim.
 Quick was the fierce Circassian to discern
 By his mien, his acts, his arms well known to fame,
 That former foe who promised to return
 When six days had elapsed, yet never came ;
 Hence cried he : " Tancred, is it thus thy plight
 Is kept to me ? Resum'st thou thus the fight ?

III.

“Late thou resum’st it, nor alone; yet still
I wait thee, and will re-essay thee here;
Though not with knightly but mechanic skill
Thou com’st against me like an engineer.
Besield thee with thy troops; find out at will
Fresh instruments of war, and unknown gear;
For thou shalt not scape death from this my hand,
O slayer of the dames, so brave and grand.”

IV.

Good Tancred smiled a smile of huge disdain.
And then in haughtiest accents he replied:
“Late is my coming, but thou wilt maintain
Ere long ’tis hasty, spite of all thy pride,
And wish me severed from thee by a chain
Of towering Alps, or by an ocean wide;
And thou shalt see by trial that nor fear,
Nor villainy, have placed me in arrear.

V.

“Come thou aside then, thou whose chivalry
Slays giants only and heroes; here at hand
Thee does the slayer of the dames defy.”
So speaks he, and then turns him to his band,
And cries, as he puts all assailants by,
“Cease to molest him now at my command;
For this is mine, and not the common foe,
And him on me long standing ties bestow.”

VI.

“Come down alone now, or with others’ aid,
E’en as thou wilt,” the Egyptian fierce replies;
“Go to a crowded spot, or desert glade,
I quit thee not for odds, nor dark surmise.”
The haughty challenge having thus been made,
They move to the grand strife in tranquil guise,
Hate goes with both of them, and rancor warm
Makes one foe guard the other foe from harm.

VII.

Grand zeal for honor, and a grand desire
 Has Tancred for the Pagan's blood in war :
 Nor deems that he can sate his thirsty ire
 If other hand than his inflict a scar.
 He screens him with his shield : " Strike not, retire,
 He cries to whom he meets while yet afar ;
 So that he draws his foe, mid friends in swarms,
 Secure from their enraged and conquering arms.

VIII.

They issue from the city, and leave behind
 The Frank encampment thronged with tent on tent
 And enter a dark pathway seen to wind
 Far onward and circuitously bent ;
 And lying amid several hills they find
 A shady narrow vale, shaped as if meant
 To be a theatre, or one had supposed
 For chase or war such might have been enclosed.

IX.

Both halt here ; and Argante, awhile suspense,
 Turned him to where the afflicted city lay.
 Tancred perceives the Pagan lack defence
 Of shield, and throws his own at once away :
 Then says to him ; " What thought absorbs thy sense
 Deem'st thou that this is thine appointed day ?
 If scared thou stand, foreseeing this thy fate,
 Inopportune thy fear is, and too late."

X.

" My thoughts," he said, " tow'rd yonder city strain,
 Judæa's ancient queenly capital ;
 I think 'tis lost, and I have striven in vain
 To be the prop against its fatal fall ;
 And that the vengeance given to my disdain
 By Heav'n upon thy head will be but small."
 He ceased : and forward cautiously they go,
 For each well knows the prowess of his foe.

XI.

Tancred is nimble in his frame, and light,
And wonderfully swift with hands and feet.
Argante tow'rs above him much in height,
And none with him in size of limb compete.
Tancred goes bent, and gathers up his might
To make his onward rush, and to retreat;
And with his sword he feels the hostile sword,
And uses every art to foil and ward.

XII.

Extended and erect, Argante shows
Like art, but with a bearing not the same:
Far forth as possible his great arm goes,
Nor seeks his foeman's weapon, but his frame.
That one makes ever new attempts to close:
This at the face points constantly his aim,
And threatens, and stands eager to prevent
The stealthy close, and lunge suddenly sent.

XIII.

Thus a sea fight, when hushed are all the gales,
Betwixt two vessels, an unequal pair,
Is rendered equal, for the one prevails
In height, and one in speed beyond compare:
One, turning and returning oft, assails
The prow, the stern; one stands unmoving there,
And when the slighter one approaches nigh
From highly soaring deck threats ruin high.

XIV.

While to avoid the steel which he descries
Opposing him, the Latin cedes the sward,
Argante shakes the blade, and at his eyes
Presents the point: he takes him to his guard;
But then so rapidly the Pagan hies
To swing the blow, that it outruns all ward,
And strikes the side; and seeing the side soiled,
He cries aloud: "Behold the foiler foiled!"

XV.

Betwixt disdain and shame is Tancred swayed,
And lets at once his wonted caution go ;
And clutches at revenge, as if he weighed
As merely loss a victory so slow :
The taunt he answers only with his blade,
And aims against the helm a mighty blow.
Argante wards it ; and with daring strength
Tancred has sprung within a half-sword's length.

XVI.

And then his left foot makes a rapid stride ;
His left hand seizes the right arm on high ;
Meanwhile his better hand on the right side
Is making the most deadly stabs from nigh.
“ This to the conquering master,” thus he cried,
“ The conquered foiler renders in reply.”
The Paynim twists and shakes him in a storm,
But cannot extricate the imprisoned arm.

XVII.

Letting the sword at last swing by its chain
Himself upon the Italian knight he flung.
The same did Tancred ; and with mighty strain
One trod the other, one to the other clung.
Nor with more force from off the sandy plain
The giant in Alcides' grasp was hung,
Than that with which in everchanging guise
Their nervous arms now made tenacious ties.

XVIII.

Entwined and shaken with a force so great,
Down on their sides at once to earth they go.
Argante, were it art, or kinder fate,
The right arm has above, the left below :
But the Frank warrior cannot extricate
The hand best fitted to inflict the blow ;
Whence, seeing himself at disadvantage put,
He disentangles him, and springs on foot.

XIX.

The Saracen lifts him later; and before
 Well lifted, him a mighty cut surprises:
 As the pine bends down to the wind's roar
 Its leafy top, and in an instant rises;
 So does his valor make him rise and soar
 When most of all struck down as one surmises.
 And now alternate blows once more are sped:
 The combat has less art and grows more dread.

XX.

In several points the blood from Tancred flows;
 But from the Pagan is a torrent rained:
 With lessened force his rage now languid grows
 Like flame with aliment but ill sustained.
 Tancred who saw him slowly wield his blows
 With arm from which the vital pow'r is drained,
 Renches in his great heart its former fires,
 And calmly speaks him thus, as he retires:

XXI.

Yield thee, brave man; or recognise in me
 Thy conqueror, or recognise thy fate:
 Seek no triumph from thee and no fee;
 Nor claim I o'er thee rights or small or great."
 The Pagan, fierce to an unknown degree,
 Wakens and draws together all his hate.
 He answers: "Vauntest thou thy better case?
 And dar'st thou tempt Argante with disgrace?

XXII.

Use thou thy fortune; for I feel no dread,
 Nor will I fail thy folly to requite."
 As will a torch at last, ere life be fled,
 Blaze with new force and die in brilliant light,
 So, filling up with rage his blood half shed,
 Did he invigorate his waning might;
 And would illuminate and render grand
 The hours of death which now seemed near at hand.

XXIII.

He lifts his left hand to its comrade's side
And with the two conjoined lets fall a blow,
Which though it feel the hostile blade applied
To parry, beats it off, nor stays e'en so,
But dropping to the shoulder, opens wide
From rib to rib in one wound a whole row.
If Tancred fears not, Nature made, 'tis clear.
His daring breast incapable of fear.

XXIV.

He doubles the dread blow ; and on the breeze
His fury and his force are vainly laid :
For Tancred, watching for the stroke, foresees
Its coming, and springs backward from the blade.
Thou, dragged by thine own weight, on chin and knees
Fell'st down, Argante, nor thyself could'st aid.
Thou fell'st by thine own action, blest so far
That none could boast to hurl thee down in war.

XXV.

His falling made the gaping wounds ope wide,
And the pressed blood descended in a rill.
He placed his left hand on the ground and tried,
Erected on one knee, to fight on still.
“Yield thee,” once more the courteous victor cried,
And pausing, made fresh offers of good will.
Meanwhile his blade by stealth the other flung
And clave his heel ; and threats came from his tongue.

XXVI.

Then Tancred said, urged on by fury's flame,
“Felon, abusest thou my pity so?”
Then thrust and re-thrust with unerring aim
His sword into the bowels of his foe.
Argante died ; in death and life the same ;
With threats he died, nor did he languid grow.
Haughty and formidable and fierce were shown
His latest gesture and his latest tone.

XXVII.

Tancred replaced his sword ; and then, devout,
Thanked Heav'n for the triumphal grace bestowed.
But almost had that victory worn out
The victor's force, his blood so largely flowed.
And with that waning force much does he doubt
If he can bear the motion o'er the road :
Yet he sets out, and moving pace by pace,
His weary feet their former path retrace.

XXVIII. .

No further can he drag his limbs so weak ;
And still the more he strives, the worse the pain ;
Whence on the ground he sits, and lays his cheek
On his right hand, which trembles like a cane.
His eyes in vain the whirling objects seek ;
And day to him in darkness ends its reign.
At last he faints, and scarce can one descry
The victor from the vanquished where they lie.

XXIX. .

While here the single war had been pursued
With so much heat which private cause had bred,
The victors' ire ran over and was strewed
Through Sion on the guilty people's head.
What pen was ever yet with pow'r endued
To sketch the images of woe and dread
In that beleaguered land ? What tongue could sound
The fierce and wretched spectacle around ?

XXX.

With slaughter all is full, and bodies rest
In heaps and mountains piled ; as on a lair
The wounded on the slain lie here, and, pressed
By tombless dead, the faint entombed lie there.
The wailing mothers folding to the breast
Their babes are flying with disheveled hair ;
And the strong spoiler loaded with his spoil
Drags by her locks the virgin o'er the soil.

XXXI.

But through the streets which tow'rd the West uprose
To the utmost hill where the grand Temple is placed,
All horrid and bedewed with blood from foes,
Rinaldo rushed, and the impious people chased.
The generous one inflicted cruel blows
With slaughtering force on heads in armour cased.
The helm and shield were frail defence from harms ;
'Twas safety here to be devoid of arms.

XXXII.

He uses noble steel on steel alone,
And on the weak disdains to vent his fire ;
And swiftly with a glance, or dreadful tone,
He makes the timid and unarmed retire.
From valor's pow'r what strange effects are shown !
How now he scorns, now threats, now smites with ire :
How with unequal risk are put to rout
Equally those with arms, and those without !

XXXIII.

A troop not small, of warriors the more bold,
With crowds of weak ones, to that Temple are gone
Still called, though burnt oft and re-built of old,
From the great founder's name, of Solomon ;
By whom 'twas at the first enriched with gold,
With cedar, and with fairest kinds of stone :
Less rich 'tis now, but still its strength is great
With many a lofty tow'r and iron gate.

XXXIV.

The illustrious knight having arrived where these
Had gained a broad and lofty place of might,
Finds every gate there closed, and also sees
Much of defence prepared upon the height.
He lifts his dreadful glance, and twice from frieze
To basement scans the whole with piercing sight,
Seeking a narrow pass ; and twice around
The spacious pile his nimble footsteps bound.

XXXV.

As prowls the robber wolf when day is past
Around the guarded fold with treacherous sweep ;
His greedy jaws are dry and from long fast
His native hatred and his rage are deep :
So all around his searching looks are cast
To find some entrance over smooth or steep.
At last he stops in the large square, and they
On high expect his onset with dismay.

XXXVI.

There lay apart, whate'er the intention true
For which 'twas kept, a beam whose length was great :
Nor yard so tall and stout did ever crew
Stretch over Genoan ship of largest freight.
This to the mighty portal the knight drew
With hand which felt not the most ponderous weight :
And, poising it as when a lance is cast,
He thrust it forth impetuous and vast.

XXXVII.

No stone nor steel could bear a stroke so hard,
Repeated too more fiercely than before.
The sounding hinges from the stone were jarred,
The bolts were burst, and the gates toppled o'er.
Not e'en the ram had boasted, nor bombard,
The thunderbolt of death, to accomplish more.
Crowds through the path laid open surge along
In torrents, and the victor aids the throng.

XXXVIII.

Dread slaughter fills with darkness and with woe.
The lofty house which was the house of God.
O ! Heav'nly justice, the less quick the blow,
The heavier on the guilty falls thy rod !
Waked by thy foresight, gentle bosoms grow
Resentful, and turn cruel at thy nod.
With his own blood the impious Pagan stained
That Temple which before he had profaned.

XXXIX.

But Solyman meanwhile hied tow'rd the tower
Of grand height, which from David takes its name ;
And hither drew the remnant of their power,
And barred each path against the foeman's aim.
The tyrant Aladine too sought that bower,
To whom the Soldan, seeing him as he came :
"Up, up ! O famous king ; and on this rock
Of mighty strength be safe from every shock.

XL.

"For hither from the rage and swords of all,
With life and sceptre saved, thou may'st retire."
"Alas !" he cries, "alas ! how city and wall
Are shaken to their base by barbarous ire ;
And mine own life and our great empire fall !
I lived and reigned ; now reign not, nor respire.
Well may we say : we were. To all is come
The latest hour, the inevitable doom."

XLI.

"Where is thy valor, Sire, once nobly great ?"
The Soldan said, giving his rage the reins.
"Let kingdoms pass from us through hostile fate,
Yet kingly grace is ours, in us remains.
Hie thee within, and re-invigorate
Thy weary limbs oppressed with years and pains."
He speaks, and makes the aged king retreat
Into that strongly barricaded seat.

XLII.

Then with two hands he grasps an iron mace,
Replacing his good sabre at his side,
And standing at the pass with dauntless face,
Defends the barrier from the Frankish tide.
The dreadful blows imprint a deadly trace ;
That which destroys not sweeps at least aside.
All from the open square already fly
Where'er they see the horrid mace come nigh.

XLIII.

Lo, Raymond of Toulouse had hither sped,
Attended by a strong and resolute train.
The daring old man sprang upon the dead,
And held those mighty blows in much disdain.
He struck the first, but vainly, at the head;
The second striker did not strike in vain,
But hit the brow and beat him down to earth
Supine and trembling, and with arms stretched forth.

XLIV.

At last the valor which their fear had quelled
Resumed e'en in the vanquished now its heat;
And the Frank victors either were repelled,
Or killed as they were entering that retreat.
But Solyman, who mid the slain beheld
The half-dead leader lying at his feet,
Cried to his knights: "Draw this man to the rear
Within the bars, and keep him prisoner here."

XLV.

These move to execute the Turk's command,
But find a hard and perilous enterprise;
For Raymond is by none of his own band
Neglected; each one to defend him flies.
Here fury and there love fight hand to hand,
Nor mean in worth is the contested prize:
The liberty, the life of one so great
Call these to snatch him, these to avert such fate.

XLVI.

Yet had the Soldan vanquished at the close,
So hotly to his dear revenge he raced.
For to his thundering mace 'twas vain to oppose
The double shield, or choicest helm have braced:
But he saw fresh and grave aid to his foes
Arriving from this side and that in haste;
For by two paths which into one unite
Arrive the sov'reign Chief, and the grand knight.

XLVII.

As the good shepherd when winds roar around,
And lightnings flash, and thunderclaps have pealed,
Seeing the day in clouds and darkness drowned,
Withdraws his flock out of the open field,
And anxious looks if shelter may be found
Against the wrath which Heav'n has thus revealed:
He, guiding on the flocks with crook and call
Before him, comes behind, the last of all :

XLVIII.

Thus Solyman who heard now more and more
The coming of that fatal whirlwind blast,
Which smote the skies with its tremendous roar,
Cumb'ring with arms each spot o'er which it passed,
Sends on the safely guarded crowd before
To the grand tow'r, and he remains the last;
The last departs; and yields him so to force
As to seem brave with provident resource.

XLIX.

Scarce were they sheltered with successful aim
Inside the gates, and these were safely chained,
When, having burst the bars, Rinaldo came
Up to the threshold, nor e'en there was reined.
Him strong desire to conquer one whose fame
Had not an equal, and his oath constrained;
For he forgot not that he had vowed to kill
Him who had wrought the Dane that mortal ill :

L.

And even then, unused to all defeat,
His hand had tried the impenetrable mure,
Nor had, perchance, the Soldan in that seat
Remained from his great fatal foe secure;
But now the Captain sounds forth the retreat;
And now the whole horizon is obscure.
Godfrey reposes in the town, intent
On fresh assault when the dark hours are spent.

LI.

With mien most joyous to his own he cries :
“ Our Christian warfare the great God has blessed :
The greatest feat is done ; a small emprise
Awaits us, and no fears henceforth molest.
The last sad hope on which the foe relies,
Yon tow’r, when day shall dawn we will invest :
Meanwhile compassion calls us forth to tend
With anxious love each sick and wounded friend.

LII.

“ Go comfort those who, now in helpless plight,
Won with their blood the city which we hold.
This better far becomes each Christian knight
Than a desire for vengeance, or for gold.
Ah, too much slaughter meets e’en now the sight,
The lust for prey has been too uncontrolled.
No further rage nor pillage shall there be :
Now let the trumpets publish my decree.”

LIII.

He ceased and then betook him where the Count,
Recovered from the blow, still felt its dole.
Nor spake the Soldan with less daring front,
While he compressed the grief within his soul :
“ O comrades, still in spite of fortune’s brunt
Our flow’r of hope is flourishing and whole ;
For under the deep semblance of a cross,
Which much deceives, this day lies little loss.

LIV.

“ The walls and roofs alone, and humble crew,
Have yet been won, the city is not ta’en ;
For in the king’s head, in your bosoms true,
And in your hands the city doth remain.
I see the king safe ; safe his choicer few ;
I see tall ramparts lift us from the plain.
Let the Franks boast them of the land we cast
Away from us ; they’ll lose the war at last.

LV.

“And sure am I they’ll lose at last, for flushed
With insolence in this their prosperous day,
To murder and to rapine have they rushed
And foul embraces in the open way.
And they with ease will be oppressed and crushed
Mid ruins, mid their passions, and their prey,
If in such outrage ever shall appear
The Egyptian host; and it must now be near.

LVI.

“Meanwhile we can command with missive blows
The city’s lofty piles, and ample room
Have our machines here to deprive the foes
Of every pathway leading to the Tomb.”
Thus vigor into weary hearts he throws,
And in the unfortunate makes hope re-bloom.
Now while such scenes are on this spot displayed
Through myriads of armed bands Vafrine had strayed.

LVII.

Elected as a spy on the adverse host
When day had now declined, Vafrine had gone:
And ran through an obscure and lonely coast,
A traveler nocturnal and unknown.
He passed by Ascalon’s defended post
Ere morn from the Eastern balcony had shone.
Then when the solar blaze had reached its height
The enemy’s strong encampment came in sight.

LVIII.

He saw there countless tents, and waving high
Pennons of blue, of yellow, and of grey:
And heard so many tongues discordant ply,
So many barbarous drums and trumpets bray,
And elephants and camels raise their cry,
And amid these magnanimous horses neigh,
That, “Hither Afric,” in himself he said,
“And hither all of Asia has been led.”

LIX.

te how strong the camp's site he delays
e moment, and what trench around it lies :
he attempts no furtive tortuous ways,
r hides him from the frequent people's eyes,
moving straight to where the portals raise
eir regal front, now questions, now replies.
estions, to replies, prompt and astute,
ins a brave and cheerful brow to suit.

LX.

here, from there he something still acquires,
d threads the ways, the squares, the tents by turns.
arks the knights, the steeds, and their attires ;
erves their arts and ranks ; their names he learns :
et content, to greater things aspires :
es their occult designs, and part discerns.
xterously and smoothly moves he round
access to the sov'reign tent is found.

LXI.

es a rent there in the canvas' face,
ro' which the voice may pass, the sight may glide,
h opens just into the inner space
all which is the abode of regal pride ;
at it keeps the secrets of the place
t ill from one who listens from outside.
ne here spies, as if his thoughts were bent
here, and 'twere his task to mend the tent.

LXII.

Captain stood there with his head unsteeled ;
d o'er his mail a purple robe was seen.
ff two pages had his helm and shield ;
pressed a spear on which he seemed to lean.
oked at one beside him who revealed,
awny and tall, a stern and cruel mien.
ne becomes intent, for soon he hears
ame of Godfrey, and erects his ears.

LXIII.

The Chief speaks to him: "Then in this affair
Thou canst ensure us Godfrey's death indeed?"
The man replies: "I can: in court I swear
Not to return unless I shall succeed.
I will forestall the whole of those who share
The plot with me, and ask no other meed
Save to erect in Cairo a fair pile
For trophy, and to write this on the style:

LXIV.

"These arms in mortal combat Ormond wrung
From the Frank Chief who ravaged Asia's plain,
What time he wrung his life; here are they hung
A record of the deed while time shall reign."
"The courteous king," replied the other's tongue,
"Unhonored will not let that deed remain;
What thou demandest he will soon accord;
But it shall be conjoined with high reward.

LXV.

"To make the false arms let the men be stirred,
For now the day of battle near must be."
"These," answered he, "are made." Having conferred
Together thus, the leader ceased and he.
Vafrine remained at the grand things he heard
Suspense and doubtful; and long mentally
Revolved what plots, and what false arms were planned
Nor fully could the mystery understand.

LXVI.

Then did he quit, and all that night remain
Awake, not willing that his eyes should close.
But when the camp unloosed its flags again
To waver in the breeze as morn arose,
He marched too with the other people in train;
He halted too where the others sought repose;
And yet from tent to tent he often turned
To hear aught whence the truth might be discerned.

LXVII.

He finds upon a seat upraised and grand
Armida with her knights and ladies round.
She sighs and heeds not that devoted band,
But seemingly in her own thoughts is drowned.
She leans her cheek upon her ivory hand
And bends those amorous stars toward the ground.
We know not if she weep, or no, yet view
Her eyes all moist, and charged with pearls of dew.

LXVIII.

Adrastus opposite her seats him stern,
Moves not an eyelid, seems not to respire,
So much does he still hang on her and yearn
To feed upon her looks his gaunt desire.
But Tisaphernes, marking each in turn,
Is now admiring, flaming now with ire;
And o'er his changing features now there reign
The hues of love, now those of fierce disdain.

LXIX.

Then views he Altamore who had ta'en a place
Encircled by the maidens there apart.
He lets not his loose passions freely race,
But wheels about his greedy eyes with art;
Now marks her hand, and now her lovely face;
Now lays a snare for some more guarded part,
And glides in where the heedless veil displays
Between her breasts the most secluded ways.

LXX.

At last Armida lifts her sparkling eyes,
And her fair front grows somewhat more serene,
And suddenly amid the cloud of sighs
A sweet smile opes and flashes on the scene.
"Calling to mind your vaunt, O Sire," she cries,
"My soul must needs diminish its chagrin;
For shortly it expects revenge complete;
And wrath expecting its revenge is sweet."

LXXI.

“ Ah smooth thy mournful brow,” the Indian said,
“ I do entreat by Heav’n, and calm thy woe ;
For soon shall that Rinaldo’s impious head,
Dissevered, at thy feet be lying low ;
Or by this vengeful hand shall he be led
A prisoner hither, if thou wish it so.”
Thus did he swear. The other who hears all
Says not a word, but gnaws his heart in gall.

LXXII.

Turning to Tisaphernes with delight,
“ What, Sire, say’st thou ?” she added. He replied
Tauntingly : “ I, whose speed is only slight,
Follow the valor afar off descried
Of this thy terrible and gallant knight.”
Bitterly with these words he galled his pride.
The Indian then resumed : “ ’Tis well for thee
To follow afar, and fear to rival me.”

LXXIII.

Said Tisaphernes, while his proud head swayed :
“ Would I were lord of mine own wishes here,
And had unfettered empire o’er this blade !
For then which is the slower would appear.
Me, savage, thy grand vaunts have not dismayed,
’Tis Heav’n and hostile love which make me fear.”
He ceased : Adrastus to defy him rose ;
Armida stopt this, quick to interpose.

LXXIV.

She said : “ O cavaliers, why thus reclaim
The gift ye oft have boasted to bestow ?
Ye are my champions, and this very name
Should make your mutual anger cease to glow.
Who quarrels, ’tis with me : whoe’er shall aim
At wrong, ’tis I am wronged : and this ye know.”
Thus speaking, she makes concord, and controls
Under an iron yoke discordant souls.

LXXV.

Vafrine is present, and gives heed to all ;
And culling out the truth he moves away.
He spies a deep-laid plot beneath a pall
Of silence, and from this there comes no ray.
Sometimes he asks of it with caution small,
And the desire increases from delay :
Either to die there is his mind resolved,
Or bear off the great secret thus involved.

LXXVI.

A thousand ways of which none else would dream,
A thousand unaccustomed frauds he tries :
Yet still the arms and method of the scheme
So darkly hid escape his piercing eyes.
Fortune at last, when hope had ceased to gleam,
Untied the knot of his perplexities ;
So that he could distinctly understand
What snares against the pious Chief were planned.

LXXVII.

He had gone back again to where yet stayed,
Seated among her knights, the loving foe ;
For there he deemed his search would most have aid,
Where people of all ranks come to and fro.
Here then did he address him to a maid
As if acquainted with her long ago ;
As if their friendship sprang from ancient source :
And spake with her in affable discourse.

LXXVIII.

He said to her as if in jest : " I too
Would be the champion of some fair 'mong these ;
And with my sword I think that I could hew
Rinaldo's head, or Bouillon's, off with ease.
Ask of me, if thou wish such toy to view,
Some barbarous baron's head, whiche'er thou please."
Thus he begins, and means ere much has passed,
To turn the jest to graver theme at last.

LXXIX.

But saying this he smiled, and thus expressed
 A natural look which he forgot to hide.
 Another just arriving on some hest
 Heard him, gazed at him, came up to his side.
 "I mean," she said, "to steal thee from the rest;
 Nor shall thy love unworthily be employed.
 I choose thee for my champion; and thine ear
 I ask apart, as mine own cavalier."

LXXX.

She drew him then aside, and said: "Vafrine,
 I know thee well; and thou, too, should'st know me."
 The crafty squire felt in his heart chagrin,
 Yet turned him tow'rd her with a smile of glee:
 "Far as I know, thy face I ne'er have seen;
 And yet 'tis one which all must wish to see:
 This know I well, my name is diff'rent quite
 From that by which thou deem'st me to be hight.

LXXXI.

"Me where Biserta's genial plains extend
 Lesbina bare, and named me Almanzore."
 "Tuscan," she said, I know from end to end
 Thy story, yet will not bring forth my lore.
 Hide not thyself from me who am thy friend,
 And for thy good would venture loss, yea more.
 Erminia I, to whom a throne was due,
 Servant to Tancred erst, as thou wert too.

LXXXII.

"Under thy charge two joyful months I lay
 A pitied prisoner in sweet prisoning cell,
 Tended by thee in many a courteous way.
 I am the same; the very same: look well."
 The squire, whose glances took a quick survey,
 Recalled the face adorned with beauty's spell.
 "Thou'rt safe from me," once more has she begun:
 "I swear it by this Heav'n and by this sun.

LXXXIII.

“ Yea, I entreat thee, when thou shalt return,
To lead me back to my dear prison there :
Wretched ! in bitter liberty I mourn
The darksome day, and all night long despair.
And if here as a spy dost thou sojourn,
Then thou hast met with fortune high and rare :
From me shalt thou learn well the plots designed,
And all which elsewhere thou canst hardly find.”

LXXXIV.

So spake she ; and he silently gave heed ;
Upon Armida's guile he thought aside.
Woman's a garrulous treach'rous thing indeed,
Wills, and wills not ; in such but fools confide.
So thought he. “ Now if thou wilt fain proceed,”
At last he said, “ I will become thy guide.
Be this agreed and fixed between us two :
Reserve the rest till time more meet ensue.”

LXXXV.

Speedily as they can they give the hest
To mount on saddle ere the camp arise.
Vafrine then quits the tent ; she to the rest
Returns, and stays awhile to baulk surmise.
Of her new champion she affects to jest,
And prattles, and then forth at last she hies ;
Comes to the place prescribed, and joins him here ;
And then they speed to the open country near.

LXXXVI.

Now had they reached a spot remote and lone,
And now the Saracen tents were lost to sight ;
When thus commenced he : “ Prithee, now make known
What snares are for the life of Godfrey dight.”
Then she unfolds the web which has been strown
Of that iniquitous plot in broadest light.
“ Eight warriors of the court there are,” she said,
“ The pow'rful Ormond being at their head :

LXXXVII.

“These, whether moved by anger or by hate,
Have all conspired ; their art be now revealed :
That day which shall decide on Asia’s fate
When the two mighty camps contest the field,
Their armour will in fashion imitate
That of the Franks, and with the Cross be sealed.
And as the guard of the good Bouillon wears
A robe of white and gold, such will be theirs.

LXXXVIII.

“But each will something bear upon his crest
To make him known to those of his own race.
And when the hosts are blended and compressed,
Then will they put themselves upon his trace,
And lay their snares against that valorous breast,
Exhibiting his guardsmen’s friendly face :
And armed with poison will they have their steel,
That mortal may be every wound they deal.

LXXXIX.

“And since too among the Pagans it was known
I know your uses, arms, and robes aright,
They made me plan the false marks to be shown,
And do things which are grievous in my sight.
These causes for my moving forth I own :
From others’ harsh commands I take my flight.
I shun and hate polluting myself still
In any act of fraud, be’t what it will.

XC.

“These causes moved me ; and yet others too.”
And here she ceased, and the deep blushes came,
And down she looked, and seemed as if she drew
The last words back, their utterance was so lame.
The squire who wished to win from her the clue
Which she had kept back to herself through shame,
Said, “Thou of little faith, why wilt thou hide
The truer causes from thy faithful guide ?”

XCI.

She gave a deep sigh after short delay,
And spake then in a hoarse and trembling tone :
“ Ill-guarded and untimely shame, away !
Within this heart no more thou find’st a throne.
Why, vainly wilful and reserved, essay
To hide the fire of love thus with thine own ?
All these respects should long since have been weighed,
Not now I am become a wandering maid.”

XCII.

She then subjoined : “ Upon that night of fate
When I, and my dear country also, fell,
My loss was more than seemed ; in her I date
My grand ill, but it sprang not from her knell.
A kingdom is light loss : my regal state
Alone I lost not, but myself as well.
Ne’er to regain them then I lost my mind,
My heart, my senses, foolish one, and blind !

XCIII.

“ Vafrine, thou know’st that terrified I ran
Amid the slaughter, plunder, and uproar
To thine and my lord, whom I chanced to scan
First putting foot upon my palace floor ;
And bending down to him, I thus began :
‘ Great conqueror, mercy, pity I implore :
I ask thee not for life ; but save my flow’r
Of virgin honor in this dreadful hour.’

XCIV.

“ He, reaching forth his hand my hand to meet,
Awaited not till I had closed my pray’r :
‘ Fair virgin, not in vain dost thou intreat ;
This to defend,’ he said, ‘ shall be my care.’
Then an I know not what of soft and sweet
Went down into my heart and settled there ;
Which, creeping soon my longing soul around,
Became, *I know not how*, a flame and wound.

XCV.

“ He visited me oft, and with sweet cheer
Consoling me in pain, he shared my pain.
He said : ‘ I grant thee perfect freedom here ;’
And nought of all my spoils would he retain.
Ah ! rapine ’twas, though gift it might appear ;
Giving me to myself, he took me again :
He gave me back the least and poorest part,
But seized perforce the empire of my heart.

XCVI.

“ Love hardly can be hidden. Oft would I
Ask of my lord from thee with anxious quest.
The marks of a sick mind didst thou descry,
And said’st : ‘ Erminia, love has burnt thy breast.’
I still denied it, but an ardent sigh
Revealed the truth which vainly I suppressed :
And haply, too, my looks distinctly showed,
’Stead of my tongue, the fire with which I glowed.

XCVII.

“ Silence ill-starred ! To the agonising dole
Some medicine should then have been applied,
If my desire at last without control
Must needs rush on with unavailing stride.
In fine I quitted, bearing in my soul
The hidden wounds, and thought I should have died.
Seeking at length some help in life’s decay,
Love tore the ties of all respect away ;

XCVIII.

“ So that I moved to find my lord, (thou know’st
That he who made me sick could make me sound,)
But midway I encountered with a host
Of mean and savage men who barred the ground.
And I had fall’n into their hands almost ;
Yet flying far, a lonely spot I found,
And lived there in a solitary cell
A shepherdless, and roamed the bosky dell.

XCIX.

“ But after that the great desire, which fear
Had for some days repressed, again grew vast,
Attempting to return to the same sphere,
Into the same misfortune was I cast.
And here I could not fly ; for now too near
The robber troop had drawn, and ran too fast.
Thus was I taken, and Egyptians they
Who seized me, and to Gaza took their way ;

C.

“ And gave me to their Chief, to whom I explained
My story ; and such winning words I chose
That honored and inviolate I remained
While with Armida there I found repose.
Thus several times by force was I detained,
And set at large. Behold, how hard my woes !
Yet liberated oft, and oft a thrall,
I still reserve my primal chains through all.

CI.

“ And O ! may he who round my soul could bind
Those chains which none can evermore untie,
Not say : ‘ Go, wandering damsel, hence and find
Other abode,’ and will not have me nigh ;
But welcome my return with pity kind,
Nor sojourn in my former cell deny.”
So spake Erminia, and by night and day
The two went on, conversing on the way.

CII.

From the more beaten path Vafrine withdrew,
Seeking one more secure or short instead.
Already were the city tow’rs in view
When, as the East grew dark, the West grew red,
They found the path bestained with sanguine hue,
And saw then in the blood a warrior dead,
Who blocks the ways, and holds up his grand face
To Heav’n, and threatens e’en in death’s embrace.

CIII.

The arms and dress in which the corpse was dight
Bespake it Pagan ; o'er it passed Vafrine.
Another, who then quickly caught his sight,
Was lying some way off upon the green.
He said to himself : This is the Christian knight :
But wavered more when the dark dress was seen.
Down does he leap, and making the face clear,
He cried : " Alas ! Tancred is murdered here ! "

CIV.

To gaze upon the savage warrior clad
In foreign arms the luckless one had stayed,
When by that cry so sudden and so sad
Her heart was pierced as by a poignant blade.
At Tancred's name, like one all drunk and mad,
She rushed to where the breathless frame was laid ;
And seeing the pale face so calmly sweet,
Descended—no, she hurled her from her seat ;

CV.

And o'er him poured in unexhausted rain
Her tears, and words commingled with her sighs :
" To what a wretched pass do I attain !
Ah ! what a bitter sight before me lies !
At last I find thee, Tancred, once again ;
Re-see thee, but unseen by those dear eyes,
Unseen though present ; worse e'en than before,
On finding thee I lose thee evermore.

CVI.

" Alas ! I deemed that never but with glee
Mine eyes could view thee during all my days :
Now could I gladly bear all blind to be
Not to behold thee, and I dare not gaze.
Ah ! where the light of eyes which beamed on me
So sweetly playful ? where their hidden rays ?
Whither has flown the lovely crimson now
Of thy young cheek, the calmness of thy brow ?

CVII.

“But what? Tho’ stained and dark, thou’rt pleasing still.
Fair soul, if yet thou lingerest in this frame,
And hear’st my plaint, pardon my daring will
The theft and rash design at which I aim.
From the pale lips I would snatch kisses chill
’Stead of the warmer ones I hoped to claim.
Part of his due from death will I curtail
By kissing these dear lips, now cold and pale.

CVIII.

“Ah! pitying mouth, which would’st in times of old
Soothe with thy words each grief that I could feel,
Let me before my parting be consoled
With some dear kiss from thee, for which I kneel.
And haply thou hadst given, had I been bold
To seek it erst, what now I needs must steal.
Now let me press thee home, and then resign
My breath for ever ’twixt these lips of thine.

CIX.

“Receive my soul which seeks what it adored;
Direct it to the path thy spirit took.”
So spake she groaning, and through her eyes she poured
Herself almost, as if become a brook.
He by that living moisture was restored:
His languid lips each other now forsook
A little, and with still unopened eyes
He blent along with hers his feeble sighs.

CX.

The lady heard the moaning of the knight,
And thus at least some comfort was supplied.
“O Tancred, ope thine eyes to the last rite
Which thus I pay thee with my plaint,” she cried.
“Behold me who would take with thee the flight
To the far bourne, and die here at thy side:
Behold me; do not fly away so soon.
I ask, and ’tis the last, this only boon.”

CXI.

He opes his eyes ; then drops them as before
Disturbed and heavy ; she resumes her strain.
Vafrine says to her : " This must be no more ;
First let us cure him : afterwards complain."
He doffs his arms ; she, tremulous all o'er,
Applies her hand to bruise and bleeding vein ;
Explores the wounds, and being expert to know
The effect of such, her hopes begin to grow.

CXII.

She finds his evil from fatigue arise
And humors in too great abundance flown :
But, save her veil, nought has she which supplies
Bandage for wounds in spot which is so lone.
Love then invents for her unusual ties,
And teaches her compassionate arts unknown :
She dries them with her hair, with this compresses
The gaping lids, and fain would shear the tresses,

CXIII.

Since for so many wounds a poor supply
Is furnished from a veil so short and slight.
She has no dittany, nor saffron nigh,
But for such case knows many a charm of might.
E'en now he puts his deadly slumber by :
E'en now his moving eyes can bear the light.
He sees his squire ; and over him, arrayed
In foreign garb, beholds the pitying maid.

CXIV.

He asks : " Vafrine, how, when, arriv'st thou here !
And who thou art, kind leech, do thou disclose."
She, sighing between doubt and joyful cheer,
Tinged her fair face with color from the rose.
" Thou shalt know all," she answered : " now revere
Thy leech's hest ; be silent, and repose !
Thou shalt have health : a fee shall I request."
Then pillowed she his head upon her breast.

CXV.

Meanwhile Vafrine thinks how ere day has died
To bear him to some home with motion bland ;
And lo ! a troop of warriors is descried.
He knows them well, for it is Tancred's band.
When the knight met Argante, and him defied
To mortal combat, it was close at hand :
It followed not, because he bade it stay :
But sought him now in doubt from his delay.

CXVI.

And many more had gone on the same quest ;
But these, by chance, in finding him succeed.
They made a kind of seat for him, the best
Their interwoven arms can frame for need.
Said Tancred then : " And shall Argante rest
Behind there, and on him shall ravens feed ?
Ah ! leave him not, by Heav'n ! do not defraud
A gallant man of burial, nor of laud. .

CXVII.

" I war no more on mute and lifeless frame :
He died as brave man should ; and hence we owe
To his remains what honors death can claim,
All which on earth it leaves us to bestow."
Receiving aid thus from the many who came,
He made them carry after him his foe.
Vafrine then puts himself beside the fair,
As men draw near to things they guard with care.

CXVIII.

" Not to my tent," the Prince moreover cried,
" But to the regal city wend, I pray :
Because if human accident betide
My feeble life, there would I quit this clay :
The spot on which the Man immortal died
Perchance to heav'nly realms may smooth the way :
And I shall sate my holy longing now
To have been a pilgrim when I end my vow."

CXIX.

He spake ; and thither being borne, was laid
Upon the plumes, and soon his sleep was sweet.
Vafrine finds not far off him for the maid
A dwelling close and secret as was meet.
He hies tow'rd Godfrey thence, and undelayed
He enters, though just then the Chief discreet
Hung in the scales and weighed with cautious skill
His future counsels with their good and ill.

CXX.

Upon the border of the bed where lies
Count Raymond's weary frame is Godfrey found.
A ring of the most powerful and wise,
Surrounds him, drawn from every quarter round.
Now while the squire talks with him, none replies
Nor questions else, nor makes the slightest sound.
"I went," said he, "O Sire, as thou had'st taught,
Among the Pagans, and their camp I sought.

CXXI.

"But to expect me to sum up the tale
Of that innumerable host were vain.
I saw it as it passed hide every vale,
And cover every mountain, every plain :
I saw the rivers and the fountains fail
Where'er it reached, and grass destroyed, and grain :
For scanty for their thirst the streams that flow,
And small to them what Syrian scythes can mow.

CXXII.

"But both the horsemen and the foot, 'tis known,
Are for the most part useless in the fight :
People who know not martial rank, nor tone,
Nor grasp the sword, and but from far can smite.
Some choice and good indeed there are, I own,
Who follow Persia's banners, men of might ;
And they still higher praise, perchance, may wring
Who hight the Immortal Squadron of the king.

CXXIII.

“ ’Tis called Immortal, since there ne’er has been
Defect of number there, not e’en of one ;
But where one fails, a new man’s quickly seen,
Elected ever ere an hour has run.
The Captain of the host, named Emirene,
In sense or might has equals few or none :
And the king bids him ’tice thee with all art
To risk a battle in some open part.

CXXIV.

“ And I believe that hither will be led
The hostile army ere two days expire.
But thou, Rinaldo, well shouldst guard thy head,
For which there is among them such desire,
That all the most renowned in arms, and dread,
’Gainst it have whetted both their steel and ire,
Because whoe’er shall cut it off, for fee
May claim Armida by her own decree.

CXXV.

“ ’Mong these the Persian Altamore I find,
Great king of Samarcand, a valorous knight :
Adrastus, too, whose kingdom is assigned
To the Eastern limit, one of giant height ;
A man diverse so from all human kind,
That he for steed an elephant has dight ;
And Tisaphernes whom concordant fame
Crowns with the highest praise which knight can claim.”

CXXVI.

So speaks he, and the youth indignant threw
Sparks from his eyes, and fire was o’er his face :
He would be now amid the hostile crew,
Nor could contain himself, nor keep his place.
Vafrine subjoined, as tow’rd the Chief he drew,
“ Thou knowest yet but little of the case.
Be now the sum of things in this declared ;
’Gainst thee the arms of Judas are prepared.”

CXXVII.

From point to point then did the squire unfold
What frauds against him had been wov'n and stirred,
The arms, the pois'n, and treach'rous marks, the bold
High vaunt, the meed and promise which he heard.
Much was inquired of him, and much he told.
Among them a brief silence then occurred.
Afterward Godfrey, lifting up his brow,
Of Raymond asks: "What is thy counsel now?"

CXXVIII.

And he: "I deem we should attempt no more,
As 'twas proposed, the assault at break of day;
But gird the tow'r more strictly than before,
That none within it may win thence their way:
And let our camp meanwhile rest and restore
Its forces for to-morrow's greater fray.
Think thou then if 'twere best with open force
To use the sword, or take a warier course.

CXXIX.

"Yet judge I that to thee must it pertain
Above all else to make thy safety sure;
For still through thee we win, through thee we reign:
Who without thee can guide us and secure?
And that the traitors may not hidd'n remain,
Other insignia for thy guards procure:
Thus will the fraud distinctly be revealed
E'en by the thing in which it lies concealed."

CXXX.

The Captain made him answer: "Thou hast shown
As thou art wont a kind will and sage mind.
But what thou leav'st in doubt, be that now known.
Seek we the foe e'en as that foe designed.
Nor should the squadrons, which have overthrown
The East, in wall or trench remain confined.
*Let then those impious rebels feel our might
In open field, in the most open light.*

CXXXI.

“ They’ll not endure our victories’ very name,
Still less the victors’ haughty looks, I say,
Still less our arms ; their forces we shall tame,
Foundation firm for our imperial sway.
The tow’r will quickly yield, or since none aim
To help it, ’twill become an easy prey.”
He ceased, and brought their counsels to a close,
The setting stars inviting to repose.

CANTO XX.

ARGUMENT.

The Egyptian makes the assault, but his emprise
 Brings death to him, to others life and gain.
 The oppressor is oppressed ; the Soldan lies
 With Aladine extinct upon the plain ;
 For on the Faithful Heav'n confers the prize
 Of victory, on the Impious endless bane :
 Hence the mixed people, who have rescued now
 The mighty Tomb of Christ, fulfil their vow.

I.

ALREADY has the sun called men to teen,
 Already of the day ten hours have passed,
 When they who hold the massy tow'r have seen
 Something far off of shadowy and vast,
 Like to the mist which wraps the earth at e'en ;
 And know that 'tis the friendly camp at last
 Which overshades with dust the skies around,
 And hides beneath it hills and level ground.

II.

The leaguered people from their height sublime
 Then lifted even up to Heav'n a cry
 Like that with which the cranes in frosty time
 Quitting their Thracian nests in squadrons hie,
 And through the clouds tow'rd a more genial clime
 Along the wintry gales all shrieking fly :
 For hope arriving after pause so long
Incites their hand to shoot, their tongue to wrong.

III.

know the Franks from what proceeds the ire
thus newly bursting, and the threatful spite ;
look forth from the part which soars the higher,
and thence the mighty camp appears in sight.
generous courage suddenly takes fire
those ferocious hearts, and asks the fight.
haughty youth, assembling in a crowd,
“ Give the signal, gallant Chief,” aloud.

IV.

to give battle ere dawn were next descried
refused he wisely, and reined in the brave.
would he that the enemy should be tried
with pow'rs unmassed, or shifting like the wave.
“ Right that after such fatigues,” he cried,
“ One whole day of refreshment ye should have.”
hance, too, in his mind the wish arose
to crush a vain notion in his foes.

V.

one prepares himself with ardour keen
and restless, waiting the new light's display.
‘twas the air so lovely and serene
when came forth that memorable day.
dawn laughed joyously as if 't had been
surrounded with the bright sun's every ray,
light were more than wont, and Heav'n would see
without a veil their deeds of chivalry.

VI.

When Godfrey spies the morn's first golden line,
he leads his host forth under high command,
places round the king of Palestine
about Raymond and that numerous Christian band
which came from Syria's neighbouring realm to join
the liberators of their native land ;
yet not these alone, but leaves beside
a troop of Gascons, men of valor tried.

VII.

He goes ; and such his mien that as they gaze,
They augur certain victory thence ; and o'er
His features Heav'n's new favor sheds its rays,
And makes him more majestic than before ;
And fills his face with honor, and displays
The purple light of youth on it once more.
And in the movement of his limbs and eyes
Other than mortal he appears to rise.

VIII.

Short distance had he gone ere to the sight
The Pagan camp presented its vast train :
And on arriving here he seized a height
Which fenced his left and rear from sudden bane.
Contracting then his left side and his right,
He showed a front enlarged toward the plain ;
Drew to the midst his infantry, and made
The wings both movable by the horses' aid.

IX.

He appoints the left, which, close beside the hill
So seized on, had securely ta'en its stand,
To the two princely Roberts' guiding skill :
He bids his brother the mid host command.
He to the right betakes himself to fill
More perilous post where the open plains expand ;
And where the foe, whose numbers must abound
More than his own, might hope to gird him round.

X.

Hither he makes his Lorrainers also veer
And choicest troops with arms the most refined ;
On foot among the horse he mingles here
Some archers used to combats of this kind.
Then of the Adventurers constructs he near
A troop with others from elsewhere combined :
At the right wing he places these aside,
Rinaldo being made their chief and guide.

XI.

To him says Godfrey : “ Sire, in thee repose
This day the victory and the sum of things.
Hide thou thy squadron somewhat, nor disclose
Its front before these grand and spacious wings.
When the foe comes, do thou direct thy blows
In flank, and foil whate’er device he brings.
He aims, unless I err, to make the attack
By wheeling on our sides and on our back.”

XII.

From squadron then to squadron he careered,
And flying among horse and foot was seen.
Through the raised visor all his face appeared,
His eyes were flashing, flashing was his mien.
The doubtful he consoled, the hopeful cheered,
Told to the forward what their vaunts had been,
And to the brave recalled their deeds of old :
To some he promised fame, to others gold.

XIII.

At last where all the foremost, and the best,
O’ the ranks were gathered, fixed did he remain.
And then from a commanding height addressed
A speech to them which thrilled the list’ning train.
As loosened snows from soaring Alpine crest
Are wont to rush in torrents to the plain,
So voluble and rapid from his tongue
The sounding accents hied, and thus they rung :

xiv.

“ O gallant camp, the scourge of Jesu’s foes,
And tamer of the East, lo now begun
The last of days, behold how brightly glows
On the long-wished for day yon rising sun !
And not without high motive Heav’n bestows
Pow’r on its rebel host to meet in one.
It has united here your every foe
To finish many wars at one grand blow.”

XV.

“ We shall achieve in one a hundred fights ;
Nor greater risk or toil shall have to dree.
Let none, let none of you dread empty sights,
The size of yonder foe, though vast it be ;
For, wrangling in itself, it ill unites,
And hinders its own movements as ye see ;
Small will the number be who show their face,
For many will lack heart, and many space.

XVI.

“ Unarmed, too, for the most part will be these
Who meet us ; without vigor, without art ;
Whom force alone now hurries from their ease,
From servile task in household or in mart.
Their shields are trembling now ; they scarce can seize
Their swords ; their ensigns tremble in yon part ;
I know each doubtful movement, wavering tone ;
I see their death by signs distinctly known.

XVII.

“ That Captain who, begirt with purple and gold,
Orders the squadrons, and so fierce appears,
Perchance quelled the Arab or the Moor of old ;
But never will his might resist our spears.
What will he do, how wise soe'er, to hold
A check on their confusion, and their fears ?
Ill known is he, I deem, ill knows his host,
And scarce can name a few of them at most.

XVIII.

“ But I am Captain of a chosen band :
We long have fought together, and have won ;
And long have ye been under my command.
Whose country know I not ? whose sire, and son ?
What sword is hid from me ? what shaft, though scanned
A moment only ere its flight be done,
Could I not tell if Irish, or from France,
And e'en what arm has made the bow-string dance ?

XIX.

“ I ask but for accustomed things : let all
As they have shone elsewhere, here also shine,
And have their wonted ardor, and recall
Their honor, that of Christ, and also mine.
Go, beat the impious down, and as they fall
Tread on them and make sure the prize divine.
Why do I keep you trifling more? I see
Most clearly in your eyes : the victors ye !”

XX.

While he was finishing these words, a light
Sparkling and calm, shot down upon his crest,
As oftentimes is wont a summer night
To shake a star or meteor from its vest.
But this, one might believe, had ta'en its flight
Down to the earth from the sun's inmost breast,
And seemed to wreath his brows, an omen plain,
As some imagined, of his future reign.

XXI.

Perchance, if mortal may presume to trace
And tell the secrets of the King of kings,
His guardian angel 'twas, who for a space
Quitted its choir, and girt him with its wings.
While Godfrey ranged his Christians in their place,
And 'mong the troops discoursed such eloquent things,
The Egyptian Captain also was not slow
To marshal his, and cheer them on the foe.

XXII.

His multitudinous squadrons forth he drew
When he beheld afar the approaching Franks.
And he, too, made his army winged, and threw
His foot i' th' midst, his horse into the flanks.
The right wing he retained as his own due ;
And gave to Altimore the leftward ranks.
The foot between them Muleasses guides :
And in mid battle fair Armida rides.

XXIII.

The Indian king is placed in the right corps,
And Tisaphernes, and the royal band.
But where the left wing can fly nimbly o'er
Those broad and level plains, there take their stand
Afric and Persia's kings with Altamore,
And the two sent forth from the hottest land.
And in that quarter will the bows be strung,
The cross-bows be discharged, and slings be swung.

XXIV.

Thus Emirene arrays them ; and then hies
Through the mid part and each adjoining wing :
With other's tongue now, now his own, he cries,
Blends praise and blame, reward and punishing.
To one he says : " Why, soldier, are thine eyes
So downcast ? Whence then can thy terror spring ?
Can one defeat a hundred ? They will fly,
Believe me, at our shadow, aye, our cry."

XXV.

And to another : " Hie thee with that face
O brave one, to retake the ravished prey."
Upon another's mind with eloquent grace,
As if itself were here, his words portray
The man's imploring country, and then trace
His sorrowing suppliant family in dismay.
" Deem that thou hear'st," he said, " thy country's call
From this my tongue, and thus her accents fall :

XXVI.

" Guard thou my laws, mine every sacred fane ;
And let me not be bathed in mine own gore :
Secure the virgins from yon impious train,
The tombs and ashes of thy sires of yore.
To thee lamenting o'er their days that wane,
The reverend old men show the locks now hoar ;
To thee the wives the teats and breast that fed
The babes, the cradles, and the nuptial bed."

XXVII.

then to many : " Asia makes you here
champions of her honor and her name :
you on these few barbarous robbers near
ern but just revenge is now her claim."
thus with varied arts and varied cheer
lures them all to battle's desperate game.
Now the leaders cease, and narrower grows
pace that separates the approaching foes.

XXVIII.

a grand thing and wondrous to behold,
an onward front to front each army sped,
making all its ordered ranks unfold,
now moved on, now made the assault so dread :
aving in the breeze the flags unrolled,
l feathers nodding on each crested head,
and devices, habits bright and dun,
old and steel flashing against the sun.

XXIX.

wood of thick trees ye might have guessed
h host to be ; so did the spears abound.
ows are stretched, and lances laid in rest ;
darts are poised, and every sling swung round :
ttle, too, is every steed addressed ;
l full of fury like his lord is found ;
ws, he wheels, he neighs, he stamps his ire,
ds his nostrils, and breathes smoke and fire.

XXX.

horror pleases in a sight so proud,
l pleasure springs up in the midst of fear ;
ss the trumpets horrible and loud
ke on the ear with wild and joyous cheer.
aithful host, though lesser be its crowd,
ns the more wonderful to eye and ear :
umpets ring with a more warlike tone
learer ; from its arms more light is thrown.

XXXI.

The Christian trumpets first provoke the fight.

The others answer, nor the war forego.

The Franks kneel down, and reverently recite

Their pray'rs to Heav'n ; then kiss the ground below
The space between grows less, is vanished quite !

Now either host is grappling with its foe.

Fierce strife is at the wings, and earlier yet

Have the infantry in shock of battle met.

XXXII.

What Christian first of all made Paynim bleed,

And won renown never to be suppressed ?

'Twas thou, Gildippe, who didst smite with greed

Hircane whom Ormus as its king confessed,
(So much of glorious fame did Heav'n concede

To feminine hand) and clav'st him through the breast
Transfixed he falls, and falling hears the foe
Shout all around him praises for the blow.

XXXIII.

With her right hand the lady then embraced,

Since now her lance was shivered, her good sword,

And 'gainst the Persians urged her steed in haste

And oped and thinned the densest of the horde.

She caught Zopiro just upon the waist,

And felled him nigh into two pieces scored :

Then on the throat she smote Alarco rude,

And clave the double path for voice and food.

XXXIV.

She beats down Artaxerxes to the plain,

And pierces Argeus with a deadly wound :

Then cleaves for Ismael the flexuous chain

'Twixt the left hand and arm ; and to the ground

The severed member falling drops the rein :

In the steed's ears the swift blow makes a sound :

Feeling the bridle loose, it flies afar

Impetuous, and disturbs the ranks of war.

XXXV.

All these and more of whom the old times record
No distant traces, she deprives of life.
The Persians all fall on her with the sword
Eager to gather spoils with glory rife :
But fearing for her now, her faithful lord
Runs to the aid of his beloved wife.
The according pair, thus joined in perils hour,
Gain in the faithful union double pow'r.

XXXVI.

Behold how each magnanimous lover shows
New modes of fence, stranger than tongue can tell :
Regardless of themselves among their foes
They each defend the life they love so well.
The daring heroine beats aside the blows
Which aim at her dear lord so fast and fell ;
He with his shield wards off the weapons sped
Against her, and would ward them with his head.

XXXVII.

Each makes defence for other, and each flies
To exact for the other vengeance undelayed.
By him the daring Artabanus dies,
Whom Boëcan's fair isle as king obeyed ;
And struck by the same hand Alvante lies
Who dared to strike his loved one with the blade.
She, 'twixt the brows of Arimont who fain
Would smite her faithful one, disparts the brain.

XXXVIII.

Thus fell the Persians ; but much more distressed
By Samarcand's great monarch were the Franks :
For wheresoe'er his steel or charger pressed,
He slew both horse and foot, and felled their ranks.
He that is done to death at once is blessed,
Not groaning underneath the charger's flanks,
Because the charger bites and with his heel
Stamps on *whate'er* of life escapes the steel.

XXXIX.

Killed by the blows of Altamore, remain
Brunello brawny-limbed, Ardonio grand.
The helm and head of one is cleft in twain
So that it dangles down on either hand.
The other is transfixed where laughter's vein
Has its first fount, and makes the heart expand :
So that, strange sight, and dreadful to all eyes,
He laughs perforce, and as he laughs, he dies.

XL.

Nor these alone his sword, athirst for gore,
Dispatches from the world's delightful tie ;
But others to sad deaths delivers o'er,
Gentonio, Guasco, Rosmond too, and Guy.
Who could relate what hosts by Altamore
Are struck, and trodden by his charger die ?
Who tell the titles of his victims all ?
The mode in which he strikes, in which they fall ?

XLI.

The onset of that fierce one none abide,
Nor try to assail him e'en from distant ground.
Alone against him fair Gildippe hied,
Nor paused a moment though such peril frowned.
No Amazon upon Thermodon's side
E'er grasped a shield, or swung an axe around,
So boldly as she hastened to engage
The formidable Persian in his rage.

XLII.

She struck him on the helmet where it held
Barbaric crown with gold and emerald bright,
And brake and scattered it : his proud head, propelled,
Was forced to bow beneath a woman's might.
The Pagan king supposed the blow repelled
By a strong hand, and felt both shame and spite ;
Nor to avenge the affront delayed he long,
For at one instant came revenge and wrong.

XLIII.

Almost at the same time he struck the fair
A blow which on her front so fiercely beat
As all her sense and vigor to impair :
She fell : her spouse retained her in her seat.
Whether their fortune, or his valor 'twere,
So much sufficed, nor blow did he repeat,
Like the brave lion, who may scornful spy
A man fall'n down, eyes him and passes by.

XLIV.

Ormond meanwhile, to whose remorseless hand
Had been consigned the task of guilt supreme,
Disguised has mingled with the Christian band,
And with him all his fellows in the scheme.
Thus wolves by night when mists invest the land,
Move on, and while to be but dogs they seem,
Explore how they may break into the fold,
And doubtful tail close to the stomach hold.

XLV.

Still on they drew, and near to Godfrey's side.
The savage Pagan had contrived to press ;
But soon as the great Captain had espied
The gold and white of the suspected dress :
"Behold that traitor who would seem," he cried,
"A Frank in this disguise with no success.
Behold, his fellow-traitors seek me too."
Thus saying, on the treacherous one he flew.

XLVI.

He wounds him mortally : that felon knight
Nor strikes, nor wards, nor backward has he flown :
But e'en as if the Gorgon were in sight,
Bold as he was before, grows ice and stone.
Each sword, each spear on them expends its might,
Each quiver is poured out on them alone.
Cut to such bits are Ormond and his feres,
That not a corpse among their dead appears.

XLVII.

Stained with the life-blood of that treacherous crew,
The Captain rushed into the war, and passed
To where he had seen the Persian chief break through
The closest ranks, and make the brave aghast ;
So that, dispersed, his own good squadron flew
Like Afric's dust before the Southern blast.
Tow'rd him he speeds, rebukes his own with shouts,
And stopping him who flies, fronts him who routs.

XLVIII.

Such fight betwixt these two begins to ring
As ne'er had Xanthus, nor had Ida seen.
Baldwin meanwhile and Muleasses spring,
Each upon foot, elsewhere to battle keen :
Nor near the steep hill at the other wing
Less hot had the equestrian combat been,
Where doth the barbarous Chief in person fight,
And has with him the two of grander might.

XLIX.

That Chief and the one Robert are addressed
To cruel strife with equal valor here :
But the Indian opes the other Robert's crest,
And smashes and cuts through his armour sheer.
With Tisaphernes no set foes contest,
For none are worthy to be called his peer ;
And hence he scours where thickest is the throng,
And strews his path with slaughter all along.

L.

Thus did they combat ; and in doubtful scale
The hopes were with the fears in balance hung.
The field throughout is full of battered mail,
Of broken shields, of spears in splinters wrung ;
Of swords, some sticking in the members pale,
And others on the ground at random flung ;
Of corpses, some supine, and some turned round
With faces prone as if to bite the ground.

LI.

The steed liés with his lord on the same bed :
The comrade slain beside his comrade lies :
The foe lies near the foe ; and o'er the dead
The living ; and the victor o'er his prize.
No silence reigns, no articulate cries are sped ;
But accents hoarse and indistinct arise,
Gnashings of fury, murmurings defying,
Groans from the languishing and from the dying.

LII.

The arms which once seemed joyous to the gaze
Made now a horrible and mournful show.
The steel has lost its gleams, the gold its rays ;
No longer beauties in the colours glow.
Whate'er of bright and rich exacted praise
In helm or fringe is trampled now below.
The dust clogs that which blood has not concealed.
So changed is the appearance of the field.

LIII.

The Arab, then, the Ethiop, and the Moor,
Who held the extremity of the left side,
Spread out their lines, and circling stretched them o'er
Till round to the foe's flank their force had plied.
And now the bowmen and the slingers pour
Their missiles on the Franks from distance wide
When forth Rinaldo and his squadron dash,
And seem an earthquake, or electric flash.

LIV.

Brave Assimir of Meroe 'mong the adust
Ethiopian troop was foremost on the plain ;
Rinaldo caught him where is braced the bust
To the dark neck, and left him with the slain.
When taste of victory had increased the lust
Of the ferocious conqueror amain
For blood and death, prodigious things he wrought
Surpassing credence, and with horror fraught.

LV.

He deals more deaths than blows, and yet alway
The storm of blows descends, nor ever fades.
As seems the serpent to make three tongues play,
For so the quickness of its one persuades,
Thus did those people deem in their dismay
That in his rapid hand he wheeled three blades.
The motion quite deceived the credulous view,
And terror made the prodigy seem true.

LVI.

The Negro kings, and Libyan tyrants too,
He stretched on earth in masses red and dense.
Upon the rest his gallant comrades flew,
His ardor making theirs the more intense.
With dreadful cries the misbelieving crew
Fell all around them, and made no defence.
No battle this, but slaughter 'tis alone,
Where swords on this side, throats on that are shown.

LVII.

For no long time do they present their face,
Letting but honorable wounds alight.
The vulgar fly, and terror gives them chase,
So that their ranks are lost and broken quite.
Yet still he follows them, nor quits their trace
Till he has crushed and put them all to flight.
Then the swift victor stays him ; for on those
Who fly the faster less of rage he shows.

LVIII.

As winds opposed by forest or by hill,
Redoubling in the strife, will rage and strain,
But if allowed to range at their own will,
Breathe placidly and softly o'er the plain ;
As ocean boils amid the rocks, but still
And tranquil rolls its waves in the open main ;
So the less firm the force he has to engage,
The more diminished is Rinaldo's rage.

LIX.

Disdaining more to spend on back that fled
His noble wrath, and use his fatal blade,
He turned and 'gainst that infantry he sped
Whose flank the Moor and Arab once had made.
On that side now 'tis bare, and they are dead,
Or distant far, who should have giv'n it aid.
He charges, and the troops on foot soon feel
The impetuous onset of the men in steel.

LX.

The charge broke spears and obstacles, and through
The foremost lines impetuously was borne,
And felled, and scattered them ; nor blast e'er blew
That could beat down so soon the bending corn.
The earth is paved with gore of crimson hue
From arms, and limbs, and corpses pierced and torn :
And o'er it unopposed the fiery horse
Are trampling, and still onward take their course.

LXI.

Rinaldo came to where Armida stayed
Upon her golden car in war's attire,
With noble guards on either side arrayed
Of lords attendant and of lovers nigh her.
Him known by many a token she surveyed
With eyes that flashed with rage and with desire.
A change, although but slight, passed o'er his face.
She became ice, then fire, in a short space.

LXII.

The knight moves onward from the car askance,
And makes as if intent on other thing ;
But not in peace is suffered to advance,
For on him the sworn band, his rivals, spring
Some with the sword, and some with lowered lance :
She, too, has placed the arrow on the string.
Her hands were tightened, and her rage waxed hot ;
But love appeased her, and withheld the shot.

LXIII.

Love strove with anger, and exposed to view
The fire still living which she hid in vain.
Three times her hand was stretched to shoot anew;
Three times she dropt it, and would still refrain.
Yet anger won at last; the bow she drew,
And made the feathered barb fly forth amain.
The shaft flew forth, but with the shaft there went
A sudden wish that uselessly 'twere sent.

LXIV.

Much did she wish that the sharp-pointed dart
Were wafted back, back to her bosom's core,
Such sway had love, though losing, o'er her heart;
O! had he been victorious, how much more!
But thought like this she quickly lays apart;
And in her jarring bosom rage boils o'er.
Thus now she fears, now hopes, the shaft that flies
May strike him, and pursues it with her eyes.

LXV.

Not vainly through the air the weapon streamed;
It struck indeed the knight's hard hauberk fair,
Too hard by feminine arrow to be seamed,
And 'stead of piercing it was blunted there.
He turned his side to her. And she, who deemed
The movement meant neglect, with furious air
Sent several shafts, yet did she wound him not;
And love still wounded her the while she shot.

LXVI.

"Is he," she thought, "invulnerable quite,
And treats he hostile force with no regard?
Is't possible his members can be dight
In the same stone which makes his heart so hard?
On him no stroke from eye or hand has might;
For that which wards him cannot e'en be scarred:
And helpless I succumb though armed I go,
Despised alike as lover and as foe.

LXVII.

‘ To what new art can I have now recourse?
 To what new shape can I transmuted be?
 Wretch? and I must not hope for a resource
 In my own champions ; for I seem to see,
 Yea, plainly do I see, against his force
 How frail their force and all their chivalry.”
 And of her knights she saw that some were slain,
 And some were lying vanquished on the plain.

LXVIII.

Her own sole aid sufficeth not, ah ! no ;
 E’en now she seems a prisoner and a slave,
 Nor feels secure, though she has lance and bow,
 The arms that Dian and Minerva gave.
 And as the timid swan, who from below
 Eyes the fierce eagle with its talons grave,
 Cow’rs to the ground, and drops its wing ; so she
 Timid in every movement seemed to be.

LXIX.

But Altamore, who had till then restored
 The Persian ranks when they before were thrown
 Into retreat, and were a flying horde,
 But he had rallied them, and he alone,
 Seeing the plight of her whom he adored,
 Has hither turned his course, or rather flown ;
 And quits at once his honor and his post :
 If she be saved, let all the world be lost.

LXX.

He then escorts the ill-defended wain,
 And with his sword sweeps from the path each bar.
 But Godfrey and Rinaldo joined have slain
 And routed in that time his ranks of war.
 The wretch perceives it, and can bear the pain ;
 Better as lover than as captain far.
 He guides to a safe place the cherished maid,
 Then hies, too late, to give the vanquished aid ;

LXXI.

For on that side the Pagan doom was sealed ;
Their ranks had utterly dissolved and fled.
But on the other, yielding up the field
To those, our own had been discomfited.
One of the Roberts, well nigh forced to yield,
Was struck by the enemy on the breast and head :
The other as Adrastus' prisoner stays.
Thus equal loss on either party weighs.

LXXII.

Then Godfrey seized occasion deftly won ;
Reformed his squadrons, and without delay
Returned to battle : hence was there begun
Betwixt the unbroken wings the hurtling fray,
Each red with blood which from their foes had run,
Each with triumphal spoils there to display.
From each side Victory came, and Honor new :
Fortune and War stood doubtful 'twixt the two.

LXXIII.

Now while the Faithful and the Pagans rage
Against each other thus in battailous hate,
The Soldan clomb the tow'r and from that cage
Outside, although far off, beheld elate
As if on an arena, or a stage,
The fearful drama of the human state ;
The oft assault, and death's unchecked advance,
And the tremendous games of fate and chance.

LXXIV.

Astonished for a while did he remain
At that first look ; and then he fired all o'er,
And longed to be upon the perilous plain
Himself, and doing gallant deeds once more.
Nor checked he the desire, but swift has ta'en
And donned his helm ; he had been mailed before.
“Up, up !” he cried, “no more, no more delay :
Or victory or death must come to-day.”

LXXV.

Whether perchance 'twere Providence divine
Which had breathed into him the furious mood
That on that day the pow'rs of Palestine,
No remnant left, might wholly be subdued :
Or whether, being now on death's confine,
He felt himself spurred on to mortal feud ;
Impetuous and swift does he unbar
The gate, and carry forth unlooked-for war.

LXXVI.

He waits not e'en till his associate throng
Answer his savage call ; alone he hies,
Alone provokes the hosts, however strong,
Alone speeds where a thousand weapons rise.
But by his impulse borne as 'twere along
The rest, and Aladine himself, arise.
He, coward once and cautious, now fears nought,
Effect which fury more than hope has wrought.

LXXVII.

Those whom the fiery Soldan first finds nigh
Fall under blows as unforeseen as dread.
And he so swiftly slays them that the eye
Sees them not dying, only sees them dead.
From van to rear, from voice to voice the cry
Of terror runs, and the sad news has fled,
So that already Syria's Faithful host,
Become tumultuous, took to flight almost.

LXXVIII.

But with less terror, and less disarray,
Their ranks and post the Gascon troops retain ;
Though nearest to the peril's front were they,
First caught and smitten by that sudden bane.
No tooth nor talon of all those that prey
In forest, or on wing, e'er wrought a stain
So red in fold, or 'mong the birds, as shows
The Turk's tremendous sword among his foes.

LXXIX.

It seems to have a ravenous appetite,
Feeds on the limbs, as 'twere, and sucks the gore.
Aladine and his train, too, pierce and smite
Those who had been besiegers just before.
But Raymond hies to where, disheartening sight !
The Turk undoes his troop ; nor flies the more
Though recognizing well the savage arm
Whose former stroke had wrought him mortal harm.

LXXX.

Again he fronts him, and again is thrown,
Re-struck on the same spot where struck so late,
And 'tis the fault of his great age alone
To which the weight of the grand blows is great.
A hundred shields, a hundred swords have flown,
Those to defend him, these to seal his fate.
But on the Turk speeds, whether he surmise
His foe quite dead, or deem him easy prize.

LXXXI.

Above the rest he sweeps his trenchant sword,
And on small stage does many a wond'rous deed.
Then where fresh food for slaughter may be stored
He furious hies to lop, to wound, to bleed.
As one by hunger spurred from scanty board
Betakes him to rich supper with all speed,
So seeks he greater war, where he may slake
His madd'ning thirst for blood as from a lake.

LXXXII.

Down through the battered walls his footsteps press
Tow'rd the grand fight now raging on the plain.
But fury in his comrades, and distress
Among his enemies, as yet remain.
One party strives to accomplish the success
Which he had left in an imperfect train :
The other still resists, yet in such plight
That the resistance shows some signs of flight.

LXXXIII.

The Gascon yields with slow-retreating stride,
But scattered are the Syrians o'er the ground.
Near Tancred's dwelling rolls the battle tide,
Where as he lies he hears the shouting sound.
Up from the bed he lifts his feeble side,
Mounts on the height, and turns his eyes around :
He sees the Count fall'n, some in rank of war
Retreating, some in flight dispersed afar.

LXXXIV.

Valor, which never fails in gallant breast,
Droops not because the body becomes frail,
But has, instead of breath and blood, redressed
His wounded limbs, and almost made them hale.
With ponderous shield his left hand has he pressed,
Nor does his bloodless arm thus burdened fail :
With the other hand he grasps his sabre bare.
A brave man will not ask for more, nor care.

LXXXV.

He hurries down and cries : " O ! whither run
Leaving your lord to others as a prey ?
And shall barbarians hang his arms thus won
In hall or mosque as trophies of the day ?
Hie back to Gascony, and tell the son
His sire is dead from whom ye ran away."
Thus speaks he, and his bare weak breast is strong
Defence against an armed and vigorous throng.

LXXXVI.

And with his shield, whose orb is cover'd o'er
With seven hard bull's hides, ponderous to wield,
And has o'er these, to strengthen it the more,
A plate of steel most skillfully annealed,
He keeps from swords that smite, from darts that pour,
From every weapon, the good Count concealed ;
And with his blade drives off the crowding foes,
So that he lies secure, as in repose.

LXXXVII.

Breathing again, the old man from below
That faithful shelter rises in short space ;
And feels a double fire throughout him glow,
Rage in his heart, and shame upon his face :
To trace the savage one who struck the blow
He bends his flaming eyes to every place :
But, not perceiving him, with fierce disdain
Prepares to take deep vengeance on his train.

LXXXVIII.

The Gascons rally and support once more
Their chief thus bent on taking vengeance dear.
Now cow'rs the troop which dared so much before,
And courage passes to where first was fear.
He shrinks, who pushed ; who shrank, now tramples o'er
Such changes in a moment's time appear.
Now Raymond wrecks him, hasting to requite
With scores of deaths inflicted one despite.

LXXXIX.

While Raymond visits thus his late disgrace
Upon the loftiest heads in fearful guise,
He sees there in the front of battle's face
The usurper of the realm ; on whom he flies
And hits his brow, and on the self-same place
Smites and re-smites, and still his weapon plies :
Whence the king falls ; and with a dreadful groan
Bites as he dies the land which held his throne.

XC.

One leader being afar, the other dead,
Various effect was wrought upon the rest.
Some like the savage beasts, by fury led,
Rushed hopeless on the iron with their breast :
Others in terror sought escape and fled
Back to the refuge which they first possessed.
But with the fugitives the victors blend,
And entering bring the grand quest to its end.

XCI.

The Rock is ta'en ; and on the lofty stair
At the first threshold, he who flies is slain ;
And Raymond climbs up to the summit there,
And in his hand the mighty flag has ta'en ;
And to the two grand hosts unfurls to the air
Triumphal sign that tells of victory plain.
But the fierce Soldan sees it not, for far
From thence away, he reaches now the war.

XCII.

He reaches the dank field where the red tide
Of heaving blood grows momentarily more strong,
So that death seems to reign in all his pride,
Unfold his triumphs here, and stalk along ;
He sees a steed on whom is none astride
Straying with loosened bridle from the throng,
Seizes the rein, and on his vacant back
Mounts and then spurs him onward to the attack.

XCIII.

A grand but transient aid the warrior brought
To the scared Pagans wearied with the fray.
A grand but transient bolt ye might have thought
Had come unlooked for, and had passed away ;
But in its momentary course had wrought
In shattered rocks marks that will ever stay.
He slew a hundred ; and at least of two
Let time not steal the praise which is their due.

XCIV.

O Edward and Gildippe, I will sing
Your hapless fates, your actions worthy and grand,
And, if such pow'r attend my Tuscan string,
Will hallow them in every foreign land,
So that your fame throughout all time may ring,
Your valor and love be pointed at and scanned ;
And some love-votary may grace with tears
Your death and this my rhyme throughout all years.

XCV.

Thither the lofty lady turned her steed

Where numbers by that fierce one had been slain,
And two grand cutting blows, struck home with speed,

Wounded his side, and cleft his shield in twain.

He, knowing by her dress who made him bleed,

Exclaims: "Behold the harlot and her swain.

Better the distaff and the needle here

Had wrought thee safety than thy sword and fere."

XCVI.

He ceased: and, with still greater rage possessed,

Directed a rash blow with fatal course

Which breaking through all fence dared pierce the breast

Where Love alone should e'er have struck with force.

A dying look is on her face expressed,

As falls the abandoned rein upon her horse:

And wretched Edward well perceives the blow,

Unfortunate defender, but not slow.

XCVII.

What should he do in such case? Pity and ire

Bid him at once to different parts repair;

This on the smiter to take vengeance dire;

That to support the loved and falling fair.

Indifferent, Love persuades him to aspire

To make both pity and wrath at once his care.

He runs to bear her up with his left hand,

And with the other wheels the venging brand.

XCVIII.

But will and pow'r which thus themselves divide

Can not suffice against the Turk so strong:

So that he neither brings the homicide

Of his dear love to death, nor holds her long.

Yea, the arm which had sustained his faithful bride

Was severed by the Soldan as a thong;

And hence he let her fall; and down he came,

And with his own he pressed her dying frame.

XCIX.

As the elm round which the tendriled plant, and frail,
In sweet and married union loves to twine,
If felled by steel, or torn up by the gale,
Drags down to earth with it the associate vine ;
And itself strips the leaves which were its veil,
And crushes from the fruit the grateful wine :
It seems to mourn for this, and vents its sighs
Less for itself than what beside it dies :

C.

So falls he : and he grieves for her alone
Whom Heav'n made his through never-ending day.
They wished to shape, but could not shape the tone ;
Instead of word the soft sigh finds its way.
Each gazes at the other, each has thrown
Both arms round other's neck, while yet they may :
And from the two at once the day is riven,
And the pure souls united hie to Heaven.

CI.

That instant Fame let loose her vans to fly,
Her tongues to shout, and tell the woeful case :
Nor hears Rinaldo mere report pass by,
But surer news from one sent to the place.
Rage, duty, grief, and every kindly tie,
All turn him to revenge, and speed his pace :
But great Adrastus thwarts him and defies,
Crossing his path under the Soldan's eyes.

CII.

"By signs well known," the savage monarch said,
"Thou'rt he at last, my constant search and aim.
No shield has been by me unmarked, unread ;
And all the day in vain I shout thy name.
Now will I pay my Deity with thy head
My vows of vengeance. Prove we now our claim
To valor's palm, and in our fury vie.
Thou art Armida's foe, her champion I."

CIII.

Thus he defied him, and with horrid blow
 First struck his temple ; then the neck he beat ;
 Nor through the fatal helm did the strokes go ;
 They could not, but they shook him in his seat.
 Rinaldo on the side so smites his foe
 That here Apollo's art were all unmeet.
 The giant warrior falls, the unconquered king,
 And from one stroke does all that honor spring.

CIV.

Stupor with horror mingled and with fear,
 Chills the spectators' blood and hearts all through.
 And Solyman who beheld that stroke from near
 Feels his heart faint, and changes his cheek's hue :
 And knowing well his death will soon be here,
 Does not resolve, and knows not what to do ;
 Unwonted thing in him : but who e'er saw
 Affair below not ruled by eternal law ?

CV.

As oft in fitful slumber there will pace
 Dread visions through the sick or mad man's brain ;
 He seems to struggle eagerly in the race,
 To stretch his limbs, and yet to toil in vain ;
 For spite of all his force in urgent case
 Unmoved his weary foot and hand remain :
 Then wishes he to loose his tongue and call,
 But cannot utter voice or words at all :

CVI.

Thus does the Soldan eagerly desire
 To make the assault, and spurs him to that course,
 But knows not in himself his wonted ire,
 Nor knows himself with that diminished force.
 A secret terror quenches all the fire
 Of rising courage, even at its source.
 Diff'rent emotions in his bosom meet :
 Not that he thinks of flight or of retreat.

CVII.

Tow'rd him irresolute thus the victor hies,
And in arriving is, or seems to be,
Grander in speed, in fury, and in size,
Than mortal men in a supreme degree.
The Soldan scarce resists; yet while he dies,
His generous usages remembers he:
Shuns not the blows, nor e'er bemoans his fate;
Nor does one act which is not proud and great.

CVIII.

When he who oft in war's protracted toil
Antæus-like had fall'n and from the ground
Sprung always fiercer, pressed at last the soil
To lie for ever, the news runs around;
And fortune, who had roamed with fickle smile,
No longer doubts where vict'ry shall be found;
But stops her frequent turnings where she sees
The Franks beneath their chiefs, and wars with these.

CIX.

The Pagans fly, even the Royal band
Comprising all of nerve which the East may claim.
'Twas called Immortal once; now from the land
It perishes in spite of that proud name.
Emirene stops the flight of him whose hand
Holds the grand banner, and cries out with shame:
"Art thou not he whom from a countless horde
I chose to bear the standard of my lord?"

CX.

"This ensign, Rimedon, I gave to thee
Not to be carried by thee to the rear.
And wilt thou, coward, then, thy Captain see
Beset with foes and leave him helpless here?
What dost thou crave? escape? then back with me;
The road thou tak'st but leads thee to thy bier.
Who hopes for safety here must join the strife;
The path of honor is the path of life."

CXI.

Once more he speeds to where the falchions ring.

Then sterner words to others does he deal :

Threats them, and smites ; and hence contrives to bring

Against the steel e'en those who dread the steel.

Thus he restores of the defeated wing

The better part, and e'en a hope can feel.

And Tisaphernes cheers him more than all,

For backward has he let no footstep fall.

CXII.

Marvels that day from Tisaphernes came :

Undone by him were they of Norman birth ;

He dealt upon the Flemings loss and shame ;

Beat Gernier, Roger, Gerard down to earth.

When to the goal of everlasting fame

He had stretched a transient life by deeds of worth,

As if he cared but little now for life,

He seeks the grander peril of the strife.

CXIII.

He sees Rinaldo, and though now bedyed

His azure colors to a hue of red,

And bloody be his eagle's beak of pride,

And talons, yet his eye is not misled.

" Behold the greatest of all perils," he cried,

" I pray to Heav'n to make my strength more dread,

And may Armida the wished slaughter see.

Mahmoud, I vow the arms if won to thee."

CXIV.

Thus prayed he, but with pray'rs of no avail ;

For his deaf Mahmoud heard not his desire.

As oft the lion lashes with his tail

His shaggy sides to rouse his native ire ;

So wakes he his disdain, and lest it fail,

Whets it on love, and from the spark takes fire.

Compact in arms he gathers all his force

Preparing for the assault, and spurs his horse.

CXV.

Against him rushed the Latin cavalier,
Perceiving him approach in the act to smite,
All nigh them made an ample space and clear,
And turned themselves to see that wondrous sight.
So many and various blows assailed the ear
From the Italian and the Saracen knight,
That all the rest amazed almost forgot
Their own emotions and peculiar lot.

CXVI.

But the one strikes merely : the other with more power
And firmer arms both strikes and makes a wound.
The Pagan floods the field with a red shower,
His helm is gashed, his shield falls on the ground.
The lovely Sorc'ress sees her champion cower,
His armour crashed, and several limbs unsound ;
And all the other warriors are so scared
That frail and feeble now has waxed her guard.

CXVII.

Girt and defended by so many of late,
Alone upon her car now stays the fair.
She dreads enslavement, holds her life in hate,
Of victory and revenge does she despair.
Half-maddened, half-dismayed, she quits her state,
And mounts in haste one of her palfreys there.
She goes, she flies ; and with her too have hied
Both rage and love like greyhounds at her side.

CXVIII.

Thus Cleopatra from the fierce alarms
Of battle fled alone in olden tale,
Leaving opposed to prosperous Cæsar's arms
Her faithful one mid naval risk and bale,
Who made unjust to self by woman's charms,
Soon followed thence her solitary sail.
And Tisaphernes also had departed
After that maid ; but this the other thwarted.

CXIX.

To the Pagan when his comfort quits his sight,
The sun appears to set, the day to die ;
And on the foe who keeps him back in spite
He desp'rate turns, and smites him o'er the eye.
Much gentler Vulcan's hammer must alight
To forge the twisted bolt which rends the sky :
And then he loads him with a stroke so dread
That on the breast drops down the smitt'n one's head.

CXX.

Rinaldo rises soon, nor feels the smart,
But brandishes his sword, and opes the sides
Through the thick mail, and in the middle heart
Immerses the sharp point, where life abides.
The blow speeds on to wound a double part,
Here thro' the bosom, thro' the back there glides ;
And for the fleeting soul more than one way
Is made by which to quit the realms of day.

CXXI.

Then stops Rinaldo, and looks around to know
Where he may charge, or where may render aid ;
And sees no solid order in the foe ;
But all their standards in the dust are laid.
He puts an end to deaths here, and the glow
Of martial rage in him appears to fade.
He becomes tranquil, and his thoughts have flown
To her who fled afflicted and alone.

CXXII.

He marked her flight well. Pity seems to crave
Some care for her, and courtesy is owed :
And he remembers too the pledge he gave
To be her knight when from her side he strode.
He bends to where her hurried flight she drave,
And tracks her palfrey's hoof upon the road.
Meanwhile she reaches a deep gloomy glen,
Fit spot for death, far from the eyes of men.

CXXIII.

It pleased her well that she by chance had hied
With wand'ring footsteps to this shady vale.
Here she dismounted, and here laid aside
Her bow and quiver, and her polished mail.
"O hapless arms, and shameful too," she cried,
"Who come from battle unbedewed and pale,
Here I depose you; here lie buried long,
Since ye so ill avenge my grievous wrong.

CXXIV.

"But ah! mid all these weapons which I own,
Shall one not drip with blood to-day at least?
If every other bosom seem of stone,
Yet ye will dare to wound a woman's breast.
Let this of mine, which naked here is shown,
Your value and your victories attest.
Mine is a tender one, and this Love knows
Who never aimed at it in vain his blows.

CXXV.

"Show yourselves brave and sharp then upon me
Who pardon you the cowardice which is past.
Wretched Armida, what must my lot be,
When upon you my hopes of weal are cast?
Since other remedies all fail, I see,
Save that of wounds for wounds already vast,
Let stroke from arrow heal the stroke from Love,
And death a medicine to my bosom prove.

CXXVI.

"O happy when I die, if this my bane
I bring not with me to empoison Hell.
Stay Love behind; come with me fell Disdain
There with my shade for evermore to dwell;
Or else return with it from that dark reign
To him from whom these cruel insults fell,
And appear such that in the dreadful nights
His slumber may be chased with grim affrights."

CXXVII.

She ceased ; and, being now resolved in mind,
Chose out the sharpest arrow from her case ;
When the knight came, and marked her from behind
So nearly finishing her earthly race,
Already strung for the act which she designed,
Already with death's pallor on her face.
He sprang on her, and grasped the arm which lifted
The sharp point o'er the breast it soon had rifted.

CXXVIII.

Armida turned, and saw who had appeared,
Suddenly saw him after some delay.
She shrieked aloud, and from that face endeared
Twisted her eyes in scorn, and swooned away,
Down fell she like a tender flow'r half sheared,
With drooping neck : and he became her stay :
One arm supplying her fair side a rest,
He loosed meanwhile the robe about her breast ;

CXXIX.

And her fair cheek and bosom for a space
Bathed with some pitying tears, nor checked his moan.
As the discoloured rose resumes its grace
When with the silver rain of morn bestrown,
So she reviving raised her drooping face
Bedewed with tear-drops which were not her own,
Thrice raised her eyes, thrice turned them with a sigh,
And would not look at the dear object nigh.

CXXX.

And coyly she thrust back with languid hand
The pow'rful arm by which she was sustained.
Oft did she try, but 'scaped not from that band ;
For tighter still he grasped and kept her chained.
Ceasing at last the dear tie to withstand,
For dear perchance it was, and she had feigned,
Ere speaking she poured out a flood of brine
Without once turning to his face her eyne :

CXXXI.

“O cruel still, both when thou go’st away,
And when return’st, who hither was thy guide?
How marvelous that death should lose its prey,
And life be rescued, through the homicide!
Thou seek to save ~~me~~! Ah! what scorns to-day,
What wrongs hereafter, must Armida bide?
The felon’s unknown arts I well descry:
But small their pow’r who have not pow’r to die.

CXXXII.

“Thine honor sure were scant unless arrayed
In chains to grace thy triumph thou canst show
A woman ta’en by force, and first betrayed:
What greater vaunt than this can fame bestow?
Time was, for peace and life from thee I prayed:
Now ’twould be sweet with death to quit my woe;
But this I ask thee not, for all that thou
Canst call thy gift is hateful to me now.

CXXXIII.

“Cruel, by mine own aid I hope to fly
Thy presence, and escape thy savage hest:
Though poison, arms, and precipices high,
And cord, refuse a prisoner’s last request,
Yet is my way secure; for I can die
In spite of thee, and Heav’n for this be blest.
Cease then thine arts. Ah? how he seems to feign!
How does he flatter hopes which now are vain.”

CXXXIV.

Thus did she mourn; and with the waves that flowed
Down her fair cheeks in love and in disdain,
His tears, too, were affectionately strowed,
And modest pity sparkled in that rain.
And he replied to her in sweetest mode:
“Armida, let thy bosom calm its pain:
I keep thee not for scorn, but for a throne;
Thy champion, not thy foe, am I; thine own.

CXXXV.

“ Look in mine eyes ; to these, if what I say
Can win no credence, let thy faith be given.
I swear to place thee in the realm whose sway
Thy fathers held of yore. Ah ! would that Heaven
Would cause that from thy mind by its own ray
The veil of Paganism should be riven,
As I would cause that none should be so great
As thou throughout the East in regal state !”

CXXXVI.

Thus does he pray ; and bathes and warms his pray'r
With a few tears and many a sigh combined :
Hence as the snowy flake is wont whene'er
Or tepid gales have breathed, or sun has shined,
So melts her wrath which seemed infixed for e'er,
Other desires alone being left behind.
“ Behold thine handmaid,” said she ; “ thy decree
Howe'er thou shalt dispose, be law to me.”

CXXXVII.

Meanwhile the Egyptian Chief sees on the ground
His royal standard lately so defying ;
And the brave faithful Rimedon has he found,
Struck down by Godfrey's hand beside it lying,
And the other people slain or scattered round :
Nor in the hard end would he shrink from dying ;
But goes to seek, and misses not his aim,
Illustrious death from hand adorned with fame.

CXXXVIII.

Against the Frankish Chief he spurs with force,
Assured that he could find no worthier foe :
And wheresoe'er he passes in his course,
Last proof of desp'rate valor does he show :
But, ere arrived, he cries far off and hoarse :
“ Lo, at thy hands I seek the fatal blow ;
*But in my latest fall my hope shall be
To sweep thee in one ruin down with me.*”

CXXXIX.

So spake he ; and at the same point the two,
Eager to smite, against each other ride.
The shield of the Frank Captain is cleft through,
His left arm wounded, and disarmed beside.
From him came stroke so mighty, and so true,
O'er the left cheek, that the other, stupified,
Sank on his seat, and ere he rose again,
Pierced through the stomach, fell upon the plain.

CXL.

There now remains, since Emirene is dead,
Small remnant of the mighty camp subdued.
Godfrey pursues them but arrests his tread,
Seeing Altamore on foot, with blood bedewed,
With half a sword, and half helm on his head,
And by a hundred swordsmen girt and hewed.
“Cease, cease,” he cries to these ; “and thou, brave foe,
Yield thee my prisoner ; I am Godfrey, know.”

CXLI.

And he whose soul till then had been too grand
To stoop to aught amid the worst alarms,
Hearing that name which rings through every land
Betwixt the Bears and where the Negro swarms,
Replies to him : “I yield to thy demand,
For thou art worthy,” and gives up his arms ;
“Nor shall thy victory over Altamore
In glory or in gold be counted poor.

CXLII.

“Me shall my kingdom's gold, and gems refined
Of my affectionate wife redeem from chains.”
Godfrey replies : “Heav'n gave me not a mind
Which grasps at treasure and at earthly gains.
All which is breathed on by the Persian wind,
Keep thou, and all which blooms on Indian plains
No price for other's life do I demand ;
I war, not barter, in this Asian land.”

CXLIII.

He ceased, and to his guardsmen gave him o'er.
Then to pursue the fugitives he went.
These fled to their defences, but no more
Found shelter there from death too surely sent.
The trench was ta'en, and filled with dead whose gore
Ran on in ample streams from tent to tent,
And soiled the booty there, and redly dyed
The pomps and trappings of barbaric pride.

CXLIV.

Thus Godfrey conquered ; and along the West
Enough of the diurnal light yet glowed
To lead the victors to the walls which rest
In freedom now, to Christ's revered abode :
And, laying not aside his bloody vest,
The Chief with the others to the Temple rode,
Hung up his arms there, and, with lowly bow
Adoring the grand Tomb, fulfilled his vow.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page.	Stanza.	Line.				
26	... VII.	... 4.	<i>for</i>	.	<i>read</i>	,
31	... XXX.	... 4	"	,	"	?
81	... XLVII.	... 8	"	wilful	"	willful.
130	... L.	... 8	"	skilful	"	skillful.
146	... CXI.	... 4	"	,	"	.
470	... XLII.	... 3	"	propelled	"	quelled.
"	... "	... 5	"	repelled	"	propelled.



